TALES

OF

OLD MR. JEFFERSON,

OF

GRAY'S INN.

COLLECTED BY

YOUNG MR. JEFFERSON,

OF

LYON'S INN.

—— Licuit semperque licebit
Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE

PROSELYTE;

OR, THE

BRAHMIN'S SON.

A TALE, FOUNDED UPON A WELL AUTHENTICATED FACT.

"However devoted a man may be to a cause, if he disapprove of the means pursued to promote the views of its indiscreet adherents, he is always stigmatized as an enemy to the cause itself."

BOWEN.

"You will be a dangerous member of society, or very wretched as an individual, if you do not suppress, or at least moderate and guide, your European sympathies and *prejudices*." These words were addressed by Colonel Mannering to his nephew Edwinsford, a young gentleman who had just arrived in India from England, and who was now a cornet of a native regiment of cavalry, stationed with other troop

up the country, at the capital of a district, of which Colonel Mannering was at once the military commandant and the civil governor.

"My sympathies," replied yound Edwinsford, "are universal, not European; and as to prejudices, I have none, for all my opinions are founded upon original investigation, and upon reasonings generalized by philosophy to the utmost extent of my intellect; these are the only sources from which a liberally educated gentleman ought to derive his opinions and sentiments.—'Be cautious and diffident in your pursuit of knowledge, but think for yourself,' was the precept of my worthy father to his sons; and my predominant maxim has ever been,

'Homo sum, et humani a me nil alienum puto.'"

"It is a pity then," rejoined Colonel Mannering, "that you have thought of visiting our Indian territory;—if you are such an inflexible philanthropist, and liberal philosopher, you have, upon my word, chosen a singular arena for the career of your worldly exploits. A liberal politician and sensitive moralist at the head of a regiment of Maho-

metans in the back countries of Hindoostan, is really a novel idea."

"Sir," said Edwinsford, colouring; "the great principles of religious and political freedom, ought never to yield to artificial systems of government—and as to choice, I have chosen no course of life for myself; I have arrived in India against my inclinations, and solely in obedience to your advice and to my parents' commands."

"Very true," said Colonel Mannering, "and it is therefore my duty to guide your good qualities, and to correct your bad ones. I would not have you compromise a single principle, and, Heaven knows, I would not eradicate from your breast one single spark of your youthful warmth of humanity. I only wish to guide your sentiments, and to conduct you to the most ready attainment of your own worthy object, that of diffusing liberal and humane feelings and opinions throughout regions which, all must acknowledge, stand in need of reformation. But Edwinsford, a vehement display of noble sentiments is not the way to gain proselytes to liberalism. Mankind, in all climes and at every period, are so wedded to early prejudices, and are so inherently

prone to servitude, that their breasts are impervious to those noble appeals to general principles with which you think to win them to disinterested benevolence, and to a change of systems. The world, bad as you think its present condition, has been brought even to this humble degree of improvement by an incessant struggle between philosophy and prejudice; and of those who have effected the melioration of their species, some, like Socrates, or like Sidney and Russell, have been sacrificed on the scaffold, whilst the rest have been the objects of calumny and detestation, and have suffered persecution under every possible form. The patriots Gracchi have been handed down to posterity as traitors; Sidney and Russell were stigmatized by the nobility and gentry of their period; whilst the judge, who ministered to the spirit of the age, by prostituting justice to their ruin, was the object of court favour, and passed through life with the approbation of his contemporaries. How many have bled on the scaffold, or have withered in dungeons, for their efforts to relieve their fellow creatures from the cruelty of the Inquisition, and how many have marshalled themselves in the ranks, and have obtained the favours of kings, and

the applause of the multitude, and even of historians, for their efforts to perpetuate that great scourge of humanity. The same principle exists in our own age and even in our own country. The most decried, the most persecuted, and the most wretched of men, are those who, born with ardent temperaments 'scorn the ignorant present,' and would teach their fellow men to soar to improvements which they dare not attempt, and know not how to reach. Even you, my dear nephew, are already the object of ridicule, and will soon be the object of hatred with your companions, on account of those superior sentiments which you would devote to the improvement of your countrymen, and of their subjects in these regions. You must learn not only to suppress your liberal opinions and noble sentiments, but you must conceal your emotions at those deeds of wrong which you disdain to imitate or hate to witness. I have seen your eyes glisten with tears at the ineffectual plaint of suffering innocence, and have watched the writhings of your body, and the agitation of your countenance, as you beheld the scourge applied to the shoulders of the suppliant and scream-

ing slave; I have seen indignation sparkling in your eyes, and its expression trembling on your lips for utterance, when you have beheld the man in power triumph in oppression, and treat with contumely the wretch whom he had injured; and I have seen these indications of your feelings produce upon your companions, the look of stoical indifference, the smile of ridicule, or the sneer of contempt.—I find I have awakened your astonishment, but, believe me, I have not been unobservant of your character, and I am desirous to guide your views and conduct by my greater experience of mankind, so that your talents and virtues may effect some amelioration of sentiment and ideas amongst your countrymen, and may pave the way for your successors to advance the great work of reformation, still nearer to that perfection which your philosophic spirit anticipates some centuries before its time, and which the warmth of inexperienced youth, would lead you to imagine practicable, within the period of one generation.

"But let us change this subject, for it is my intention at present, to take you on a visit to the venerable Brahmin, whose noble aspect

and dignified deportment made such an impression upon you when you first saw him. This interesting and primitive old man possesses an intellect of uncommon powers, and very little injured by the false learning and philosophy of his age and country."

"What," impatiently exclaimed the young Englishman, "is it possible that you can attribute powers of intellect to a man who believes in the abominable absurdities of the Brahminical religion!"

"Beware, Sir," replied the Colonel, "of inferring deficiency of intellect from the absurdities of religion. Socrates sacrificed his cock to Esculapius; Aristotle wrote of God and the forty-five inferior deities; the fathers of our church believed in fairies, witchcraft, and demonology; the philosophers and the brightest geniuses amongst the Catholics make their deity into the shape of a cake, and eat him once a week; let us not then imagine the absurdities of Brahminism to imply intellectual deficiency in its professors. We are more reprehensible than the Brahmins, we combine absurdity with crime, for we send our emissaries to attack and subvert the religions of other countries, whilst

we persecute with imprisonment the stranger or fellow citizen who would assail the religion of our own country. Scinghar, the Brahmin we have been speaking of, is a singular union of virtue and intelligence. He is acute and profound, capable of mastering the most complex subtleties of metaphysics, and possessed of that genius which catches the real merits, and what may be called the good sense of every subject, almost intuitively. He is, besides, a man of a fine imagination, and his strict morals, his cheerful temper, and great benevolence, have made him the object of my particular regard."

"Benevolence," replied the enthusiastic Edwinsford, "do not, dear uncle, let your own kindness of heart mislead you to prostitute language to the extent of attributing humanity or benevolence to a man who wrings his support from the half famished peasant and mechanic, by imposing upon their credulity and superstition. Does not the craft of these priests keep the people in ignorance, and check the progress of all religious, social, and philosophical improvement? How can you designate as humane, a man who persecutes for the publishing of opinions differing

from his own, and who upholds a system which, at his death, consigns the wife of his bosom to the funeral pile!"

"Your indignation at pious frauds, renders you indiscriminate," said Colonel Mannering, laughing at his nephew's vehemence. "Scinghar has ever taught all around him, that no other religious opinions are essential to man or to society, than the belief in a Creator, and in a state of future rewards and punishments: all other speculative opinions, or religious theories, he has taught as of subordinate consequence to morality. His life has been spent in a series of zealous efforts to humanize all around him, by the diffusion of knowledge and the eradication of religious prejudices, with all their direful antipathies and feuds. He has often proposed to our clergy, a mutual ceding of all but the two essential articles of every faith, a deity and an hereafter, with the view of gradually subverting the pernicious prejudices of castes, of removing every cause of animosity, and of uniting the whole country in the ties of confidence and brotherhood: but his proposals have been received with disdain, and superstition still wars with superstition. He has succeeded with his own people

in abolishing infanticide and the burning of widows upon the pile. For these proposals and for these efforts, he has been considered as presumptuous by the Christians, whilst his own priesthood have stigmatized him as a heretic, and an infidel.

"The life of Scinghar has been far from happy. His fondness for his children exceeded any thing I ever witnessed; but, as the amiable virtues predominated in his disposition over the passions of pride or ambition, his affection for his daughters exceeded his love for his sons. His care of his boys seemed the result of principle, and of a sense of duty, heightened by affection and parental solicitude; but his fondness for his daughters was the very extreme of doting, without the weakness of indulgence, which prevents the improvement of the object we dote upon.

"His eldest daughter fell a victim to her humanity. She died of a fever which she caught whilst attending upon a young and beautiful English girl, whose husband, an Ensign, had just before expired of the same disease, leaving his wife and child in this distant, and then hostile country, without a friend, and destitute. The English lady was buried in the fresh

grave with her husband, and the benevolent Brahmin adopted the orphan, and such was his rectitude and delicacy, that he bred it as a Christian, having it baptized by a missionary by the name of Thyrza. His second daughter was a victim to the savage violence of an English soldier upon our capturing the city of ———, by assault. This hapless child was of too sensitive a nature to survive the horrors of that scene—she pined in a sort of abstract melancholy; at length she loathed all sustenance, and, at the expiration of one year, she silently expired in her father's arms, catching, in her last moments, one sudden gleam of consciousness of the scene around her.

"The third and now favourite child of the good old Brahmin, fell a sacrifice to the infernal arts of my predecessor in the command of this district. The crafty wretch has expiated his crime by a death as sudden as it was singular.

"This girl was at the age when the fervour of empassioned language is so contagious, and when even the virtues of the heart, unchecked by reflection or experience, give power to the imagination in creating all the

glowing delusions of eternal constancy and perfect love. But the young and lovely Zaida, however credulous and confiding, and however prone to the enthusiasm of the imagination, had too instinctive a love of virtue and an abhorrence of vice to become the object of seduction; principles of moral conduct had been too deeply implanted in her by her father, to be tainted by any sophistry, or betrayed by any passion into the actual commission of sexual guilt, and more than all these, her excessive love of her father was predominant in her mind, even in her most fervid visions of the tenderness and devotion which she imagined her lover to bear towards her. The machinations of this detestable wretch were all fruitless, until circumstances enabled him to complete his designs by the aid of religious enthusiasm.

"There are converts from liberality and knowledge, but none from bigotry and superstition. The Brahmin had not armed his daughter with that ignorant prejudice which can alone insure our inflexible adherence to hereditary opinions. The English Colonel therefore converted into a tool for his purposes, an ignorant but well meaning zealot

who had just arrived from England as a missionary. This man conversed incessantly and ardently with Zaida upon the joys of heaven for believers, and upon the torments of hell reserved for infidels. He would have been an object of contempt or of pity to Zaida at any other time, but assailing her with his fervid importunity, at the moment when her mind was already inflamed beyond the restraints of cool reason, and all his doctrines being enforced and strengthened by him in whom the unhappy girl reposed her affections and her confidence, this zealot at length wrought her to that pitch of religious enthusiasm, that strongest stimulus of the human mind, before which the love of parent and of child, the duties of humanity, even murder in its most horrid forms, all become indifferent, or are made subservient to the one great purpose of the mania. In this state the wretched girl was borne off by her betrayer. Her mind restored to reason, horror took possession of her soul. A sense of shame, a remembrance of home, and of her parents, and a subsequent course of brutal usage from her seducer, reduced her to premature decrepitude and to a state bordering upon idiotcy. Shortly after

her arrival in London, she was deserted by her seducer. She strayed from the lodging in which he had left her, and wandered about the streets in a state of alternate distraction and fatuity. The weather was intensely cold; she arrived at the top of Westminster Bridge, and her attention was attracted by the large masses of ice that were floating down the river. This sight of ice, to her so perfectly novel, created a series of maniac delusions in her distracted mind. She stood gazing on the river for some moments, then taking her infant in her arms, smiled in its face, and suddenly hurled it with all her force into the river. The scream of the child, and the crash its body made against a fragment of ice, recalled the mother to her consciousness. She sprung back with convulsive energy, and looked wildly round, her eyes seeming to burst from their sockets. Uttering a shrill screach, she rushed to the balustrades which she attempted to mount, evidently for the purpose of plunging into the river. She staggered for a second, and fell back upon the pavement.—She was picked up a corse. Her face was dreadfully distorted, and rendered horrible by the extravasated blood, and by the state of the

eyes, which were nearly protruded out of the sockets, whilst her fists were clenched with a strength that had driven the nails far into the flesh.

" There is a point of mental as well as of bodily suffering, beyond which nothing can be endured; the body finding its release in death, and the mind sinking into fatuity as its refuge. The flight of Zaida had nearly wrought this climax of affliction in the good old Brahmin. His sole delight was to fondle a remaining daughter, a lovely child of three years of age. The old man would caress and play with this infant with an expression of countenance which made all around him weep, whilst he would look at their tears with indifference, and sometimes with a momentary surprize, but never with any emotion of sorrow, or with any sympathy whatever.

" One sultry day of September, this infant had strayed by the Ganges, when a tiger from a neighbouring jungle, sprung upon the child and bore it off in its jaws. A faithful follower of the Brahmin attacked the animal with desperate valour, transfixed him with his scimitar, and recovered the infant. Hurrying to the house, he met the father. The child's

mangled limbs were reeking with blood, and its little countenance was then in its last struggle with death, betraying all the horrors of its feelings upon its seizure by the tiger. The father beheld the sight with wild amazement; in a few seconds his senses seemed to wander, and he at length stood gazing on the child with perfect vacancy.

"An hour after, he called for the child to play with, as usual, and on its not being brought, fell into the most furious rage, and denounced the most demoniac curses on those who detained from him his infant. From this paroxysm of anger, he fell drowsy upon his couch, slept for hours, and waked in a state of lethargic indifference to all things. For months his whole occupation was to frequent the places of the child's resort, and to muse for hours over the spots in which he used to fondle and play with this last object of his affections. He would speak as if to the child, go through all the motions of caressing it, and look so glad, and at other times so piteously, as to break the hearts of all his people who beheld the scene.

"The chief means of restoring him to his senses, was attracting his attention to

the adopted orphan of the English Ensign. This lovely girl Thyrza is now about seventeen, and her form displays all the delicate symmetry of the Asiatic figure, whilst her fine countenance and large black eyes beam with that mild radiance so peculiar to the higher ranks of females in these regions.

"Scinghar has three sons, two of whom are in lucrative and honourable employment under my command. I know I am censured for employing natives in such high situations, but both the youths display talents and superior virtues, and all distinctions yield, in my mind, to that greatest of human excellence, a union of mental and personal abilities, with virtuous dispositions. But, Heaven knows, our countrymen owe a heavy debt of retribution for the injuries inflicted by them on the inhabitants of these unhappy climes, and upon whom have such miseries fallen with more severity than upon the unfortunate Scinghar?

"The third son is a very extraordinary youth; one of that order of fiery intellects capable of committing great crimes, or of becoming the hero of the world, according as the circumstances of the age afford them a field for ac-

tion. I often fancy I see in him a modern Tamerlane or Genghis-Khan, and I should not like to have the government of an Indian province in which the public mind was disposed to revolt, and this fellow near the scene of action. He is full of virtuous sentiments and of noble thoughts, but in conduct he is governed entirely by sudden and violent emotions, and every object is pursued with an overwhelming enthusiasm. It is an observation with us Europeans, that if there be a wild and worthless son in a family, that son is sure to be the chief or sole object of his mother's affections. The opinion is certainly proved in the present instance, for the wife of the Brahmin loves this prodigal scapegrace with an intensity, equalled only by the love which Scinghar bore to his daughters.

"But pull in your horse, Edwinsford, you don't seem to be conscious of how or where you are going. My long story, I fancy, has bewildered you, or set you asleep."

"Not at all, Sir, I do assure you, I was never more intensely interested in my life,—I was lost in profound thought at the moment you told me to guide my horse."

"So I suspect, and if your horse had not

had more presence of mind than yourself, you would infallibly have gone into that ravine."

"But, Sir, proceed with your story, I pray you proceed."

"It would be impossible for me to proceed much farther."

"For what reason, Sir."

"For the best of all reasons, because we are nearly at our journey's end.—About a mile down the cross road on the right is our Brahmin's dwelling.—You will be charmed with this retreat. The mighty Ganges rolls his waves at the end of this spot; the adjacent mountains add to the sublimity of the scene, whilst the huge trees and rich foliage of this sultry climate, give a characteristic identity highly impressive on the mind of a European. It is impossible for the imagination to form a more perfect picture of an abode appropriate to an Indian Brahmin. But the grounds of my friend exhibit proofs of the science and elegant taste of their owner. They are laid out in a manner that would do honour to the most celebrated of our English landscape gardeners, and my friend's love of botany has led him to cultivate every beautiful or useful exotic which can be reared in these torrid regions. I shall be a little troubled on my

entrance by pomp and ceremony, the characteristics of Asiatic manners, for, although I am travelling *incog.* yet the *incog.* of a governor, in this part of the world, attracts a parade and officiousness that would satisfy, if possible, even the ambition of an alderman's lady."

They proceeded down this cross-road, and had entered the enclosed grounds of the Brahmin, when Edwinsford suddenly broke silence, —" I perceive no promise of that eastern ceremony, the troubles of which you were just now apprehending.—Nor can I discover any proofs of the elegance of taste in the disposal of the grounds, which you led me to expect.—The scene is rendered sublime by nature, but art has added nothing to its attractions.—All is wild, solitary, and silent, and we seem to be entering the region of the dead, rather than the gay abodes of the living."

" It is strange," said Colonel Mannering, —" I have not been here these two months, and all the functions of nature proceed so rapidly in these climates, that grounds which are neglected, soon become wild, and overgrown.

" But all is so lonely and silent," rejoined Edwinsford.

" I know," continued Colonel Mannering,

" that the worthy old Brahmin is alive, for it was but two days ago that his authority quelled, or rather prevented, a popular insurrection which some intemperate missionaries had nearly excited by ridiculing and vituperating the religious prejudices of the people. Such a commotion could not have been suppressed by government without the loss perhaps of some hundred lives. We will tie our horses under this shady Banyan tree, and proceed down this avenue and across the lawn on foot.

The Brahmin's dwelling was a low extensive building, consisting of broad stone piers at equal distances, and highly wrought or ornamented with pointed arches intersecting each other in numerous spherical angles. Between the piers, was tesselated stone work, the fine lines and innumerable interstices appearing like the work of magic, or of some fairy architect. A frieze ran the whole length of the top of the building, ornamented by the sculpture of scrolls and flowers; the roof was of bamboo, and the whole structure seemed almost like a creation of the fancy.

Not a soul had they yet seen.—Colonel Mannering entered the hall, which from its construction was cool and refreshing, but the

house was strongly perfumed by shrubs or flowers.

"This scent," said the Colonel, "is used by these people only in cases of death or of sickness deemed mortal; I trust my young and beautiful Thyrza is not ill."—Saying this, he entered an inner room in which he was accustomed to be received by his friend.

The apartment was spacious and lofty, the floor covered with variegated mats, and replete with ornaments of painted screens, carved ivory, and immense vases of beautiful china. On a couch, at one end of this long chamber, reclined the Brahmin's wife. Her features were regular and prominent, but her face seemed furrowed by sorrow rather than by age. Her eyes were sunk and glossy, her lips seemed blistered by fever, whilst her cheeks had that pale hue of death, so peculiarly appalling in persons of colour. A little Indian girl with a fan made of feathers, sat on a cushion below the couch; but, absorbed in some juvenile thoughts, she had evidently forgot her office of fanning her mistress; who seemed indifferent to the omission or negligence. The lady gazed on Colonel Mannering as he entered, and greeted him by an inclina-

tion of the head almost too slight to be perceptible. At the other end of the room was the majestic figure of the Brahmin. He sat wrapt in profound meditation, his hand gently pressing that of a beautiful girl whose intelligent countenance was expressive of mildness and resignation to sorrow. The Brahmin, warned by her of our approach, arose and saluted us with a solemn dignity, which inspired a reverential awe. There was a silence of some minutes, which both the Brahmin and Colonel Mannering appeared desirous to break; but no subject of conversation seemed to present itself.

"You have not been at the Government-house lately, my dear Scinghar," said the Colonel.

"Alas! Sir, why should the fallen, and the wretched, afflict the prosperous with the aspect of their sufferings."

Colonel Mannering had that frankness which springs from benevolence of heart, and singleness of purpose;—very different from the coarse bluntness of manners, which, if it be consistent with feeling, at least arises from a want of a perception of the feelings of others, and of the propriety of times and circumstances.—He was now embarrassed by real emo-

tion, but at length he proceeded with emphasis.

"If I can possibly serve you ——,—— but, if this be beyond my power, my desire to sympathize with you shall not prompt me to painful enquiries."

"Sir," said the Brahmin, rising with energy, "you can serve me;—as my friend I ask nothing of you, but as my king or governor, do equal justice to every sect—Oh! give me back my son."

"Your sons!" said Colonel Mannering, with surprise, "I left them this morning in full possession of the public esteem, enjoying my patronage and friendship, and reflecting honour upon their sire."

"But my son Syroc, the joy, the life of his mother, the betrothed of this virgin, the last prop of my declining life—they have seduced him from the religion of his forefathers—from the altars of his country."

"Good Heavens! Schinghar, can your powerful mind so deeply bewail a mere change of sect? Have you not often taught your people that the passport to heaven was mercy and justice, and open alike to Christian, Brahmin, and Mahometan?"

"Yes, Sir, but this change of faith implies

with us a loss of caste, which severs child from parent, wife from husband, and brother from brother. It plants discord and deadly hate between father and child, and is it nothing to be thus bereft of our children?"

"But what can I do, my venerable friend, to save you from such disasters?"

"Go to your missionaries, demand from them my child, and restore him to his dying mother, ere his public baptism render his return to his kindred impossible."

"I have no power over these missionaries—and as to the pleas of justice and humanity, how ineffectual are they with fiery zealots? You have saved the lives of these blind enthusiasts from popular violence—you may succeed with them better than I can."

"Your armies have desolated our territory; three of my children have fallen victims to your military outrage; you have taken from me the inheritance of my forefathers, have prevented my improvement of my unhappy countrymen, and now your accursed zealots have robbed me of my remaining child—of him who was the life of his mother, and whose heart is broken at his loss."

Here the old man sunk upon his couch,

absorbed and overpowered by his sufferings. Colonel Mannering felt keenly the truth and justice of Scinghar's reproaches. He did all he could to soothe the agonized father, and to inspire the dying mother with the hopes of again seeing her son. He spoke joy and comfort to the mild Thyrza, and took leave of his friends by promising to use his utmost efforts to prevent this unnatural alienation of Syroc from his parents and kindred.

The Colonel was two days endeavouring to awaken the Missionaries to a sense of the cruelty, the injustice and folly of thus sacrificing a virtuous and amiable family, for the sake of making one convert, who, like all their other proselytes in India, would leave the Christian sect, the moment his temporary enthusiasm was over. All his persuasions were in vain, nor could he succeed in his efforts to gain an interview with their victim.

As he was about leaving the house, the servant of the Brotherhood came running in, and announced that a Brahmin priest, followed by a vast multitude, was approaching towards them. Terror immediately seized upon the whole fraternity, and they clamorously implored Colonel Mannering for the protection

of the military. " Be not alarmed," said the Colonel, " these Brahmins are too tolerant, moral and beneficent to imitate the sects of Europe,—they mean you no violence, although you do all that is calculated to rouse the bad passions of human nature."

" They are come," cried brother Thomas, gaining confidence from the Colonel's speech, " to embrace our faith, I knew they would come when the Lord brought them." The Colonel smiled, and Edwinsford uttered an emphatic, *when?*

By this time, the aged, grey-headed Scinghar entered the house, his multitude of followers remaining submissively outside.

With joined hands and a supplicating voice, Scinghar, casting an imploring look at the missionaries, exclaimed, " Sahib, I am come to ask an alms," beginning to weep he repeated hastily these words, " I am come to ask an alms."

" Out upon thee, thou imposing infidel, thou canst not want an alms," exclaimed Brother Thomas.

Setting up a plaintive cry the agitated Brahmin said, " I ask you to restore me my son, Syroc my beloved son."

" Sit down, my venerable friend," said the

Colonel, and he placed the exhausted old man on a seat under the viranda.

Here he began to weep again, and said, "That the young man's mother was dying with grief, that her time was come, for the angel of death had passed over her; and that if he could but go back and see his mother, he should, after that, return or stay, just as he pleased."—"Syroc," he continued, "had quarrelled with his brothers and mother, and in consequence had joined the Nazarenes."—

"Thy son," cried Brother Roberts, "has now begun to think of Jesus, and if you take him back into Hindooism, you will be leading him into hell."

"I will not compel him to stay, nor even persuade him," said Scinghar, "if he will but go and see his mother."

All his entreaties to this effect were in vain, and at length the old man began to implore that he might himself embrace his boy. These entreaties were as strenuously resisted, and at length the old man fell down in an agony of grief at the door, and a few of his faithful attendants raised him up, and endeavoured to persuade him to rise and go with them.

An awful silence reigned throughout the Europeans, and nothing was heard but the faint sobs of the exhausted old man, when suddenly a sigh, and then a deep groan, proceeded from a distant corner of the room, in which sat a short, broad, vulgar figure with coarse features, strongly agitated. This was brother Muckle, a Scotchman, who advanced into the middle of the throng.

"Brethren, brethren," cried brother Muckle, in a voice more dissonant than words can describe, "I have heard the plaints of this grey-headed man, and they have smitten me sore.—Verily, I was in my youth a follower of Belial, given to lewd women, and to the ways of darkness, and like unto the prodigal son, or like unto Syroc the son of Scinghar, I fled the roof of my parents,—and my father took it to heart and died, and my mother wrote unto me, saying, return, my son, thou art the comfort of my age; I am destitute, and thou art my only support, but I heeded not the voice of the aged, and presently she was numbered among the dead—peradventure, I broke her heart, yea, and the heart of my father.—Woe be unto him that severeth the bonds of kindred; the old man ought to see his son—

the father *shall* see his child," said the missionary, clenching his fist with great energy, his face agitated, and his chest heaving with violent perturbation.

Resistance to one of their own body, backed by the voice of nature, was impossible; and at length it was resolved that Syroc should be produced. In half an hour he was ushered into the room, between Brothers Roberts and Morgan, who were exhorting him to stand stedfast to the right faith. The appearance of the youth shocked the Colonel and his nephew. His clothes were disordered and dirty, his hair was dishevelled, his face pale and haggard; he cast a wild glance around him, and then stood motionless, with his eyes fixed to the heavens. Fanaticism had done its work. Never shall I forget Scinghar's countenance as he beheld his son.—He flew to his embrace; but the lad stood wrapt in frenzy, and the old man fell violently forward on his face, but was caught in the strong and youthful arms of Edwinsford, who checked and moderated his fall to the ground.

"Deluded wretch!" cried Edwinsford, "is it thus you treat your prostrate father?" and he grasped at the chest of Syroc with an

energy that might have called him to his senses, but his arm was restrained by the sudden jerk of Brother Morgan, who at the same instant laid a hand of no mean dimensions upon the chest of the Cornet, to the great discomposure of his military costume. "Strike not, I say unto thee, thou Philistine," cried Morgan, increasing his grasp.

"Inhuman miscreant," cried Edwinsford with fury, "do you dare to assault me?" and he hurled the intruder from him with a force which sent him staggering to the further end of the room.

But Brother Morgan was no chicken, and although not of the Church militant, he had no idea, when struck on one cheek, of turning the other. His Welch blood was now up, and placing his large muscular frame in an attitude of offence, he advanced to take summary vengeance upon his weaker opponent.—But Edwinsford, undaunted by the bulk and fury of his antagonist, dealt him one powerful blow in the face, which sent him reeling backwards on a table, which he crushed in his fall.

Rising and recovering himself, Brother Morgan had no further wish of coming to

close quarters, but he stood collected in his might, and crying out "I will smite thee," he hurled an immense earthen jar with all his strength at the head of the young dragoon.—But the missile was unfaithful to its holy office, for missing the head of the Cornet, it came flush upon the brawny chest of Brother Muckle, whom it sent backwards down a flight of steps, the breaking of the large jar and the fall of the carcass of Brother Muckle making a noise like the war of the elements.

All now became a scene of furious riot. The Missionaries and their attendants, amounting to ten in number, grasped every weapon within their reach. Edwinsford unsheathed his sabre against such fearful odds, and the frantic Syroc seizing a large knife, flew with fury at the throat of the Englishman.—But, fortunately, a part of the table broken by Brother Morgan tripped up the young proselyte, whose forehead in the fall came in contact with a fragment of the broken jar, receiving a deep and lengthened gash.

By this time Colonel Mannering had procured the assistance of the two orderly serjeants who had attended him and his nephew

in their ride. They entered just in time to trip up the heels of Brother Morgan, who was in the act of dealing a tremendous blow with a cudgel upon the occiput of Edwinsford. The head of this bulky Welchman in its precipitate fall came in contact with the mouth of the short and pursy Brother Roberts, whose consequent loss of a tooth, and want of breath convinced him, that his wisest course was a retreat from battle. The Colonel and his two assistants, by the terror of their naked sabres, put an immediate end to the riot, before any material mischief had been effected. To the war of blows succeeded the war of words, and if young Edwinsford had shewn himself a hero in the first species of contest, as certain is it that he cut but a contemptible figure in the latter. At length, they raised the stunned and stupified Syroc, whose forehead presented a frightful gash, the blood streaming down his face.

"Great Father of the universe, they have killed my child," cried the unhappy Scinghar, falling into the arms of his attendant Timuri.

"Take the unhappy man into the air," said Colonel Mannering, "restore him to his senses, and assure him that his son is but slightly

wounded. Shame on you, Mr. Edwinsford, this scene has all arisen from your violence."

"I sincerely regret it, Sir, but how can nature repress its emotions, at crimes committed under the pretence of religion?"

The zeal of the Missionaries had been much cooled by this contest. Brother Muckle had gone to bed, having sent for a surgeon to bleed him for the blow he had received in his chest from the jar.—Brother Roberts was sorely lamenting the loss of his tooth; Brother Thomas was bathing a black eye with cold water, whilst Brother Morgan was staunching the blood of his nose and mouth, and bewailing a serious injury which his shin had received in his fall. The slightest wounds in India are of serious consequence, and the Missionaries seemed aware of the fact.

In about an hour, a quiet interview was procured between Syroc and his father.—Every appeal to filial affections, or to the feelings of nature, were replied to by Syroc with a jargon and cant which he had caught from his instructors; but the father having bewailed the forlorn condition of Thyma, a new train of feelings were awakened in the breast of Syroc; the enthusiasm of love was now war-

ring with the enthusiasm of religion, and the youth at last consented to return to his home.

But the missionaries insisted that Syroc should stay all night, that he might pray for divine direction, and that then in the morning, he might return, if he pleased. Scinghar urged that it was impossible for his mother to live through the night; but his intreaties that his son might then accompany him, though seconded by Colonel Mannering, were all in vain.—The old man departed, weeping piteously, his whole tribe joining in his grief.

The next morning, before sun-rise, Colonel Mannering and his nephew rode to the house of the missionaries, to escort Syroc to his home. But the youth positively refused to return.—His face scarcely seemed human.—He had been kept up the whole night listening to rhapsodical ejaculations about the torments of hell, reserved by God for unbelievers, amongst whom he was told were his father, his dying mother, and his dear and lovely Thyrza. The struggles of nature and conscience with enthusiasm—terror, horror, and conflicting emotions, had torn his frame asunder. A burning fever was raging through his

system, his wound had festered, and he presented a most piteous spectacle to the eye of reason and humanity. Whilst Colonel Mannering was gently persuading the wretched youth to return, Timuri, the faithful attendant of Scinghar, and the companion of Syroc's childhood, entered the apartment.

"How now, Timuri," said Colonel Mannering, "has Scinghar sent you for his son? My horses are already waiting for his conveyance."

"Alas! alas!" said Timuri, laying his hands on his breast, and bowing his forehead to the ground—"Yesterday, on the return of the procession, as we descended the hill of Bhagvat, near the ruins of Sudulsah, and came in view of the house of Scinghar, the damsels of his wife, acquainted their mistress that my young master Syroc was not of our number. The lady wept most piteously, and called upon the name of her son. The vultures screamed over the house of the dying, and the wing of the angel of death was heard in the chamber of the sick. As the sun descended behind the mountain of Ghokondt, at the sixth hour of the evening, the mother moaned piteously and calling 'Syroc, my child, my child'—the

angel of death bore her spirit to the great Father of the universe."

At these words, the eyes of Syroc glared on all around him.

"The screams of the damsels," continued Timuri, "ascended the hill of Bhagvat.—'It is the cry of death,' cried Scinghar, 'and the spirit of the departed is hovering over me. I feel the wings of the angel of death—I come—I come, Father of worlds, unite me in Heaven to those I loved on earth, and oh! great Spirit of ages, have pity on my unhappy Syroc.'

The whole frame of Syroc became violently convulsed. "Scinghar sunk upon the earth," continued Timuri.—"We bore him down the hill of Bhagvat, through the valley of Shivah, by the banks of the Ganges. His spirit was departing. We entered the house.—'Lay me,' said Scinghar, 'in the chamber of her whose soul was borne over me by the angel, at the ruins of Sudulsah.' He gazed on the corpse of his wife. Thyrza bathed the old man's temples, and kissed his lips.—She gave him the sherbet, and cooling drinks, and she soothed his spirit.—'Tell my tribe,' said Scinghar, 'to protect thy innocence, and re-

ward thy virtues, thou daughter of misfortune, the adopted of my bosom'—the shadow of death overspread the old man's countenance. —'Kiss me, my Thyrza,' said he, and he attempted to rise—but his spirit fled to its God."

"Horrible! horrible!" cried Colonel Mannering—putting both his hands to his forehead, and hiding his head between his knees.

At this moment a faint screech was heard, and instantly something heavy fell to the floor.

Timuri's narration had brought Syroc to his senses, and, in his momentary horror, he had seized a large carving knife which lay by him, and had nearly severed his head from his body.

Colonel Mannering and Edwinsford, were petrified with horror.

"He has died in the faith of the Lord," said brother Thomas; "we have rescued one sinner from infidelity."

"We have saved one soul from the wrath to come," answered the brethren, "let us give thanks."

"And what will be thy fate, thou young and lovely Thyrza," said Edwinsford, starting

from his melancholy abstraction:—"thou orphan of a brother officer, left to the protection of those who are themselves the objects of insult, and of every species of indignity and oppression."

"Think you, Sir," said Timuri, "that there is one member in the tribe of our beloved Scinghar, who would not toil to support, or perish to protect, this object of his love—this last bequest to his faithful people?"

"My beloved, my lamented friend," said Colonel Mannering, "has reared this child in every noble sentiment and virtuous principle —he has stored her mind with knowledge, and she has caught a thousand mental graces from his bright example.—I am childless—I will bear her to my wife—she shall be the object of our affection—the solace of our age—and at my death, she shall be left secure from the miseries of dependence. I wish, my nephew, that you might have merit to deserve, and the good sense to desire her affections."

The preceding tale was suggested by the Author's knowledge of many of the facts which he has interwoven in the narrative, and parti-

cularly by the following extract from the "Periodical Accounts," published by the missionaries, of their proceedings in India, (vol. iii, p. 43.) "An aged, grey-headed Brahmin, well dressed, came in, and standing before me, said, with joined hands, and a supplicating tone of voice, 'Sahib! I am come to ask an alms.' Beginning to weep, he repeated these words hastily; 'I am come to ask—an alms.' He continued standing, with his hands in a supplicating posture, weeping. I desired him to say what alms; and told him that by his looks it did not seem as if he wanted any relief. At length, being pressed, he asked me to give him his son, pointing with his hands into the midst of our native brethren. I asked which was his son? He pointed to a young Brahmin, named Soroop, and setting up a plaintive cry, said, 'that was his son.' We tried to comfort him, and at last prevailed upon him to come and sit down upon the viranda. Here he began to weep again, and said, that the young man's mother was dying with grief, that her time was come, and that if he could but go back, and see his mother, he should after that return hither, or stay there, just as he pleased. He said he

lived about twenty-eight miles off, mentioning the name of the village, that he had six sons, &c. He said that Soroop had quarrelled with his brothers, and in consequence had come hither. I told him it should be as his son liked. He was overcome at these words, threw himself prostrate at my feet, and with tears, thanked me for these words. I told him, however, that his son had now begun to think of Jesus Christ, and was learning the way to heaven—that if he took him back to Hindooism he would be leading him to hell; and how could he bear to think of leading his son to hell. He repeated it, that he would not compel his son to stay, if he would but go and see his mother. I then *proposed* that, at *any rate*, Soroop should stay all night, that his mind should become calm, and that he might pray for divine direction. He again urged that his poor old mother was dying of grief—and if he would but go, he might write a deed of separation for the preservation of their caste, and that then he might do as he liked. He seemed reluctant to put it off till morning. Afterwards, going out of the school door into the road, I found that the old man had fallen down in an agony of grief at the

door, and that one or two of his attendants were holding him up," &c.—Vide similar tales of horror, with which these volumes abound.

THE

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

"I MADE you the promise, my dear Frank, under the impression that I had not a relation upon earth; but the sudden and unexpected arrival from the West Indies of a brother, whom in my youth I most tenderly loved, and whom I had long considered as dead,—his sudden return from Jamaica, with a large family, and without, what is usually expected to accompany a return from the West Indies—a large fortune,—these events must surely absolve me from a promise made upon the grounds of my being isolated in society. The sacred ties of nature—the social principle of brotherhood, give him a paramount claim to the inheritance of my property; but, my dear boy, even a brother has no claims, or if he has, *my* brother would not

advance them, to the exclusion of all those feelings of the heart, which the accidents of life so often engender, and which, in this instance, are confirmed by every circumstance of virtue, and by a thousand reminiscences and tender associations which nothing on earth can dissolve or abrogate. The laws of property shall be observed in the disposal of my estate; my brother and his children shall inherit my lands; but, my dear Frank, the hopes I have raised in you, shall, at least to a certain extent, be fulfilled. I have brought you up in the notions of independance, and I will yet leave you ———."

"My good and dear father, my more than father, do not let this subject weigh so heavily upon your heart,—I do not wish to intervene between you and your brother. You have already bestowed upon me gifts, far surpassing the inheritance of lands; you have stored my mind with literature and philosophy; you have reared me in the habits of self command.—I am young, replete with health and vigour. Hope, that blessed attribute of youth, revels in my veins, and will support me through every struggle. I will not pursue your design of travelling upon the

Continent; I will repair to London, that great mart of talents and of industry, where every human merit finds its level. There, I can enjoy every gratification of science and of art; and with industry and self-denial, can achieve that best boon of heaven, sweet independence. Oh! my dear Sir, let the solace of my life be the frequent intercourse with yourself; let me, as much as possible, be still the companion of your vacant hours; let me administer to your wants, and contribute to your comforts; your fire-side ———."

"My dear boy, you overpower me—I can scarcely speak to you; your ardent imagination and sensibility have misconstrued my intentions. If the prerogatives of a brother deprive you of my estate, it does not deprive me of all means of providing for you. Whilst I live, my income is sufficiently large to afford every rational assistance to my brother, without perverting my original designs with respect to yourself. During my life, you shall be continued in all the habits in which I have reared you, and at my death, I will bequeath you at once a competence, and a test of my tender affection. I will immediately make a new will, and leave you, my dear Frank, the

option of twenty thousand pounds out of my personal property, or the Brookland Farm, which although of less value, you may perhaps prefer, as the scene of your boyish sports. The former will, by which I made you heir to all I possessed—keep it, my dear Frank,—to a mind so disinterested, it will produce no disappointment, whilst it will remind you of the dictates of my heart, of what my tenderness would have effected for your welfare, but for the imperious laws of kindred, which a moral man can never altogether wave for the gratification of his attachments. The hour of your departure has already elapsed. Take my last embrace—God bless you—let me hear from you often—very often; and, my dear Frank, may I live to see your return—may you return once more to enliven the heart of your foster-father, and to smooth his descent to the grave."

The tear stood glistening in the old man's eyes, as he uttered these words with a tremulous voice—and Frank Lewis seizing his hand, pressed it warmly to his lips, and pouring forth the effusions of gratitude, affection, and sorrow, he at length took leave of his benefactor, in language to which the fervour of his

heart added an emphasis never to be effaced from the memory of his friend.

The young gentleman, too much absorbed in grief to heed any of the surrounding objects, hastened through the hall to the post-chaise which awaited him at the door, and he was only awakened to consciousness as the post-boy shut the door, by a spontaneous ejaculation of "God bless you, Sir," from the numerous servants who had assembled in the hall, to witness the departure of their young master.—"God bless you, my friends," cried Mr. Lewis, putting his head out of the carriage, when his eye suddenly caught a glimpse of his old foster-father, who stood at his library window, gazing at the post-chaise with intensity. The last look of the old gentleman; his convulsed frame, and the agitated step, with which he retreated from the window, made a deep and indelible impression on the mind of Lewis, who, in subsequent years of his life, often recalled this farewell glance to his imagination, when either melancholy or tenderness led him into a train of reflections upon the scenes of his boyhood.

The prospect of young Lewis's departure for the Continent, had long been the sole topic of

conversation at Mortlake Hall, and in the adjoining parishes. To Mr. Howell, the affectionate and beneficent proprietor of the Mortlake estates, the anticipation of this event had occasioned a conflict of very opposite feelings; on one side, he viewed the travelling of the young gentleman as absolutely necessary to the completion of the peculiar education he had given him; and it was rendered still more necessary by his descent, and the circumstances of his birth: but, on the other, the society of this youth had, from long continuance, become almost a necessary part of the old gentleman's existence, and from the loss of his company he calculated upon nothing but vacant hours, dreary days, and cheerless evenings, with all the wants and anguish which are felt by an affectionate temper on the loss of one who had been the object of its tenderness and care from infancy to manhood.—He had often cradled him in his arms, when an infant—he had carried him through all his studies with assiduity and fortitude, but with gentleness—he had formed his sentiments upon every important subject, both of speculation and of practice,—he had made him the companion of

his exercise, of his sports, of his amusements, of his studies. So exclusively had he devoted himself to this object of his adoption, that he had neglected to cultivate any other acquaintance.

But, whatever reflections Mr. Howel had upon the subject, he had sense enough to perceive that his dilemma was merely a conflict between his inclinations for the company of the youth, and his estimate of the advantages which, under his circumstances, he would derive from foreign travel.

The strong mind of Mr. Howel, seldom allowed his inclinations to overcome his sense of duty; and in this instance, he struggled with success to master his affections, and at length resolved that Lewis should make the Tour of the Continent, and should set out as soon as the severity of winter had subsided.

He was to remain abroad for five years, and Mr. Howel had himself marked out his route with a precision, for which, in one respect at least, young Lewis could devise no motive.

"You shall first take the northern kingdoms of Europe," said Mr. Howel, "for the south are the regions of dissipation and pleasure, in which the morals and the habits of

the English traveller generally suffer ship-wreck.—The soft climate, and the effeminate associations of Italy, will disqualify you for encountering the fierce winters of the north, with the numberless inconveniences, and accidents attendant on a journey through Sweden or Russia,—I wish you to study mankind under all varieties of circumstances,—from the degraded slaves of monarchical governments to the free citizens of America,—peruse human society under all its modifications,—study the institutions of every country in which you reside, and cautiously examine their effects upon the human character.—Resolutely bend your mind to such philosophical researches, and consider the arts, the antiquities and scenery of Italy as interesting. but yet as only secondary objects of your pursuit,—of all things, let Paris be the last capital you visit, and make it almost the principal object of your residence in France, to acquire an intimacy with the Chatillon family. After you have been in the French capital a short time, you will receive from me a packet that will throw some light upon my dwelling so earnestly upon a subject apparently so trivial."

"You will have credit, Frank, upon my bankers, for a quarterly allowance of £500 sterling, but do not mar any rational pleasures, lose any advantageous connexion, or forego any estimable pursuit for want of funds.—I have confidence in your judgment and discretion, and your bills will therefore be answered to any amount."

This was part of the conversation which took place between Mr. Howel and Francis Lewis in the Library of Mortlake Hall, on the evening previous to the departure for the Continent, which we have just described.

Until the previous three months of his departure, young Lewis had seriously opposed his undertaking the journey.—He combated Mr. Howel's opinion that he was eminently qualified for public life; he argued that the extensive library of Mortlake Hall afforded him all the knowledge adapted to his capacity, or requisite to the orbit of his worldly career,—that the desire of locomotion, the usual passion of youth, was not very predominant in his disposition:—in short, he did not want to travel, unless Mr. Howel would be the companion of his journey.

To this point he had at length nearly per-

suaded the good old gentleman, whose aversion to foreign travel at his time of life, was nearly overcome by the strong desire of retaining, if possible, the society of his young friend.

To his arguments, the old gentleman would often reply, "My dear boy, I know that a little good sense and consideration will render the intimate association and companionship of the old and young far from burthensome to either party.—I have educated you from your childhood to the present hour, and I would fain that this grand key-stone of the work should be placed by my own hand, but I am too old to travel,—by far too old,—and I have duties at home which no earthly consideration can induce me to desert.—I hope to moralize the poor of my neighbourhood, and to give the stamp of better principles to those around me.—The sentiments and habits of the country are immeasurably behind those of the metropolis, although those of the metropolis are far from being as liberal as the philanthropist would wish them.—I scorn the ignorant present, and, in imagination, I live a century hence, when the general diffusion of science and philosophy will have banished

prejudice, persecution, corruption, and all their train of evils. England wants nothing so much as a few country gentlemen who will sacrifice their privileges, and prescriptive rights to the liberalizing of the lower and middling orders in the country."

Young Lewis would not reply to these arguments, but he still strenuously opposed his deserting the old gentleman, for the sake of his personal gratification, or for any advantage in making the tour of the Continent.—" If," said he to himself, " my travelling abroad be so essential to complete my education, as Mr. Howel imagines, the course of nature must ere long deprive me of my kind old friend, and after his decease I may soften my afflictions by visiting *foreign climes,—but* I know that I am the only object of the old gentleman's confidence, the only source of his happiness,—I will not desert him, or let him sacrifice his own felicity to his designs for my improvement."

Such was the generous resolution of the young gentleman, until within about three or four months of his departure, when his objections to going abroad were suddenly removed

by circumstances at Mortlake Hall, of which Mr. Howel had not the slightest conception.

The departure of Frank for the Continent had made a dreary vacuity in the occupations and life of Mr. Howel.—He found himself suddenly bereft of one whose vivacity, whose good temper and intelligence, and above all, whose fidelity and affection had endeared him to him with a strength he had himself been hardly aware of.—His mind was too nicely discriminative easily to find a companion whom he could tolerate after such a loss.—He loved his brother upon principle, and with all the force of early associations, but unfortunately his brother's sentiments were all at variance with his own,—their minds were not at all congenial.—In his long sojourn in the West Indies, he had imbibed all the habits, manners, and sentiments which are invariably witnessed in countries which possess the baneful institution of slavery.—To his inferiors, he was capricious, and inconsiderate; sententious in his style of communication, impatient of contradiction, easily irritated to anger, and merciless in his vengeance.—To his equals he was impatient, and impetuous; inconstant

in his attachment, and implacable in his animosity; to his superiors, he was wily, subservient and enduring. Accustomed to consider the comfort, the happiness, and even the vitality of slaves solely as sources of profit, he was rapacious and covetous; profligate in gratifying his own desires, but merciless and over-reaching in exacting his dues, or his supposed dues from others.—In countries where property consists in slaves, and where the slave owner resides solely for the purpose of making money, the mind insensibly contracts the habit of resolving all subjects into mere questions of sordid interest. But Mr. Eliab Howel's temper had been soured by the disappointment of those golden dreams which had taken possession of his soul in the West Indies.—Like numberless others, the reminiscences of his past life had driven him to revealed religion for comfort, but the representations of hell, of a revengeful Deity, and of torments eternal in duration, and excessive in degree, had taken an entire possession of his imagination, rendering him wretched in this world, and engendering dispositions which least of all qualify a man for the next.

But the sons of this gentleman were, if

possible, less adapted to be companions to their uncle.—Their dispositions strongly exhibited the effects of rearing children amidst the institutions of slavery. Their alternate lassitude, and irritability of temperament were congenial to the sunny climate of their nativity. But they had been educated amidst scenes of tyranny, where they had witnessed nothing but the merciless exactions of the task-master, the fierce outrages of unbridled power on one side, and, upon the other, the cunning in which the slave seeks his security from violence, or the licentiousness to which he flies, as a recompense for oppression.—These young gentlemen, destitute of moral, and almost destitute of intellectual education, exhibited in their conduct the full force of early example. Their vices were heightened in the eyes of their uncle, by a contrast to the refinement and virtues of Mr. Francis Lewis. The house had been rendered dull by the departure of this young gentleman, and the riot and excesses of Mr. Eliab Howel's sons had driven their uncle to the necessity of seeking refuge in an almost perpetual retirement into his study.

But even this retreat was scarcely held

sacred. The old gentleman thought he could not with delicacy, or with feeling, suggest any plan that might tend to deprive his nephews of the asylum of an uncle's house; but he had been compelled by absolute necessity to prohibit their entrance into his study. Into this he would often retreat, reflecting upon the inconvenience of Creole visitors. But Mr. Eliab Howel was by no means disposed to respect this sanctum sanctorum of Mortlake Hall, for it was his custom invariably to join his brother in this apartment, and to pass there the whole of the evening, and no small portion of the day. This intrusion was most severely felt by Mr. Howel, but who would not for the world, as he once said in a letter to Lewis, give the slightest intimation to an unfortunate brother, that he was not welcome to every part of his house.

With the exception of Dr. Powel, an ingenious physician, Mr. Howel had made no friends in the country. When the business or the amusements of the country had brought him in contact with the gentry of their neighbourhood, his company had been highly appreciated; he was liked by inclination, but

from other causes, he was cordially hated upon principle.

His wealth had naturally acquired him the homage of the poor, the obsequious attention of the middle orders, and the civility of the highest ranks of society. His fund of knowledge, his power of intellect, the gaiety of his disposition, had highly distinguished him as a companion. His person was very superior, and his manners were the pure emanations of a quick sensibility to impressions, a nice discernment of character, and a goodness of heart: they were consequently of a nature to make all studied or conventional manners appear comparatively impotent, or absolutely ridiculous.

But Mr. Howel had one point in his character which, in the practice of life, is often found to render a man odious. Integrity—a virtue which, if it will not yield to certain vices hallowed by immemorial usage, or dignified by the rank of the practitioners, seldom fails to make a man hated by his own class, and vilified by those below him.

On his coming into the county, as the purchaser of an immense estate, he received

attentions from all of a rank of life approximating to his own. Two noble lords had been assiduous in their attentions; their marked patronage of a rich *rotourier* on his first arrival in the county, was a condescension that would have enabled them to practice equal condescensions in using his superfluous cash in his banker's hands; but, strange to say, Mr. Howel's vanity was by no means an expensive passion to gratify; he received their attentions with the *bonhomie* of a neighbour, but he politely but sensibly resisted their respective efforts to borrow, and their friendship soon degenerated into mere formal civility.

But with respect to the highest classes generally, there was one paramount and overwhelming cause, which induced every individual to be attentive to Mr. Howel to a degree even bordering upon fulsome servility.

"Who is Mr. Howel?" "where does he come from?" "what are his politics?" "to which party does he belong," were the general and often reiterated questions. But, unfortunately, these interrogatories, like many other essential questions in religion, and other important subjects, were not of very easy solution. Mr. Howel had come from the city of London,

that great vortex which overwhelms all hereditary distinction, and acknowledges only two great divisions of the human species—the rich and the poor. He was one of the innumerable host of plebeians whom the vicious caprice of Fortune makes unexpectedly rich, and whom the great trading cities constantly pour forth in every direction, to overwhelm the country, and dispossess the ancient inheritors of their lands.

"But what are his politics—to which party does he belong?" These were enquiries of much greater importance, and of much greater difficulty to satisfy. He had never been in parliament, he possessed no borough—nor had he hitherto possessed any landed estate—he was not an alderman, nor could it be ascertained whether he had ever made a speech, sat upon a committee, or even given a vote at an election.

This was most unfortunate, for party spirit ran very high in the county. Ere many years there would be a general election, the strength of parties was very nearly equal, and the election would depend solely upon the votes of Mr. Howel's tenantry. Mr. Howel therefore was lord of the ascendant, he abso-

lutely held the representation of the county at his beck and nod. There was to be no compromise of interests, Mr. Howel's determination would give so decided a preponderance to the party he espoused, that the county would return either two servile ministerialists, or two strong opponents of government. Political interests were pretty nearly balanced in the House of Commons, and thus the important questions of peace or war, with the attendant consequences of millions squandered and of lives sacrificed, might depend solely upon the judgment, possibly on the caprice, even upon the sordid interest of Mr. Howel, a man who, a few years ago, could scarcely influence the most trifling circumstance in the fate of the meanest individual.

Mr. Howel's political bias was therefore by far the most important circumstance in the county. More material points than the peace or war of Europe, or of the world, depended on his determination. If, by joining the Whigs, he threw out the Tory Candidate, my Lord Bidborough lost all his political influence, and the job of an embassy for his brother, which he had contracted with the Treasury, would be infallibly cancelled, or given to another.—

Sir John Bribewell's promise from the First Lord, of a governorship in India, was tacitly understood to depend upon his carrying the county for government, but unluckily, so the fates would have it, the carrying of the county no longer depended upon Sir John Bribewell; his uncle's selling the Mortlake property to Mr. Howel, had materially injured the Bribewell interest, and Sir John foresaw that, if he could not secure the new possessor in his favour, he might wait long in the Treasury anti-chamber before his card would procure him an audience of the Secretary.

But fortunately the higher destinies are intimately involved in the fortunes of the meaner classes, and to which it happens, that the meaner classes are so often indebted to the higher orders, for an attentive consideration of their comforts, privileges, and interests. The embassy of Lord Bidborough's brother, and the Indian governorship for Sir John Bribewell, were not the only events which depended on the ensuing election. If the Whigs prevailed, how many commissions in the army and navy, how many situations in the colonies, how many places in the customs and

excise, and in the receipts of the revenue would be lost to the connections and dependents of the Bidboroughs and the Bribewells, and be transferred to the families of adjoining counties.

In this awful state of things, it was absolutely necessary to ascertain the great fact, whether Mr. Howel were Tory, Whig, or Radical. But the importance of a point, and the facility of its solution, often most perversely bear an inverse ratio to each other. In short, it was no easy matter to ascertain Mr. Howel's political bias. He had no poor relations to serve, and the chances of his party were consequently about equal. He had been invited by both parties to many set political dinners, all of which invitations he had declined. At private dinners, he had never joined in any political conversations, but had sat absolutely mute while they continued; nay, once my Lord Bidborough in his anxiety had put to him something approaching to a plain question of the party he espoused, and received only a sententious and rather austere reply, that "he wished the word banished from all rational society;" a reply from which his Lordship could only draw two inferences,

either that Mr. Howel was playing a deep game—or that he was a plebeian theorist.

But affairs could not be allowed to remain long in this dangerous state of uncertainty; and after several conferences between Lord Bidborough and Sir John Bribewell, it was agreed between them, that the Baronet should undertake to ascertain Mr. Howel's sentiments, and to win him to the government interest, should he be found whiggishly or radically inclined.

With all Mr. Howel's cheerful amenity of manners, there was a dignity in his deportment, and a certain decision of character in all he said and did, which clearly indicated to Sir John, that he must set about his office, with the delicacy and skill of a diplomatist or minister of state.

In a few days he paid a morning visit to Mortlake Hall, and in the most friendly manner possible, asked its worthy proprietor, whether he would not wish to be in the commission of the peace. To this question Mr. Howel replied, that he very much desired it, and had intended to apply upon the subject. "It is an office," added he, "in which a gentleman can do much good, and prevent much

evil."—"I am glad to hear you say so, none but the most enlightened men ought to fill the commission, and I shall have the greatest pleasure in requesting my cousin, Lord Marketton, the Lord Lieutenant of the County, to recommend you to the Chancellor."—"I trust, Sir, you will also honour the county, by filling, a few years hence, the office of High Sheriff."—"That, Sir," replied Mr. Howel, "is a point beyond my control, it depends upon the government—if my wishes are consulted upon the subject, I shall certainly decline the office."—"Had it been your wish," rejoined Sir John, "I could have easily promoted it; indeed I regret that you object to it, for gentlemen of your description———." But Mr. Howel, by a timely jeu d'esprit, stopped the effusion of complimentary hypocrisy by which the Baronet was about to degrade himself, and disgust his auditor.

On a second interview, Sir John incidentally mentioned, that he had the disposal of the appointment of exciseman in the neighbouring town, and asked Mr. Howel if he knew any body to whom he would wish the place to be given; but to this question he received the singular reply, that he knew of no man

whose qualifications, or whose distresses merited any particular preference.

At a large dinner party at Bribewell Hall, the conversation turned upon a projected road which had long been a desideratum in that part of the county, and a bill was to be brought in for the purpose at the next session of parliament. "The direction of the road will materially interfere with your estate," said Sir John to Mr. Howel, who sat at his right hand— "but," continued the Baronet "the government interest can modify the bill in its passage through the House—the road has only to take a more southerly direction from the turnpike-gate, and it will not increase the distance above two miles; and as to the cursed hill, I'll be sworn that not one neck in a twelve month will be broken there"—"Indeed Sir John," replied Mr. Howel, "the interests of an individual ought to yield to those of the public, and I should be sorry to see such an instance of the prostituted rectitude of the legislature." The fact was, Sir John, warmed with the Tuscan grape, had gone a little farther than his ordinary system of tactics had warranted, and the reply he received, was the momentary effect of Mr. Howel's in-

dignation at this candid avowal of the manner in which the public interests are but too often tampered with.

This home question, as it was called, brought affairs to a crisis, and the parties saw that it was necessary by open and direct means, to draw from Mr. Howel, a positive avowal of the interest he intended to support in the event of an election for the county. Lord Bidborough, Lord Marketton, and Sir John Bribewell, therefore waited upon this gentleman, as a deputation from the Pitt Club, and solicited his votes in favor of the Treasury candidates.

"I have no votes to give. I have but a single vote, unless indeed you mean me to split my vote."

"But, Sir, your tenantry—there are on your estates no less than"——"Stop, gentlemen, let me put an end to this discourse. The highest duty that a citizen, under any form of government, can possibly exercise, is that of choosing his legislators. Every social good or evil must have its source in the wisdom or folly, the purity or corruption with which the citizens exercise this great privilege. My

determination on the subject is unalterably fixed."

"We cannot hope to persuade you on such a subject. We only wish to know what is your determination, your expression of your designs will probably spare many thousand pounds, and prevent the peace of the county being disturbed."

"An election implies no disturbance of the public peace, unless it be perverted from its legitimate object by faction, and by the contention of self interest and aristocratic pride. I have an unalterable objection to declare which way I shall vote."

"All parties are desirous of knowing your determination, it will influence so many of what we call the independent yeomen."

"It is for that very reason that I will not express myself; I cannot bear to see my countrymen prostitute their great charter—to see them led up to the hustings by their landlords like slaves."

"You will surely influence your own tenantry."

"Heaven forbid!—No gentlemen, I hope, ere another election takes place, to diffuse

among my tenantry knowledge that will enable them to exercise their privileges to the general advantage, and to inspire them with an independent spirit above being controlled by any landlord."

"Upon my word, Sir, I fear you will find your tenantry very little susceptible of such Utopian principles, nor will the gentry be much obliged to you for your schemes."

"I *have* found them so; the perversion of all principles of natural justice, and of the Constitution by the upper classes, has degraded the electors of England to the vilest of all thraldom, they are willing slaves, with the power to be free. But, gentlemen, the diffusion of knowledge——

"We are getting into a rhapsody upon ideal systems, I believe," said my Lord Bidborough. "If, Mr. Howel, your principles will not allow you to direct your tenantry which interest to support, I imagine you will not object to either party canvassing their votes. The former proprietor of the estates, Sir John Bribewell's uncle, invariably gave his interest to government."

"Gentlemen, I wish the state of the age

were sufficiently improved to render all canvassing useless to a degree of ridicule."

"But, Mr. Howel, as the age is not so very advanced, to be consistent with your own principles, you cannot object to your tenantry being fairly canvassed by both parties.

"I consider tenants, in point of elections, totally unconnected with their landlords."

"Then, Sir, that is sufficient for us. If we have not now the promise of your vote, we trust when the election takes place, that we shall have the vote itself."

"We only beg," added Sir John Bribewell, "that if you do give us your vote, you will give it early—its example will be efficacious."

"Perhaps, if Mr. Howel does not give us his vote, he may be induced by our private friendship, at least not to give it to the enemy."

"My Lord Bidborough, I should hold it highly criminal if I allowed any friendship to influence me in a paramount principle of duty to society."

"I cannot see what objections you can entertain against the government interest," said Lord Marketton. "Our present administration

is never ungrateful to its friends and supporters. In this county alone, they have bestowed, within the last ten years, no less than three titles and seven appointments, which I really call lucrative.—There is Lord ———."

"Gentlemen, I request that the subject may be dropped, and dropped immediately," replied Mr. Howel, his face flushed with the most contemptuous indignation.

"Our mission is at an end," said Sir John Bribewell, with a simper; "from able negociators we will now resume our more agreeable connection as friends. Mr. Howel, I am told that you are taking up the mortgage upon Mr. Sidewell's estate, preparatory to becoming the purchaser. Why, Sir, you'll soon possess the whole county."

The conversation soon became indifferent; and, in less than half an hour, the trio took their departure from Mortlake Hall, leaving its possessor in angry meditation upon his favourite theory of the inherent baseness of mankind, while they were ridiculing his Utopian notions, and expressing their contempt at his mean descent, and at the low complexion of his sentiments.

Shortly after this event, the Government communicated to their friends, their intention to dissolve the Parliament in the ensuing spring.—And Lord Bidborough's agent, with Sir John Bribewell, in *propria persona*, warmly canvassed the county, not omitting the tenantry of Mr. Howel.

Many of these tenants gave a promise of their votes, upon being assured that the canvass was made with the permission of the landlord. Certain it was, that the canvass was not against the approbation of Mr. Howel, and in the present circumstances of necessity, Sir John and his Lordship were of opinion that, in *foro conscientiæ*, the absence of prohibition was equivalent to a tacit approbation.

But there was a shrewd, intelligent farmer, by the name of Giles Owen, whose superior understanding had already caught many of his landlord's principles, and he found it difficult to reconcile Sir John Bribewell's assurances, although pledged upon his honour, with the notions which he knew Mr. Howel entertained upon the freedom of election.—He therefore positively refused his own vote, even should his landlord himself solicit it, and he succeeded in inducing many others to pro-

mise their's conditionally upon what the landlord should say upon the subject.

At the ensuing rent day, Mr. Howel was among his tenantry, assembled in his steward's parlour, and the busihess of the meeting being concluded, this farmer Owen, in a plain straight-forward manner, related to Mr. Howel the assurances of Sir John Bribewell, and Lord Bidborough's agent, respecting his permission to their giving their votes to the Government candidates.

Mr. Howel was no enthusiast, but he kindled with the subject, and addressed the meeting in the true eloquence of conviction and of real feeling.—He denied having given either approbation or disapprobation of any canvass among his tenantry: on the contrary, he had expressly declared his opinion, that no relation whatever existed, nor, consistently with principle, could exist between landlord and tenant upon such a subject.—He then explained to the meeting how every religious, moral, or social good rested upon an elector's independent and intelligent exercise of his important functions. That all the evils which afflicted social existence, arose from the prostitution of this right of election to self-inte-

rest, or to party mania; he painted in glowing colours what society might be, if the English electors were independent and intelligent, and pictured social and religious liberty radiating from England to every corner of the world.—He expatiated upon the slaves of our Colonies, who were coerced to bear their chains by the scourge and superior force of their owners, and the more degraded Englishmen, who having liberty in their grasp, sacrificed it at the shrine of prejudice, or sold it for lucre, place, and patronage. He concluded by conjuring them to compare the conduct of Government in many essential points, and particularly in upholding the present system of representation, with the first principles and most important maxims of religion,—he begged them to consider well the individual merits of the different candidates, and in no case to be influenced by personal interest, or by their relation to him as a landlord.

From this meeting, the tenants adjourned to the Blue Lion, where, after dinner, farmer Owen addressed them to much about the same effect. The audience generally agreed, that their promises to Sir John Bribewell were not binding, having been extorted from them by

falsehood, and they resolved to be guided at the ensuing election by the principles which their landlord had so ably explained to them.

But there was at this dinner, a certain personage, of no small influence in his sphere, and whom most people would denominate a much more sensible man than honest farmer Owen. This was one Mr. Joshua Cripplegate, who combined in his own person, two ingredients calculated to constitute the very essence of worldly wisdom. He was at once an attorney's clerk, and a Methodist parson.—Now, Joshua Cripplegate did not venture to address the meeting in opposition to the sturdy yeoman; not that he feared Mr. Owen in any trial of oratory, nor was it that he did not hold Mr. Owen's principles in thorough detestation; but he wisely reflected that these principles were in strict unison with Mr. Howel's, and he had been shrewdly calculating that, in the infinite revolutions of causes and effects, it was not impossible that what passed in that room might reach the ears of his landlord.

This Mr. Cripplegate had, by field preaching, and by tabernacle preaching, and by sundry other arts, contrived to raise himself from the work-house, into the possession of seve-

ral fields and cottages, and he rented of Mr. Howel but a very small patch of ground.—Joshua was, in circumstances at least, an independant man, but he had an instinctive veneration for a rich landlord, and a wholesome obedience to "the authorities that be."

He had, moreover, certain feelings of attachment towards Mr. Howel.—He very often dined with his butler, and when he called to explain the Gospel to the maids, in the winter evenings, he found strong hyson tea, with a spoonful of rum in it, a great incitement to piety and eloquence.—Moreover, Mr. Howel had hitherto employed this revered gentleman as his secret agent in distributing certain petty charities; far be it from us to insinuate that honest Joshua appropriated any of these funds to his own use, or that, like Ananias of old, he derived any unhallowed advantage from funds deposited in his hands for pious purposes. Certain it was, that the funds deposited in his hands by Mr. Howel, were duly distributed to objects of extreme distress, but some how or other, these objects always were, or were to be, of his own congregation.—He scorned to take any advantage, or derive any pecuniary profit from the objects of Mr. How-

el's bounty, but if he bore that gentleman's charity to a cottage, it was generally his fate to be asked the next day to partake of a good joint of meat and a pot of ale,—or if the receiver of charity were a journeyman tailor or cobbler, honest Joshua the day before would make a bargain for soling a pair of shoes, or would agree for the purchase of a pair of breeches, at prime cost, or trade price. But these practices were strictly in conformity to one of the most useful and disinterested maxims of moral benevolence,—the maxim, that "one good turn deserves another."

This prosperous lawyer and field preacher, would not address the meeting at the Blue Lion, in opposition to farmer Owen, but he gathered round him at the other end of the long table, about six or eight very attentive listeners, whom he addressed in a very under tone. He sensibly remarked, that "Mr. Owen's principles were heterodox and apocryphal, that he never knew any good come of opposing the Government. A custom-house officer might with perquisites make from two guineas to two guineas and a half a week. An exciseman's place, although unpopular, was very profitable; and a collector of taxes had an

easy birth of it, and had many ways of making money. Sir John Bribewell, it was true, was a very hard landlord, and he did not approve of his keeping so many women, or of his gambling and swearing, but the devil was never so black as people painted him, and on the main, Sir John was a very worthy man, and had procured many good appointments for the poor relations of his voters. I would only have you remember, Gentlemen, that Mr. Howel has told you that you won't offend him whichever way you vote. I have always voted for Sir John, and I shall be true to my king and country."

At this awful juncture, the reverend Joshua Cripplegate, who was also clerk to the subsheriff, had opened a negociation with Sir John Bribewell for the reversion of the collectorship of the assessed taxes in an adjoining parish, and in exchange for which, he had promised to hold a discourse, *anglice*, to preach a sermon, which should excite the loyalty and secure the votes of all the freeholders in his congregation, and which he represented to amount to thirteen, but which, in reality, made up the number of nine.—Joshua, the morning after the dinner at the Blue Lion,

repaired to the steward of Sir John Bribewell, to whom he comunicated the whole proceedings both at the Inn and at Mortlake Hall. not forgetting his speech, by which he had secured six or eight of Mr. Howel's tenants to the interests of Sir John.

"Damn that mad enthusiast, Mr. Howel," said Gripewell, the steward, as Joshua finished his long prosing narration.

"Hush, pr'ythee, hush, Mr. Gripewell, thou swearest, and thou wilt offend the Lord."

"Damnation! that fellow will offend my Lord Bidborough and Sir John, if he loses us the county."

"Thou wilt lose the election of grace, if thou swearest blasphemies."

"Sir John will lose his election for the county, if that cursed fellow is not brought over."

"Fie, fie, Mr. Gripewell, another oath, another oath!"

"Pshaw, Joshua, go to h—ll with your nonsense about swearing,—old Seabright, the tax-collector, is dead."

"The Lord be praised."

"Be praised for what?"

"Another soul has gone to heaven.—I hope Sir John will keep his promise."

"Bring your thirteen votes from your tabernacle, or Seabright's place is given to somebody else. Can't you bring over your brother parson Humbore to our interest?"

"There is a schism between us, he has made a breach between our congregations."

"And you, I am told, have made a breach in his head."

"He spoke blasphemies, and abused me in my call, and I smote him."

"And for which he has brought an action against you."

"There are two flaws in the declaration."

"Joshua, you are a match for the devil.—Ply Howel's tenants with speeches,—do good in that quarter, and you may have something better than the collectorship."

"I will do my best," replied Joshua Cripplegate, as he left the room, making three low bows to his patron.

At length the long expected election took place, and was carried on with great heat, and at a vast expense. No contest had ever occasioned such a sensation throughout Wales,

and the fate of the county was considered to depend for many years on this one contest.

The numbers on the Poll were very nearly equal, and the fate of the election evidently depended on what was called Mr. Howel's interest, who however, of all men existing, took the least interest in the contest.

Every effort had been made by both parties to draw over the Howel tenantry,—four of them, headed by Cripplegate, had voted for Sir John Bribewell, at the beginning of the contest, but the remainder had been kept neutral, by their respect for Mr. Howel, and by the steady good sense of farmer Owen.

At length the last day of the Poll arrived, and Mr. Howel who had never been within six miles of the hustings, now appeared at the scene of contest.—Upon his arrival, and giving his horse to his groom, he found the whole of his tenantry, except the four seceders, assembled *en masse* in the market-place, and grouped with what was called the independant interest of the county. These were chiefly proselytes to moderate radicalism, and consisted of about five and thirty substantial yeomen, whose coincidence of property and

of public spirit, enabled them to resist all motives but the influence of opinion.

"Have my tenants voted?" said Mr. Howel, to honest Giles Owen, who came up to him, respectfully touching his hat.

"No, Sir, they have not."

"And why have they deferred it so long?"

"They wait solely for your example, I believe, Sir."

"And that my example might not influence them, is the sole reason of my not having voted before.—I shall remount my horse, and ride for half an hour; in the mean time, Mr. Owen, have the goodness to say, that the only favour I ask of my tenants is, that if they intend to vote at all, they will vote before my return, uninfluenced by any thing, excepting their own conscientious opinions."

Mr. Howel disappeared, and his message was delivered to the tenants, who immediately, headed by Mr. Owen, proceeded to the hustings, and voted against the Government interest.

In about an hour's time, Mr. Howel returned, and gave his vote for the popular candidates, and this coincidence of his views,

with those of his tenants, occasioned a shout throughout the whole body, which was loudly answered by the triumphant party.

The influence of Mr. Howel was much more extensive than he had any idea of, for immediately it was ascertained on which side he had voted, the independent interest followed his example, in voting for the opposition, which gave a final, and irretrievable majority against the Government candidates.

The election being over, a very strong and general sentiment of disapprobation arose amongst the higher classes against Mr. Howel's conduct.

"It was shameful, treacherous, and artful,—he ought to have declared himself at first; his determination would have saved the expenditure of £60,000, and would have prevented the peace of the county being disturbed. His behaviour to his tenants was most disgraceful, —it afforded an example highly pernicious to the neighbourhood. Indeed such principles were subversive of all subordination in society, there was no knowing where they would end."

But there were other weighty causes, which soon contributed to sink Mr. Howel much

lower in the county estimation.—Sir Charles Witlington's lady was a renowned *bas bleu*, and gave very splendid dinner parties to those of the neighbouring gentry who had superior talents, or who could make up the substitutes, rank and riches. Shortly after the election, at a party at Witlington Hall, the conversation turned upon Rousseau's Social Contract, —the Republic of Plato,—More's Utopia,—Sir John Harrington's Oceana, and, indirectly, upon Mr. Howel's principles and practices. In this memorable debate, Mr. Howel had expressed his most scornful derision of the theory of hereditary Legislators, hereditary Judges, and hereditary Counsellors, in cases of political emergency. In an argument with Sir Charles Witlington, he expressed his abhorrence of the present system of representation, and of the practices by which it was maintained; and to crown the whole of his offence, he had expressed to the Reverend Doctor Clayworm, his utter contempt for any tenets that did not tend to moralize mankind, and his abhorrence of all religions that defended themselves by the aid of prosecutions, or by tyranny of any sort.

These learned assemblies seldom support

any deviation from the beaten track; they are mere channels for the gentle riplings of the mind, and never tolerate any vigorous display of original powers, or any train of thought contrary to the opinions of the day. Mr. Howel's conversation was therefore not much liked, and Dr. Powell was the only person in company that at all agreed with him in sentiments. At the next *conversazione* at Witlington Hall, Mr. Howel was again a guest, but the physician had not been invited.

Why, said Mr. Howel, should I be asked, and the Doctor excluded. If the independant avowal of thought be an offence in high-bred circles, my declarations were far more decided than the Doctor's. But the Doctor is poor, and I am rich.—Pshaw! said Mr. Howel to himself, with indignation.

Shortly after coffee, Sir Charles pointedly asked Mr. Howel's opinion upon a subject, upon which that gentleman alleged that he could give no opinion until he had consulted the sounder judgment of his friend Dr. Powell. This hint was sufficiently strong, and gave additional offence to all the patricians present.

In short, Mr. Howel's character was every where canvassed, and each scrutiny left him

weaker in the general esteem. He was a violent enemy to the Game Laws, highly disapproved of an unpaid magistracy; he had always defended the poor against their unreasonably long commitments upon trifling occasions, and upon the rigours of their confinement in jails upon charges, which were often trifling if proved, but the proofs of which more frequently failed before a jury. He opposed many of the practices at the quarter sessions, and although these practices were as highly disapproved of by many other gentlemen of the county, yet none but himself cared to incur public odium, merely for the sake of defending the oppressed.

But a coincidence of two important events, at last effected the utter ruin of Mr. Howel's reputation as a gentleman.—The one was an absolute refusal to indict a labouring man for killing a hare upon his estate, under very mitigated circumstances of distress, and accidental temptation. This was heinous in a gentleman, who was surrounded by two peers, and two baronets, who were modern Nimrods, and had, without a single exception, pursued every poacher with the utmost rigour of the law. The second event was an act of the

most unprovoked and severe oppression committed by Lord Bidborough upon a poor farmer of the neighbourhood, for an alleged theft of an oaken slab, or piece of wood belonging to his Lordship, valued at seven pence, and which had been found on the farmer's premises. This farmer had in vain applied in every quarter for redress, he was almost a pauper, so thoroughly had his Lordship's conduct completed the effect of former misfortunes.

His case happened to be mentioned to Mr. Howel, who, after cautious inquiries, thought proper to direct his attorney to procure for the injured every possible relief, and to proceed against his Lordship to the utmost extremity, necessary for the redress of the injury, and for the sake of public example, but to do nothing vindictive, or malicious. The county possessed but one newspaper, and that was entirely devoted to the interests of the Bidboroughs and Bribewells. But an Independent Journal was published in the adjoining county, and in this journal soon appeared a full exposure of Lord Bidborough's tyranny and malversation as a magistrate,— Several well written articles appeared in that

paper upon the subject, and so strong was the case, that public sympathy was excited to the degree of opening a large subscription for the victim of his Lordship's guilt. There was but one thing wanting, to fill up the measure of this gentleman's delinquency, and to complete the utmost sum of rational provocation, which one member of an aristocracy could give to another; this one consummation of guilt, Mr. Howel at length achieved.

The Peer had thought proper to move the Court of King's Bench for a criminal information against the Editor of the newspaper who had published this exposure of his Lordship's guilt.—There was something very irregular in this application to the Court.—The time usually allowed for such motions had expired by a term; the affidavits did not state that the publication was in any respect false, nor indeed did they state any one thing essential to the publication.—The Court of King's Bench, however, thought proper to grant the rule,—of course it was made absolute,—of course the Editor was tried,—of course he was found guilty,—of course his imprisonment was long, and of course his fine was to the utmost that he could possibly pay.

All this excited the utmost possible indignation in Mr. Howell.—In several articles in the County and London newspapers, he urged that the doctrines laid down by the Judge upon the trial, were an outrage upon common sense, and upon the decency of argument,—that the mode of trial did not put the truth at issue, but left his Lordship's conduct and character precisely where the publication had found it, in the very depths of infamy.—The sentence of the Court affected no one point of private or of social morals,—and it ruined a public spirited writer, without the possibility, from the nature of the trial, of vindicating the character of the delinquent nobleman.—Mr. Howel therefore inferred, that this was a perversion of the laws of the country, relative to *ex officio* informations, meant solely for cases of state emergency, but turned into an engine for the suppression of the truth, for an injury to the freedom of discussion, and for the gratification of private malignity. These sentiments were very honest to hold, but they were very imprudent to avow.—Nevertheless, Mr. Howel did avow them, and he showed the truth of his conviction by openly paying the large fine which the Court had

imposed upon the unfortunate Editor. Not content with this, as the sentence of imprisonment, so unreasonably severe, had involved the Editor's family in absolute ruin, Mr. Howel had supported his wife and children whilst he lay in a distant jail, and had even taken a journey to visit this gentleman in his place of confinement. Finding him a man of strong powers and of integrity, he had formed a strict connection with him, and finding that the Bidboroughs and Bribewells were taking advantage of this iniquitous prosecution to suppress the paper or to convert it to their purpose, he befriended it in its crisis, and to which defence it owed a subsequent course of honor and prosperity.

For this conduct, his Lordship sent a message to Mr. Howel, who met the case in rather an extraordinary manner, for taking the messenger into his garden, he nailed the ace of diamonds against the wall, and at the distance of twelve paces, lodged his pistol ball in the figure of the card. This was the only reply Mr. Howel chose to give to so polite a message, and, strange to say, upon his next meeting with Lord Bidborough, his Lordship had forgotten all his animosity, and was more con-

descendingly polite to Mr. Howel than he had been for months before.

But the loss of the county election, with the persuasion of the First Lord of the Treasury, that the Bidborough and Bribewell interest would never again obtain the electioneering supremacy, had effectually ruined both of these families. Both his Lordship and Sir John were deeply involved, and the successful result of this election was the only hope or means they had of extricating themselves from their innumerable difficulties. The governorship in India would have removed Sir John Bribewell from all duns and indignities ; and during his splendid residence in the East, his agents might have effected some compromise with his starving creditors in the West. Lord Bidborough was not so deeply involved. The perquisites and salary of the foreign Embassy had never amounted to more than two thousand five hundred per annum, but the county was essential to government, and he had contrived in his negociations with the First Lord of the Treasury and the Secretary of State, that the Embassy should be worth nine thousand a year, with a proportionate retired allowance after a four years re-

sidence, of which two were to be spent at home, or at any other capital he might choose for his diversions. For this arrangement Lord Bribewell was to receive from his brother either twenty thousand pounds down, or a rider upon his salary and perquisites of one thousand eight hundred per annum, with a rider upon his retired allowance of one third of the amount, with the privilege of appointing the son of his chief creditor to the office of Secretary of the Embassy. The loss of the election frustrated all these golden dreams, and Sir John Bribewell was obliged to disappear instanter; Lord Bidborough's person was protected by his patent of peerage, and he continued to shine, to all appearance, in his pristine state of purity and splendor.

But a few months after this fatal election, considerable portions of the Bidborough and Bribewell estates were to be sold. They were advertised in all the papers, and some of the lands were put up to auction at the Auction Mart. But, unluckily, money was at that time well employed in trade, or, in common parlance was extremely scarce in the city, and the biddings for these properties were " unprecedentedly low." In short, not a rich vender of

calicoes, herrings, or porter, could be found sufficiently noble to aspire to the inheritance of the Bidboroughs and Bribewells, some of whose property, now hawked about by the auctioneer, had descended to the family by grants of King Richard the Third, and of King Henry the Seventh.

At length, however, both the properties were purchased by Mr. Howel, who, for my Lord Bidborough's estate, paid down the sum of twenty-seven thousand pounds, and for Sir John Bribewell's, ninety-four thousand pounds; both sums being about ten per cent. more than the highest biddings at the Auction Mart.

But, notwithstanding this acquisition of property, it became a nice question whether the gentry of the county could associate with a man so outrageous in his eccentricities as Mr. Howel, and, at the very apex of this dilemma, an event occurred which tended to throw him effectually out of society. This was no less than his meeting with young Frank Lewis, who so rapidly engrossed the whole of his attention, that he became little solicitous of other association, and thus by his constant abstraction from society, rendered

it more easy for the gentlemen of the neighbourhood to avoid his company, and habit soon amounted to a tacit exclusion of him from society.

Great curiosity existed as to the birth, parentage, and education of this county Hampden, but it did not appear that any eminent man in the city had ever heard of him. The fact was, that Mr. Howel's descent was so obscure that it was impossible to trace it, and the circumstances of his life were so extraordinary, that he had risen into affluence too suddenly for his career to be noticed, or himself to be recognized by any of the aristocracy of the city.

Mr. Howel's mother had been reduced to extreme indigence by the death of his father, and the subsequent loss of this unhappy woman led to the reception of himself and his brother into a charitable asylum. His brother, at the age of twelve, had been sent to sea in a merchant vessel, bound to the West Indies, and the ship was wrecked in going through the Morea passage, in her way to Jamaica. The vessel was entirely lost, and the brother of Mr. Howel was supposed to have perished.

Mr. Howel had been sent on board of a coasting vessel which traded to London; but on his arrival in that city, the miseries he had experienced in his voyage, induced him to accept an offer of employment in the shop of a quiet, rich tradesman, near the Minories.

His master, Mr. Roberts, was a short, pursy, round shouldered man, with a broad fat face, two heavy grey eyes, and a nose spurning all connection with the forehead. The knob of it was large and round, and it seemed as if nature had formed it, in order to shew the extremes to which she could deviate from the Grecian rules of art. Prejudices, like sins, are visited from the father upon the children to the third and fourth generation, and it unfortunately happened that Mr. Roberts had been brought up by one who was nearly the last, if not the last Englishman who had maintained the contest against the introduction of inoculation. This person was a man of the old school, and had always adhered to the good old times, one practice of which was, that his children should take their chance of the small pox in the natural way. Nature had amply recognized the old gentleman's homage to her sway, and had bestowed

her favours most liberally upon the present Mr. Roberts, by pitting, as it is called, his face with about a thousand marks. In this distribution of her favours, nature had not forgotten the claims of the nasal promontory, but had eminently distinguished it above the general surface of the visage. In short, Mr. Roberts, with his knee breeches, and worsted stockings, his large skirted black coat and broad brimmed hat, looked, what is usually called, a character. The respect paid to him in the Minories was very marked and very officious, for although Mr. Roberts was a fractious man, who kept no company and lived to himself, yet few parties occurred in his neighbourhood, without some tradesman or other whispering that "old Roberts was very well to do, he must be worth a matter of twenty thousand pounds."

Into the service of this old gentleman was young Howel admitted, but it was difficult to ascertain in what respects he had increased his comforts by the change of life. His duties were numerous beyond all convenient description, his food was scanty and coarse, his bed was a wretched composition of ragged blankets and horse-rugs underneath the counter

of the shop. As to the decencies of a table cloth, a wash hand basin, or even a plate and knife and fork at his meals, the former were never, and the latter but seldom seen by him. But in what reason could he complain of these hardships, since his master, Mr. Roberts, put up with them himself nearly as much as he imposed them upon others.

In the service of this rich old tradesman, young Howel contrived to gain the confidence of a neighbour who kept a petty book stall, and the librarian kindly lent our hero every volume which passed through his hands. Never was such an odd compound of literary wealth poured into the head of a human being. The appetite for knowledge is perhaps the only appetite which " does increase by what it feeds on." Howel's propensity for food of this sort was most voracious, and he paid no other price for his gratification, but about five or six scoldings every day from his master for his negligence of duty. Howel spoke little to any body, but was always muttering to himself, which made many suspect that his intellects were a little touched, and the opinion was not at all weakened by his shopmates frequently witnessing " his eye in a

fine phrenzy rolling" at something he had stolen an opportunity to read, as he walked the streets on errands, or as he worked unobserved by his master or companions.

In short, Howel was generally reckoned an inoffensive, patient, good tempered fool, and it was to the infinite surprize of every body, that the shrewd Mr. Roberts, in the course of a few years, made him second in the shop to the managing man, Mr. Huntingdon.

At length Howel approached to man's estate, and the death of his friend the bookseller with a legacy of one hundred and thirty pounds, and his stock in trade, enabled him to set off his superior person by good clothes. Coincident with this acquisition of property, was the commencement of Mr. Robert's habit to ask him to dinner every Sunday. About six months after, he used to pass every evening with Mr. Roberts, used to play with him at cribbage, all fours, put, and beggar my neighbour. But Howel seemed remarkably stupid at these games, and whenever Mr. Roberts conversed with him upon the price of stocks, or of exchequer bills, Howel displayed a most unaccountable obtusity of understand-

ing. This aberration from reason would have disgusted the rich hosier of the Minories, only there was another person in his back parlour with whom Howel could converse with more ability, and old Mr Roberts did not seem to be at all inclined to prevent such conversations.

This was Miss Lydia Roberts, the old gentleman's daughter, who had returned from finishing her education at a boarding school, about three months before Mr. Roberts had commenced asking Howel to his Sunday dinners, and afterwards to his evening pastimes.

This young lady was rather handsome, but her person was on too large a scale to be either delicate or graceful. She had a good understanding and a calm equable temper, and was of a studious and contemplative turn. Mr. Roberts had sent her at an early age to a school in the neighbourhood of London, which was of a higher description than was proper to his class of life. In consequence of this want of judgment, his daughter had been brought up with persons of such a different sphere, that in after life, she had not the benefit of connection or association with any of

her school fellows or their families. The young lady, as is common in these schools, had been put through the English and French grammars, had studied geography and astronomy, had read Goldsmith's Histories of Greece, Rome, and England, and had consumed some thousand hours at the piano and at drawing, for neither of which arts she had the slightest talent or disposition. Like almost all other young ladies at such seminaries, she had learnt music so completely by rote, that upon her leaving school she found she could play what her music master had taught her, and nothing else, and unwilling any longer to continue under the trammels of tuition, she played her old school tunes till every body was tired of them, and then ceased to play altogether.

With Miss Lydia Roberts, did young Howel consume hours and hours every Sunday in literary conversation, and the old man seemed very far from displeased at their increasing intimacy.

But the minds and temperaments of these votaries were of a very different nature. Young Howel's emotions were ardent and generous, he knew nothing of the world, and

his sentiments of right and wrong were all Utopian and abstract. His perceptions were remarkably quick, his studies had never been elementary, but he had read whatever the book stall had thrown in his way, from Jack the Giant Killer to Kennet's Roman Antiquities, et *infra* et *supra*. Miss Lydia Roberts on the contrary had confined all her studies to elementary works. Murray's English Grammar and Chambaud's French Grammar were at her fingers ends. She could count the Roman kings, and Roman emperors in succession, could tell who fought the battles of Marathon and Platea, and could put her finger upon any country in the maps of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and could distinguish every sign in the zodiac. In a word, Miss Roberts was a mistress in all the learning and acquirements of a young lady's boarding school, and knew nothing more.

With such different substrata of studies, the only branch of literature which this couple could pursue in common, was poetry. Young Howel addressed to the lady couplets, quatrains, stanzas, sonnets, and even longer poems, but Miss Lydia's mind was ratiocinative, and she examined the verses with criti-

cal sagacity and caution. She counted each line on her fingers, and observed that the poems were all addressed to her, but were not written upon her; her eyes, her lips, or the terms of Goddess or Venus had never occurred in one single line, and she detected innumerable instances of false syntax and bad orthography.

This literary and platonic intercourse had gone on for a long time, to the apparent satisfaction of the lady's father. It was on a Christmas day, that the parties dined together, and the old man's heart seemed awakened to a new life. His spirits were gay, his mind seemed expanded, he talked of the pleasures of benevolence, the joys of contributing to the happiness of others, and dwelt with delight upon the pleasures of fondling and providing for grand children. As he uttered this last sentiment, walking from the fire to the window, he suddenly fell, apparently lifeless on the floor.

Immediate assistance restored him to life, and the doctor pronounced his disease, a fit of apoplexy, and declared that another fit might ere any great lapse of time be expected, and that death would infallibly be the result.

After this fit, the old man's appearance gra-

dually altered; he became nervous and restless; the leaden insensibility of his eye had disappeared, and his looks were eager, anxious, and unquiet. In about six months, he was confined to his bed with a fever, and after Howel and Miss Lydia had been for a long time sitting by his bed-side, the young lady left the room, when Mr. Roberts looking earnestly in Mr. Howel's face for a few minutes, gently pressed his hand and began to speak to him:—

"I have never, Mr. Howel, valued life, and should be indifferent to my approaching fate, but for my friendless and unprotected child. I have no relation—I was a foundling, supposed to be the son of a nobleman, by a servant, whom he deserted by going upon the Continent, and I was reared the object of public charity. My wife was also an apprentice from the Foundling Hospital, and died in giving birth to my Lydia. She has therefore no relation, and I have not formed any connection or friendship through life. I know not why, but for many years I have doted on the idea of your becoming my son-in-law, and each year and day have attached me more fondly to the expectation. I have watched

your mutual attachment, and the only consolation of this my death-bed, is to know that you will be united."

"My dearest Sir, my only friend, for I, like you, am relationless, gratitude for your attachment and many acts of kindness; esteem, respect, and admiration for your daughter, will ever make me serve her with fidelity and devotion; the very recollection that she is your daughter, will ever excite my zeal."

"Say no more, my dear son, say no more, I have long studied your disposition, I know the excellence of your heart, and the goodness of your understanding. I will leave you."—

"My good Sir, allow me."

"I know, Howel, what you would say—I know you are grateful, but professions are needless, I will leave you the whole of my stock in trade, my house, and the good will of my business, and—"

"My dear Sir, do allow me to explain."

"No, Howel, no; there is no need of explanation—I will leave you my business, my house, my property in the funds, and my canal shares, and India bonds; I trust all to your honour—but be kind to my child."

"My dear, dear Sir," said Howel, dropping upon his knee and pressing the old man's hand to his lips and bathing it in tears, "I will be kind to your child, I will devote myself most faithfully to her service, I will advise her, I would sacrifice my life to protect her; but, forgive me, my kind old friend, forgive me, if truth and candour oblige me to say, at a moment when sincerity is so essential, that I cannot marry her."

"And why not marry her?" said the old man, raising himself on his pillow, with extreme difficulty—"is she not virtuous."

"Oh yes, Sir, yes; I believe Miss Lydia, to be spotless as an angel, but can esteem, can gratitude, and approbation alone form the basis of that union where all must be the elysium of bliss, or the harshest discord. In matrimony, my dear Sir, there can be no medium."

"Then, Howel, you do not love my daughter, and I have been deceived."

"Oh yes, Sir, I do love Miss Lydia, I love her with all the tenderness and solicitude of a brother, but the love to form the bond of matrimony must be a union of esteem, of gra-

titude, of approbation, and of preference, with a soft and chaste desire, and these all heightened to an enthusiasm which elevates the lover beyond the common standard of nature."

"Good heavens! Mr. Howel, this is the only sentence of absurdity and nonsense I ever heard you utter—well, well, I always thought that no great good could ever come of so much reading."

At this moment, Miss Lydia returned into the room, and effectually put a stop to the dialogue. Mr. Roberts was extremely agitated, and the physicians had concurred in the opinion, that any agitation would be fatal to their patient. So far, however, from these predictions being verified, the old man insisted to his daughter that he would get out of bed and sit up in his night gown. All dissuasion was useless, and the patient was put before the fire in his great arm chair, in which he remained for about three hours without uttering a word, excepting now and then a pshaw, or a poo poo, and similar monosyllables, which were inexplicable to Miss Lydia.

In three days, to the astonishment of the

doctors, Mr. Roberts was down in his back parlour, and on the fifth day he was again serving behind his counter.

With ordinary characters, we believe that the fate of Howel under these circumstances, would have been an immediate, and no very quiet ejectment from the premises. But the fates in this instance ordained it otherwise, and the behaviour of Mr. Roberts to Howel was just as heretofore. Whether he hoped that the match might be ultimately brought about, or whether he followed the dictates of instinctive humour, it is difficult to say, but his behaviour to the young enthusiast continued without the slightest alteration, nor was his daughter ever made acquainted with the conference which had taken place upon her projected marriage.

In the following autumn, the young lady caught a typus fever of so malignant a nature, that in one week she was hurried to the grave.

This event at once severed the parent from all human ties. It completely altered his nature. He became pensive, comatose, and seldom spoke but to himself and in broken sentences. Nobody had thought that a man

apparently so dull and selfish could have had such intense feelings. He left off his nightly draught of ale, which he had been accustomed to for nearly five and forty years. He no longer played at cards with Howel, and, what was more surprizing, he never spoke about the price of stocks, of India bonds, or of any transactions in the money market. He would sit in the front of the fire, with his feet on the fender, and his knees almost in the fire, for hours, and apparently in deep thought. His broken ejaculations, but too well revealed what his heart was dwelling upon.—" Her mother's dying words."—" Very unfortunate." —" Had she married, it might not have happened."—" We can't command our passions." —" Marriage under such circumstances would have been worse than death."—" If we meet in heaven,"—" sensation is soon over."

In the mean time Mr. Roberts received Howel's attentions as a father would receive the devotion of a favourite son. He seldom spoke to him, but he was restless and uneasy if he were not constantly by his side.

One night Howel had, as usual, lighted the old man to his bed-chamber, and the next morning, according to his custom, he entered

his room for the purpose of assisting him down stairs; what was his horror on entering the room, to find him lying in the bed a stiffened corpse. He had died in an apoplectic fit, and from the appearance of the body it was conjectured, that he must have died very soon after going to bed on the preceding night.

A constant association of ideas is with human nature both law and reason, and Mr. Roberts's establishment had for so many years tacitly considered Howel as the confident of their master, that it never occurred to them to dispute his authority.

After the first emotions of outraged nature and violated sympathies had subsided, he summoned the whole establishment to witness the searching for the old man's Will and Testament. In the presence of these, he diligently looked in every place where he knew Mr. Roberts was accustomed to keep his important papers. But nothing could be found but bills of parcels, old letters from manufacturers, cancelled bills of exchange, and every species of paper relating to his business. At length Mr. Howel unrolled the folds of an odd cotton stocking, and found a

paper tied round with a bit of red worsted tape.

"This, I have no doubt, is the Will," said Mr. Howel, untying the paper.—"Yes, it is. 'In the name of God, Amen,'" continued he, sitting down.

"Oh yes, that is the Will, that is the Will, let us read it," said Mr. Huntingdon, drawing a chair, and seating himself impatiently at a small round table that stood in the middle of the room.

"Shoore now, that is the Weel, let us ken what it contains," said Mr. Sawney M'Phail, putting his bony elbows upon the table and resting his head upon the palms of his hands."

The two shop lads, and Nelly Hearn, the servant maid, remained standing, and Mr. Howel began to read the Will.

——— "After all and singular my just debts and funeral expenses are paid, I give and bequeath in manner and form following."

"Huish, mon, huish, it is aw cooming noo," said Mr. Sawney M'Phail to a shop lad, who was speaking to the maid servant.

"That is to say, I give and bequeath to my

trusty and faithful foreman, Luke Huntingdon, the sum of twenty guineas."

"What!" said Mr. Huntingdon, with a long drawl, uncrossing his knees, and removing his fingers from his fat cheek which they had hitherto supported—"what the deuce was that you read, Mr. Howel; have the goodness to read it over again?"

"That is to say, I give and bequeath unto my trusty and faithful foreman, Luke Huntingdon, the sum of twenty guineas."

"And pray does it end there?"

"Oh no," said Mr. Howel, "it goes on to say, 'for his long and faithful services.'"

"And is that all he has left me?"

"It appears so."

"A damned old scoundrel," vociferated Mr. Luke Huntingdon, his face the colour of crimson. "I have been in his service fifteen years, and could never make a shilling more than my wages, he looked over me, and examined the till so closely. An old rascal, he's gone to the devil I've no doubt," said the disappointed foreman, slamming the door violently as he left the room.

"I give and bequeath unto my faithful ser-

vant, Sawney M'Phial, to purchase him a suit of mourning, the sum of five guineas."

"And the de'el may wear mourning for the auld curmudgeon before I put on a' suit of black for sic a rogue; I teel thee mon, Mr. Hooeel, I h'aa been hees servant for eleven years, come next Saint Andrew's day, and considering that he had neether cheek nor cheeld, expected that he would have left me where with aw to set up some little shop for my sel in a snug corner."

"You had better let the Will proceed, Mr. M'Phail," said Mr. Howel.

"Proceed, proceed, aye, aye, Sir, I'teel ye what, Mr. Hooeel, I had a fair chance at oone time of day to get the yoong ladee hersel, mon, for I cast a bit of a sheep's ee at her, and she was not unweeling, had you not coom in with your domned genteelety."

Mr. Howel could scarcely suppress his laughter, at the energy with which the tall red-haired Scotchman uttered this last assertion.

Bequests of five pounds each for mourning, were then made to each of the two shop lads, which excited only from one of them an in-

quiry whether he should be obliged to spend his legacy in mourning, or might be allowed to do what he liked with it.

The last bequest was of six hundred pounds to Nelly Hearn, the old female servant, who had lived with the Testator from his marriage to his death.

This last legacy excited the fury of Mr. M'Phail—who could not endure that a servant wench should receive so much more than himself, who was a "gontlemon by birth, and edeecation."

"And I do hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint my adopted and beloved son, Francis Howel, my sole executor of this my last will and testament, and to be my residuary legatee."

This last sentence had begun just as Mr. Luke Huntingdon was returning into the room, and it produced from him a strain of the most blasphemous invective against the deceased, whom he did not hesitate to declare was writhing in hell for so unjust a will.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Howel, "this language is in itself shocking, but it is particularly offensive to me, as applied against the

memory of one, who from my boyhood had treated me with kindness.

"Yes, yes, Sir, you have a right to praise, I would praise too, if I was his residuary legatee," said Mr. Huntingdon.

"I know," continued Mr. Howel, "that it was the wish of Mr. Roberts, that after his decease, I should continue to carry on his business.—I have neither inclination nor knowledge for that purpose, but, the desires of my benefactor, shall in every respect be fulfilled. I shall be happy, Mr. Huntingdon, to continue you in your old employment of superintendent and conductor of the business, and will double your former salary, and as to the legacy, I will willingly give you two hundred instead of twenty guineas, and I will as readily quadruple the legacies of the other three gentlemen: as to the old and faithful servant of my friend, her legacy is sufficient, but in reward for her attachment to her master, she shall ever have the option of passing her life under my roof."

The poor old servant had been in tears from the first reading of the will, and this speech of Mr. Howel's tranquillized all the rest of his

auditory, who successively quitted the room, and left Mr. Howel in no very satisfactory train of reflections upon the baseness of the human heart, which had been betrayed, in the scene which he had just witnessed.

Mr. Howel, on examining the papers of the deceased, found that after paying the legacies in the ratio of increase which his bounty had promised, and after paying the enormous duty of ten per cent. to Government, he should possess as residuary legatee, the sum of twenty-three thousand one hundred and fifty pounds.

The day arrived when he thought proper to discharge the legacies, and he assembled the legatees in Mr. Roberts's back parlour for that purpose.

"I believe, Mr. Huntingdon, according to my promise, I shall have to pay you two hundred guineas.—Here, Sir, is a check for that amount."

"Yes, Sir, this is a check for two hundred and ten pounds, but I believe there is some little mistake in it."

"How so, Sir, I fancy it is all right."

"No, Mr. Howel, the legacy was twenty guineas, and, if you recollect, you promised to give me ten times as much, and which of

itself would be two hundred guineas, without including the legacy; a gentleman should always be as good as his word."

"I have not begun life, by breaking my word, Mr. Huntingdon.—I certainly did not mean my promise in that sense; but if I have raised such expectations in you, it is my duty to gratify them. I will write you another check for an additional twenty-one pounds."

Mr. Huntingdon's finesse formed a useful hint to the rest of the company, who, excepting M'Phail, declared upon their most solemn oaths, that they had understood Mr. Howel to mean, by quadrupling the legacies, that they should receive quadruple the amount, in addition to the bequests of the will.

"I can na preceesely say, that I took the promese in any sic sense," said M'Phail, "and it is na guid to take advantage of a leeberal offer."

Mr. Howel felt a momentary warmth of indignation at these impositions upon his generosity, but he suppressed his feelings, and acquiesced in the demands of those around him, paying M'Phail in the same ratio.

A legacy is either an evil or a benefit, according to the amount, and to the age at which

it befalls a man. A bequest too large, generally intoxicates the legatee, and produces dissipation and profligacy, " so that the last years of that man are worse than the first." Too small a legacy is deemed not worth saving, and it is forthwith spent needlessly, or in excess.

Had Mr. Howel received this fortune at the age of about forty, he might have made a very prudent use of it, but receiving it at the age of twenty-two, it produced nothing more than a delirium of joy, and an extravagance of sentiment upon every subject.

He looked at the front of his shop; it was wretchedly old: a new era of shop fronts had been introduced; even Mr. Roberts had talked of rebuilding the house, and it was worth while, for the ground was freehold.—In one month, the house was pulled down, and in six it was rebuilt, in a style to surpass all other hosiers' shops in or about the Minories.

But the yard of the house was spacious, it would admit of a room, thirty feet by forty-five; this would make a capital library, and a library was the first of all human enjoyments. The vision of a library, now floated day and

night in our hero's imagination, and in one week a library was resolved on.

The room was built with a dome, or arched roof, in the purest Roman style, and was soon fitted with mahogany and glass accommodations for books. One compartment was devoted to Greek literature, another to Roman, a third to French, and a fourth to Italian.—The English division was sub-divided into the belles lettres, philosophy, and the arts and sciences, with a division for the new publications. Appropriate busts must ornament the entablature of each division; genius is ever liberal in its sentiments, and to these were added the busts of the most popular political leaders, placed on pedestals in different parts of the room.

After all this was complete, one very necessary reflection struck Mr. Howel, that neither of Latin, Greek, French, nor Italian could he read a single paragraph. This deficiency was to be supplied, and he had heard of a Barrister of great talents and attainments, whose liberal sentiments and public spirit had so completely ruined him at the bar, that he was obliged, under a fictitious name, to subsist by teaching the classics.

With this gentleman he formed an agreement, and commenced his study of Latin, *con amore.* Mr. Howel's conceptions were extremely quick, and his genius was penetrating and comprehensive. He had one quality, which very seldom attends genius, namely, a very good memory. In six months, our hero could read the school classics, without difficulty, in twelve he could read any Latin author with ease, and at eighteen, he could read them with discerment and discrimination, and knew as much of Latin literature as any man can know, unless a revelation should make us better acquainted with the ancients. But in the path of knowledge, one eminence, as Mr. Pope observes, only produces the view of a more elevated object, with a desire to attain it. Mr. Howel had heard of Alfieri, who had begun to learn Greek at the age of sixty, why should he not begin to learn at the age of four and twenty. With his friend the Barrister, he commenced the study of Greek, and from Greek, he passed to French, and from French to Italian.

These languages acquired, Mr. Howel distributed his hours most regularly. Each day he applied himself an hour *seriatim*, to Greek,

Latin, French, and Italian, with two hours to riding on horseback, and three hours to the perusal of English authors. Every thing was most assiduously attended to, except the thing of all others, the most requiring Mr. Howel's attention, namely his shop. But this was well taken care of by the honest and grateful Mr. Luke Huntingdon.

Nature, in order to stimulate us to great and useful objects, has ordained that the gratification of one desire should immediately lead to the formation of others. Mr. Howel now became in reality what so many rich men spend thousands to become in appearance—a man of taste and *virtu*. He built a cabinet and reading-room, running out of his library, by elegant arches, supported by Sienna marble pillars, with snow-white volutes and entablatures. A vacuum is the abhorrence of nature, says philosophy, and a vacant niche or compartment in a library, cabinet, museum, or gallery of art, is as naturally the abhorrence of your amateurs.

Mr. Howel, therefore, purchased the best casts of the Laocoon, the Gladiator *repellens*, and the Gladiator *moriens*, the Venus de Medicis, and the Apollo Belvidere, and had even

bid a very large sum for a statue by Canova. From sculpture he became an admirer of china, and had collected the most unique and costly specimens of porcelain of every date, and of every manufacture. From china his fancy roved to bronzes, medals, and antiques.

Mr. Howel's sound judgment and elegant taste, had procured him the notice of three or four of the most able men in the kingdom, and several of his communications to periodical works had attracted the attention even of foreign *savans*. His liberality had also made him known to several dealers at the west end of the town, men who daily prove, that fools are the easy cushions on which knaves are to rest.

A celebrated dealer in paintings and antiques, had seen two very good copies of Raphael and Correggio in a broker's shop, near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The broker knew them to be copies of those masters, and refused to sell them under fifteen guineas. The dealer consented to purchase them at that price, provided he might return either one or both, according to his option, within the space of one fortnight. This proposal was readily acceded to on the part of the broker, and the able

dealer, who "knew all qualities with a learned spirit of human dealings," bore away the acquisitions, with a mind fraught with golden dreams and mighty projects.

One painting was taken to a Raphael who resided in a second floor, at Camden Town, and the other was borne in a hackney coach to Moore Fields, where resided the only Correggio in England. They were both of them made original in a few days, and the dealer took the Correggio to a noble Marquis, who, by the theory of our constitution, possessed hereditary judgment in legislation, politics, equity and law, and, by a parity of reasoning, possessed judgment in so minor an art as that of painting.

The Correggio was offered to the noble Marquis for six hundred guineas, a sum which the dealer assured the nobleman, upon his honour, would barely yield him five per cent. for his trouble and risk in the transaction. The picture was left on a Tuesday, and on the succeeding Friday, the Peer assembled seven of his patrician *cognoscenti* to examine the Correggio, which, as the dealer had informed him, had just arrived from Madrid. Upwards of an hour was spent in the examination. It

was viewed in every possible light, and submitted to the test of every canon of criticism in the polite art of painting. The Marquis wanted very much the professional opinion of Sir ——— upon the subject, but Sir ——— would never, by his opinion, influence any purchase or sale of the old masters. Painters, in general, were so full of "jealousy, spleen, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness," that their opinions upon subjects, in any respect relating to their own art, were worse than useless.—The noble amateurs agreed, however, *nem. con.* that the painting was an original, and of great beauty; it had all "the correggiosity of Correggio."

The time for the dealer's returning the painting to the broker's shop was fast expiring, and on the ensuing Monday, the *gentleman* called on the Marquis, to know the fate of his goods. The Marquis declared that he did not want the picture, his gallery was full, and his friends had thought little of it; he would not, however, mind giving four hundred guineas for it, but as to six hundred, it was impossible. The dealer assured his Lordship most solemnly, that if he were to sell it for four hundred guineas, he should lose

considerably by the transaction, that his Lordship had had dealings with him to the amount of nearly four and twenty thousand pounds, and had always found him a man of strict honour and veracity. The Marquis readily assented to these assertions, but was firm to his point of not giving so much as six hundred guineas, and the dealer at length, consented to split the difference, and the picture was sold for five hundred.

The next week, the purchase of an original Correggio, from Madrid, by the Marquis of ———, was noticed in all the newspapers, and the price was uniformly stated at twelve hundred guineas. The Marquis himself, for three months, talked of nothing else but of the excellent bargain he had made with Mr. ———, the picture dealer,—he had got his picture for a hundred guineas under the price demanded. "I should," said the Marquis, "have given the fellow the six hundred guineas if he had stood out a little longer." This was reported to the dealer, who lost his temper on the occasion, and exclaimed, "what a d——d easy fool I am, I am always losing money by my liberality in this way."

The Raphael was taken to Mr. Howel, in

the Minories, and offered to that gentleman for five hundred pounds. He admired it extremely.—He said, he had never bought a picture, and did not know an original from a copy, but the painting was certainly beautiful, the brown colour was conspicuous in all Raphael's productions; but he did not want the picture. The wily dealer plied all his arguments upon Mr. Howel in vain, until at last he suggested that the subject harmonized admirably with a *bas relief* on the wall of the cabinet, and that the size of the canvass would just fit the pannel under the *bas relief*, the vacancy of which, was the only blemish to the room.—This argument was conclusive, and in less than ten minutes, Mr. Howel wrote a check for five hundred pounds, the price demanded, for it never had entered into that gentleman's head, that any man could reduce the transfer of the sublimities of art to the baser purposes of vulgar traffic.

The dealer having thus got rid of his pictures, within the time allowed by the broker, honestly paid that person his demand of fifteen guineas, deducting fifteen shillings and nine pence for discount for ready money.

Mr. Howel had been equally liberal in all his conduct.—He had invariably, at Christmas, made Mr. Huntingdon, and the rest of his establishment presents, which amounted to one-fourth of their wages. The Barrister who had taught him Latin, had asked him five shillings a lesson.—"I should feel myself degraded", said Mr. Howel to himself, "if I could pay so paltry a sum to a gentleman of his acquirements, and who had been reduced from a higher profession to so inferior an employment."—He paid him for three years double what he asked; at the expiration of his Latin studies, he had made him a present of a costly gold watch, with chain and seals. He had afterwards redeemed from a pawnbroker's shop, a valuable set of Classics, which were in pledge for twenty guineas, and which he returned to the Barrister in the most delicate manner. After all teaching was over, this preceptor would frequently call to pass an intellectual evening with Mr. Howel, and the feast of reason was generally concluded by a loan of from five to ten pounds, until at last, the score ran up to about one hundred and seventy guineas, after which the

Barrister could not, with modesty, visit his friend any longer, and had one night taken his leave, *nunquam revertitur.*

Thus passed twelve years of Mr. Howel's life, in a state, which he called perfect happiness, and without the alloy of a single care. It was true, he had spent every farthing which Mr. Roberts had left him, but what did that signify.—He had no child to provide for,—he had no further wants to gratify, as he rode out every day, he saw that his shop was more crowded with customers, than it ever had been in the days of Mr. Roberts; and, if said he, "the shop supported that old man, and enabled him to amass five and twenty thousand pounds, it will surely support me, whose habits, with the exception of keeping a horse, and purchasing a few periodical publications, are not a bit more expensive than his used to be."

During these halcyon days, Mr. Howel had been often annoyed by anonymous letters, and, which from their generally containing Scotticisms, he inferred to have proceeded from his Scotch shopman, M'Phail. The first epistle was very laconic, it merely said, "Look to your shop, maun, and take a fool's advice."

A second letter had said, "Do ye ken how rich a certain person is growing,—when the cat's away, the mice will play; look to your shop."—This letter, like the preceding, instead of creating the flames of suspicion, very soon fed the flames of the chimney corner, for Mr. Howel detested the contrivance of anonymous communications. At last a similar letter, informed him, "that within six years, one person under different names, had incurred six bad debts upon Mr. Howel's books, amounting to three thousand pounds, and that the person was Mr. Huntingdon's brother-in-law."—A fourth letter, at the interval of a year, stated that the "wee shop at the corner of Ram Alley, was kept by Mr. Huntingdon's wife, under another name, and that all the goods of the shop were supplied clandestinely, and at night, out of Mr. Howel's warehouse."—The last letter declared, that goods were supplied to Mr. Huntingdon's own account, by the manufacturers, and were retailed in Mr. Howel's shop, for Mr. Huntingdon's private profit.

Mr. Howel placed no confidence whatever in this slander.—"Mr. Huntingdon," said he, "was long the manager of Mr. Roberts' business, the old man examined the accounts every

night, and never found him fraudulent even to the amount of a sixpence.—Besides, he owes me such a debt of gratitude that he could not think of making me his victim. He has of late 'bought golden opinions of all sorts of men,' and has other sources of profit which would render useless his robbing me. When I took the business, he held forth in Ebenezer Chapel, in Tooley Court, to a congregation of about twenty unwashed artificers, who paid him sixpence a week; now, he has built a large, elegant chapel, with an Ionic portico, and even people of fashion from the west end of the town come to hear him; what can a man, growing rich by other means, gain by defrauding me. The thing is absurd," said Mr. Howel, as he threw the letter into the fire with contempt.

Here matters might have ended, but in the ensuing Christmas an anonymous letter came to Mr. Howel, stating that Mr. Huntingdon had bought into the three per cents. stock amounting to more than four thousand pounds. "And what of that," said Mr. Howel, "would the slanderous villain infer that he had robbed me of that four thousand pounds. Can't the honest man be prosperous in his chapel,

without incurring the suspicion of the envious."

Another Scotticism led him to suppose that the letter, like all the rest, must be the emanation of Mr. M'Phail. He thereupon sent for that person from the shop into the library, and immediately upon his entrance accused him with indignation of being the author of the different anonymous communications. The Scotchman, terrified by Mr. Howel's manner, coloured to the very eyes, and denied knowing any thing of the letters.

"If they be yours, Sir, under any possibility of circumstances, they evince unparalleled baseness. If the contents be true, as an honest man, you are bound to disclose them openly; if they be false, the villany of attempting to injure the innocent by secret artifice, is always atrocious; but in this case, it exceeds all belief, for Mr. Huntingdon, I am informed, is your benefactor."

"Fath, Sir, I would not ha' ye believe aw ye hear on sic a subject."

"I am told, Sir, that knowing your poverty, and the distresses of your wife and family, you have long been a pensioner on his bounty."

"And pray, Sir, may I be bold enow to ask a ceveel question or twa, who may have told you sic a story?"

"Himself, Sir."

"Then saving your presence, Mr. Howel, Mr. Huntingdon is a domned liar."

"What, Sir, does he not give you fifteen shillings a month?"

"Na, Sir; he dooes not, he gees me only twelve and saxpense."

"And ought not that to excite your gratitude?"

"Not at aw, Sir; for, for that soom, I clean his boots and shoes, I pooder his hair before serveece, I copy oot aw his long extemporary prayers, and they are long enoo; I sweep his chapel, and dust the pews; I collect the rents, keep aw his accounts, and—

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. M'Phail, don't proceed any further in your catalogue of duties," said Mr. Howel, smiling.

"Weel, weel, Mr. Hooeel, you are a rational gentlemon, I will only add, that as to the siller, he promised to pay me fifteen sheelings a month, but he has never paid me moore than twelve and saxpense; and besides, Sir, as my dootees are all releegious, and by the sab-

bath, there ought to be thirteen moonths in the year, and Mr. Hoontingdon makes aw his congregation reckon after that fashion in paying for their monthly seats, but he pays me at the rate of only twelve."

"I hope, Mr. M'Phail, no motives of this sort, have induced you to slander Mr. Huntingdon in anonymous letters."

"Not at aw, Sir, by no soort of means, I do assure you; but Mr. Hooeel, you have ever been a very kind master to me, I should be sorry to see you reduced to beggary."

"You grow rude, Mr. M'Phail. I desire you will leave the room."—"I humbly hope no offense, Mr. Hooeel—I did not have any thing to do with those same anoneemous letters."

"I insist upon it, Sir, that you leave the room," said Mr. Howel, his face reddening with anger at the falsehood which M'Phail was evidently telling.

Mr. M'Phail bowed to the ground with silent submission, and immediately left the room, muttering to himself, after he had shut the door, "weel, if I ever saw sic an ass in aw my days, this is aw that coomes from treeing to save sic an openeated fool."

For two years after this conference, Mr. Howel was not troubled with a single anonymous letter, but Mr. M'Phail was certainly much the better for his communications, for Mr. Howel had by their means discovered the distress of his family, and shortly after the interview we have described, M'Phail had himself received an anonymous letter, containing a five pound note, an event which in the course of two years was repeated several times.

Time passed most satisfactorily in Mr. Howel's library for about six months longer. He had been studying the higher mathematics for many months, and was pursuing the "differential calculus," under an eminent French mathematician, who was for a short time resident in this country.

One Friday morning, Mr. Howel was interrupted in a problem by three soft taps at the study door, which were always the signal of Mr. Huntingdon's desire of admission. Whether this gentleman had knocked before, and Mr. Howel in his mathematical abstractions had not noticed it, it is difficult to say, but certain it is, that after these three taps, he did not wait as usual for any permission to enter, but the last tap was immediately followed by the

turning of the latch, by the opening of the door, by the intrusion of Mr. Huntingdon's fat red face, and straight haired round head, and lastly, by the entrance of the whole personage of that little round gentleman, who walked tip toe to Mr. Howel, with every appearance of habitual humility.

"Hang it, Mr. Huntingdon, do approach me like a fellow being."

"I hope no offence, Sir, I hope I am not interrupting any thing very important."

"Yes, Mr. Huntingdon, there is offence, and you are interrupting something very important, but the two circumstances stand in no sort of connection whatever with each other. It does offend me to see you approach me with that excessive humility, I have in vain begged you to lay aside. Surely there can be nothing in me, that begets such a demeanor in those around me."

"Humility, Sir, is a Christian virtue very little practised in this sinful age."

"Humility, Mr. Huntingdon, between man and his God, may be proper, but decorum and respect are the utmost that should be observed in the intercourse between man and man."

"Humility, Sir, checks carnal pride, and is the key-stone of Christian piety."

"I believe it is the key-stone, more often than the foundation stone of piety—it is like the humility of Diogenes, only pride of a most abominable sort, or even something worse than pride—but Mr. Huntingdon do drop that d—d cant, for of all things I hate the cant of religion."

"Fie, fie, Mr. Howel, you swear shockingly."

"Do I, why what have I said?"

"A word, Sir, which I would not repeat for worlds."

"Come, come, for Heaven's sake, none of this cursed nonsense; do you really want to speak to me, Mr. Huntingdon, for I was never so busy in my life."

"I merely want to remind you, Sir, that your acceptance for £987 11*s.* 4*d.* in favour of Messrs. Beaver and Hose, the stocking manufacturers of Leicester, becomes due to-morrow."

"And what of that, Mr. Huntingdon?"

"You must pay it, Sir."

"Well, I know that as well as you."

"But how will you pay it, Sir, may I make bold to ask?"

"Why, as I have paid my other acceptances, by a cheque upon my bankers."

"But, Sir, excuse me for saying, that when you gave the last cheque for five hundred pounds for that there picture of Mr. Ruffhil's, the bankers wrote word that your account was very much over drawn."

"Mr. Ruffhil's picture, Huntingdon, you mean Rafael's; do learn to pronounce foreign names—you would set half your congregation in a laugh, if you were to use such a misnomer in your pulpit."

"I never mention in my pulpit the names of such producers of mere carnal follies."

"Come, come, Huntingdon, I know better than that; did I not hear you one day abuse all painters, poets, and musicians, except such as had worked for the service of the Church! Did you not mention a score of them, and miscall almost every name? You remember my laughing at your abuse of Titan, Anglice, Titian."

"This, Sir, is not the bill of exchange I came about," said Mr. Huntingdon, with a soft voice and insinuating smile

" I am not in a business mood just now, Mr. Huntingdon ; when is the bill due ?"

" On the 29th, Sir."

" Why that is the day after to-morrow, Sunday ; I shall not be troubled with it until Monday."

" With great submission and all due *difference* to you, Sir, a bill due on a Sunday, is always presented for payment on the day preceding."

" But what can I do, Huntingdon ; how my account at my banker's can be over drawn I can't conceive ; you must have paid in the proceeds of the shop, and it is but lately that I sold my last stock from the funds, and paid the amount into their hands. Do send for my banker's book. Can you not borrow this sum in my name ?"

" I fear not, Sir ; borrowing would be the very form of bankruptcy."

" And not borrowing, would be the very substance, according to your account—but see who it is tapping at the door ?"

—" It is the servant, Sir, to announce that M. La Place is in the parlour."

" Zounds, Huntingdon, your interruptions are always so unfortunately perverse and ill

timed: I have been two days at a problem, and had just begun to master it, when you entered; you have driven the whole concatenation of proofs out of my head, and La Place, is come and will set me down as an ignoramus. Do, for heaven's sake, send for my banker's book, and I will talk to you about this unlucky bill at another time—Show M. La Place into the library—what a state of mind is this, for problems and calculations."

Mr. Huntingdon introduced the French philosopher to the study, and in a short time all Mr. Howel's anxieties of business were lost in the pleasures of science and philosophy, nor was the bill of exchange again thought of for the remainder of that day.

The next morning the bill was presented for payment; and Mr. Howel was not at home. In the evening the bill was again brought with some additional expenses of noting, but Mr. Howel had not the means of paying it: on the ensuing Monday, he received an attorney's letter upon the subject, and to which he returned an answer as honourable to him as a gentleman, as it was ruinous to him as a man of business. On the succeeding Wednesday, Mr. Howel received a rejoinder to his reply,

in the shape of a writ served by a sheriff's officer, who straightway bore his prisoner to a sponging house.

No wand of a fairy or of a magician ever wrought so sudden and great a change in the machinery of an eastern tale, as the turning of the key of the sponging-house door wrought throughout the frame of Mr. Howel. For a few moments he stood motionless and stupified, the cold sweat running down his pallid forehead. In an instant after, rushed through his mind with the ten-fold rapidity of lightning, the vision of his whole life from the death of Mr. Roberts to the then existing instant.—He recalled to himself the warnings of the anonymous letters, and was thunder-struck at his blind infatuation in not perceiving how well their contents corresponded with the circumstances of his business. He recollected his daily observation of the immense business carrying on in his shop, and his knowledge of the very small sums that were paid by Mr. Huntingdon into his banker's hands. He began to reflect upon the vague and general answers given to him by Huntingdon whenever he spoke to him of the immense number of bad debts, exceeding in one year the whole

amount of bad debts throughout old Mr. Roberts whole course of business. He reflected also upon the very large orders which his house formerly gave to the manufacturers, and with their gradual diminution, whilst the retail trade of his shop appeared even to increase. Several acts of hard-hearted cruelty, and of the most grinding, mercenary oppression on the part of Mr. Huntingdon to his own creditors, now flashed across his mind, or stood in contrast with his ever culpable forbearance towards the creditors of his master. He was wrought up to a pitch of fury by these reflections, when he heard the lock of his door unshot, and Huntingdon himself entered the room.

What might have been Mr. Huntingdon's fate at this period, it is hard to say, but certain it is, that his entry being preceded by the turnkey and by two other persons, alone prevented Mr. Howel from darting at his victim.

"I have brought bail for your release, my kind and worthy master," said Mr. Huntingdon with his usual mild voice, and thrusting his large fat head between the turnkey and one of his companions.

The terms "bail and release," and "kind

and worthy master," were balm to Mr. Howel's heart, and he burst into a flood of tears, and on his recovering from which he beheld Mr. Huntingdon on his knees, fervently pressing his hands to his lips.

"Let go my hands, my dear Mr. Huntingdon, I am a prey to conflicting emotions; just now I was base enough in my heart to trace all my ruin up to you, and now I see you are my good and only friend."

"The waywardness of the heart in affliction, is the object of the Christian's compassion, not of his resentment, we will release you immediately from this state of bondage."

"Have you, my kind friend, Mr. Browne, come to stand security for my debt?"

"No, Sir; I am only going to be security for your appearance."

"I do not see the distinction, I hope you are going to contrive my release from this state of bondage."

"As you say there is no difference between standing security for your appearance, and paying the debt, I would rather be excused."

Mr. Howel was astounded by this declaration, but Huntingdon having taken Mr.

Browne aside, and assured him that Mr. Howel's not knowing the nature of bail, and his total ignorance of business, were the sole causes of his confounding the payment of the debt with his appearance to answer for it, that person did not hesitate to stand bail for the prisoner, who was *instanter* released, and conducted home upon the arm of Mr. Huntingdon.

Arrived at home, Mr. Howel seemed a new man. He proceeded to his study, removed from his table every printed book and paper, and insisted upon Mr. Huntingdon's immediately laying before him his order book, day book, cash book, ledger, and every document connected with his business.

All this was readily done, but the misfortune was, that Mr. Howel was as incapable as a child to unravel the complication, and penetrate the mysteries which those books contained.

"Come," said Mr. Howel to Huntingdon, "draw your chair to the table, and explain to me these books, for the events of the last four and twenty hours have reduced my brain to a state of chaos."

"I am wanted, Sir, in the shop; after what

has occurred, if I do not make my appearance in the shop as usual, the worst inferences will be drawn."

"I care not for appearances and inferences, Mr. Huntingdon, I must attend to the business whilst I am in the humour for it, or I never shall."

"I think I hear my name called in the shop."

"I care not, Huntingdon, sit down with me, this is the most material business; let M'Phail attend to the shop."

Mr. Huntingdon unwillingly drew his chair to the table.

"I am astounded," said Mr. Howel, "at the immense amount of bad debts upon my books; they amount, in one year to more than they amounted in all Mr. Roberts's life time."

"Before we think of the past, it behoves us, Mr. Howel, to provide for the present."

"Mr. Roberts confined himself to retail trade, and made a fortune; at his death, you started at a tangent into wholesale dealings, with petty shops all over London and its vicinity."

"Wholesale trade makes by pounds, whilst

retail makes by pence; have you not sagacity to see that, Mr. Howel?"

"I see directly the reverse, for what is most inexplicable to me is, that every wholesale customer has saddled us with a bad debt, amounting last year alone to nearly three thousand pounds."

"These things, Mr. Howel, will happen in trade. Mr. Roberts had a long experience of me, and trusted to my skill and integrity."

"Zounds, Huntingdon, here is a man who was a bankrupt, and in my debt seven hundred pounds; three years after you trusted him to double the amount, he was again a bankrupt, and paid me nothing; and now the same Zachariah Wilson is my creditor to the amount of eleven hundred pounds."

"Our credit, Mr. Howel, grew bad with the manufacturers at Leicester, Nottingham, and Norwich. and I was obliged to get my goods from honest Zachariah, who is now thriving in the wholesale way."

"Huntingdon, you make me mad to talk so absurdly. Honest Zachariah Wilson indeed, is he not plainly stampt a villain by these transactions?"

"No man can help a bankruptcy, Mr. Howel."

"Did Wilson get a certificate on his first and second bankruptcies?"

"I attended to take care of your interests; had there been any dividend, it would have been credited to you in your account."

"For the last three years, the receipts of the shop paid into the banker's have been contemptible, and yet whenever I passed the shop, I looked in through the windows, and the business doing was apparently immense."

"The consequences of not paying this bill, Sir, with the expenses of your arrest, will be fatal.—Will you meet it, by disposing of some superfluities?"

"What superfluities? excepting the contents of my libraries, I have barely what is sufficient for the decent habits of a gentleman."

"Yes, Sir; but excuse the freedom I take in saying, that the world does not consider persons in our line, as gentlemen."

"Huntingdon, the quiet elegance of a retired genteel life, has ever been a source of the most innocent gratification to me."

"Your Ruffhell's picture would fetch you a great deal of money."

"True, and I have no desire to keep it; for one isolated picture of an old master in my room, rather annoys than gratifies me. The dealer assured me, that I bought it 'dirt cheap,' pictures are selling to much greater advantage just now, and I should not wonder if this one painting paid off this unfortunate acceptance —and yet it is hard to part with a beautiful work of art."

"I do not think it would be safe to depend upon the picture, you gave but five hundred pounds for it, and your acceptance is for nearly a thousand."

"But pictures never sold so well as they do now."

"You must recollect, Sir, there are other acceptances which must be met within these six weeks."

"I have blindly put my name to paper, Huntingdon, as you brought me bills to accept, for God's sake show me some plain statement how my affairs stand."

"Your naked figures of the heathens, your old coins and medals, and your other *unticks* have cost a great deal of money."

"Let my antiques, statuary, and my museum be sold, rather than any honest man should suffer a loss by my embarrassment."

"Your books, Sir, are very numerous, and profane books in this sinful age, I am sorry to say, fetch more money than the works of piety."

"Would you take from me my books, my only comfort?"

"I have credited the account of Zachariah Wilson with your three acceptances for five hundred pounds each, the first becomes due in a fortnight."

"Curse upon that fellow's name, it appears, I believe, in every transaction of my business."

"The second becomes due this day month."

"The rascal's name is a torment to me."

"The last bill has nearly two months to run."

"For Heaven's sake, Huntingdon, leave me, my brain is in a burning fever."

"I cannot leave you, Sir, there is nothing yet arranged."

"Arranged!" cried Howel, starting from his chair in convulsions.

"I mean," said Huntingdon, "that you

have not exactly completed the arrangement for meeting the debt."

"Debt, say you villain, you have brought me from prosperity into a hell of torments; if," said Howel, seizing him by the throat and holding him at arm's length with one hand, whilst the other was raised as if to strike with fury, "if this be your folly and negligence, I forgive you; but if it be design and fraud, by Heavens, miscreant, if a thousand gibbets, if a thousand hangmen stared me in the face, I'd———"

"Help! help! murder! murder!" cried the little fat man, with as harsh a tone, as terror could give to his oily voice, and instantly came running into the room M'Phail, and the two shop lads, with old Nelly, the servant.

"Help me, extricate me, for God's sake; M'Phail, help me, I shall be killed!"

"Mr. Hooeel," said M'Phail, without attempting to move, "for God's sake let go your hand, if you kill the little mon you will be hanged, and I should not like to see any harm come to you."

Howel let go his terrified suppliant, but stood erect, rigid, and motionless, his eye bespeaking unconsciousness and vacancy.

" Poor gentleman," said M'Phail, " he seems distracted sure enow."

" He called me villain, and miscreant," M'Phail; you know, M'Phail, that I am no villain."

M'Phail made no answer, but he looked unutterable things.

" I might swear the peace against him, he has assaulted me."

" Poor gentlemon, he seems quite fou, let me lead you to the sofa, Sir," said M'Phail, with great tenderness taking hold of his master's hand, and leading him to the couch. Mr. Howel threw himself upon the couch, hiding his face with his arms upon the raised curve.

" I neer saw sic a seeght in aw my days," said M'Phail, his rugged face softening into sorrow.

" Villain and miscreant!" said Huntingdon to himself, grinding his teeth with his back to the company, " villain and miscreant! by the great Jehovah he shall weep those expressions in sackcloth and ashes! I will see him at my feet ere this day six months."—Then reassuming his usual voice, " I never thought to have received this return for my long and

faithful services—all I have saved from my hard earned wages, shall willingly be contributed to supply his necessities."

"Huntingdon," cried Howel, starting from the couch," my distracted thoughts alternately present you to me as an old and faithful servant, and as a designing, artful villain—the crimes necessary to have brought me to this state, were too atrocious for man to commit—you are innocent—and I will not harbour another suspicion. I am sorry, very sorry for my outrageous violence. My good old servant, forgive your poor distracted master."

"I pour my heart, my soul, and all that I possess at your feet, my generous patron," said Huntingdon, falling on his knees, and pressing his hand to his lips.

"Rise, Sir, rise, I hate the abject posture."

"The whole earnings of my servitude are at your service, Sir, and they amount to almost a hundred pounds." "Almost a hundred pounds!" said M'Phail, turning up his eyes to Heaven at their utmost stretch.

"I scorn to prey upon your grateful generosity. No man shall suffer aught by me, my feelings to this moment have been all selfish,

my cares are now for others. I will make every sacrifice.—I will rise equal to the occasion, and meet the crisis; Mr. Huntingdon, retire, and leave me with Mr. M'Phail."

The mandate was uttered in a tone, and accompanied by a gesture and manner so decisive and unusual, that Mr. Huntingdon did not think proper to delay his compliance; he left the room, but he did not choose M'Phail and his master should be left alone, and therefore contrived that one of the shop lads should stay with them.

"Give me my desk, M'Phail, and order my horse to be got ready, tell my servant to be prepared to go out immediately."

Mr. Howel wrote half a dozen letters, and which he dispatched to their several directions by his servant on horseback, enjoining him to use the utmost dispatch. Mr. Howel locked himself up in his library, until his servant should bring him back the answers.

The first letter was to the picture dealer, requesting him to purchase the Raphael. To this he received a polite answer, stating that in the present state of his engagements, the repurchase of the painting was impossible.—Letters were successively written to two other

eminent dealers, who without hesitation refused to purchase it at any price. One of them examined the painting minutely, and seemed, as Mr. Howel thought, rather sarcastic in his observations. The picture was then sent to an auctioneer, "eminent in the picture way," but he returned it instanter, declaring it "a mere copy, and worth nothing." A second auctioneer of rival celebrity concurred in the same opinion. At last the picture was sent to a reputable auctioneer near Piccadilly, with instructions to let it go for what it would fetch, and this Raphael which had cost five hundred guineas, and was expected to go far in discharging an acceptance of £987. 11*s.* 4*d.* was knocked down as a copy for £7. 12*s.* 6*d.*

The auctioneer's account of the sale of this painting was like a death warrant to Mr. Howel. It was evident that he had been grossly imposed upon by either the picture dealer or the auctioneer, and after a thousand reflections, he came to the conclusion that the impostor was the auctioneer.

But if Mr. Howel had been ignorant of painting, he was well informed upon other subjects, and his collections of *virtu* had been made with great taste and sound judgment.

But the misfortune was, that Mr. Howel had bought every thing as a gentleman, or, in more vulgar language, he had paid through the nose for every thing, and he was doomed to experience the vast difference between buying and selling.

The whole of his collections, with his library, sold for about one quarter of the prime cost; and the sum they procured, was just sufficient to discharge all his acceptances, but the last bill of exchange which he had given to Mr. Zachariah Wilson. This dealer, however, consented to renew the bill, on the condition that Mr. Howel would also give him his acceptance for the eleven hundred and odd pounds, the balance due to him on his account in Mr. Howel's books. These terms Mr. Howel, by the advice and persuasion of Mr. Huntingdon, acceded to.

The activity of exertion and the consciousness of doing right, the *mens conscia recti*, had kept Mr. Howel in a state of serenity, but nothing could equal his heaviness of heart when he saw his desolate and naked house, and his rooms stript of every object that had formed his pride, his employment, and his happiness. It was in vain that he argued

that he had made the sacrifice of all these objects, merely to liquidate the just demands of his creditors—he was left in idleness, and in the absence of occupation, grief preys doubly upon the heart. For some weeks he seemed in a state of such morbid hypochondriacism, that it was dangerous for him to be left alone. During this period, Mr. Huntingdon was so assiduous in his attentions, that after Mr. Howel was a-bed, he every night came into the room, and strapping a couple of razors before his master's eyes, he laid them open on the table by his bed side, ready for him to shave in the morning, and then saying, "May the Lord of Hosts bless you, Sir," he retired to his devotions and repose.

Mr. Howel became absent and comatose.—The elegance of his dress was no more, and he sauntered all day long about his shop, in a dirty and disordered state, generally with his hands thrust into his waistcoat pockets, and with looks wavering between absence and fatuity.

"We shall do well yet, Mr. Huntingdon," said he one day in the shop, starting as if from a reverie.

"I hope so, Sir."

"Hope so, Huntingdon, I know it; people are kind to me, since my misfortune—my business must have greatly increased since my arrest—for I have observed our daily receipts are at least six times what for the last few years we have been accustomed to pay into the banker's."

A very singular expression flushed across Mr. Huntingdon's countenance at these observations—and they convinced him more than ever of the impropriety of Mr. Howel's continuing his observations about the premises.

He therefore contrived to persuade Mr. Howel, that his idling all day about the shop, was a great interruption to business, that such an appearance had a very bad effect amongst the neighbours, and finally, that his health was so much impaired by the agitation of his mind, that he had much better go to Margate or Ramsgate, and enjoy the sea air. He supplied his master with thirty pounds in cash, for the purposes of his excursion, and had the pleasure of seeing him on board of the steam boat, on his way to Margate.

Mr. Huntingdon was determined to use his utmost efforts to save his master from bankruptcy, at least for some time. His efforts to

this end were thoroughly conscientious. He knew that it was his duty both religious and moral to befriend his relations, and he knew also that his brother-in-law, Mr. Zachariah Wilson, had Mr. Howel's acceptance for sixteen hundred pounds: he was therefore resolved, that Mr. Wilson should be paid this money sufficiently long before any act of bankruptcy, to prevent any refunding by the compulsion of the assignees.

Mr. Howel continued nearly three months at Margate, having received from Mr. Huntingdon several letters, containing further remittances for his support, and strong arguments to induce him to enjoy himself where he was, a course which Mr. Howel felt himself very much disposed to pursue.

At length, Mr. Wilson's bill had been paid a sufficient time; and other creditors not being paid at all, but being always answered by Mr. Huntingdon, that Mr. Howel was out of town, one of them, as this gentleman had anticipated, made his affidavit of Mr. Howel having committed an act of bankruptcy, and a docket was struck against him.

In the mean time, Mr. Howel's health and spirits had been restored, and he had made

several very pleasant acquaintances at Margate. With one family he had become extremely intimate, it was the family of a half-pay major, who had served in every quarter of the globe, and whose narrations of "moving accidents by flood and field," were particularly delightful to Mr. Howel, who, ere his trip to Margate, had not, from his boyhood, travelled further from the Minories than to Richmond Hill, or to Hornsey Wood.

He was engaged with the Major's family and one or two others, in a water excursion upon a Monday morning, and the whole were to assemble upon the beach, at precisely ten o'clock.—Mr. Howel had provided his portion of the pic-nic, but reflecting that the *mind*, as well as the body, would want its food and excitement, in the way to the beach he had bought an Observer of the preceding Sunday.

The day was beautiful, the party were in the highest spirits, the solids and the liquids had been consumed, and every thing had been fortunate and joyous. At length, the Major began a story of his exploits in the Mahratta war, a story so excellent in itself, that Mr. Howel had listened to it with pleasure, at least three times within his short acquaint-

ance with his martial paragon.—Mr. Howel had, however, in the midst of the narration, so far lost sight of good breeding, as to yawn most conspicuouly, and as if there was to be no end of his indecorum, he had positively taken the Observer out of his pocket, and had folded it conveniently for perusal, stealing every now and then a glance at its columns. The Major seemed irritated and fidgetty at this act of rudeness, and his wife apprehending his displeasure, had cast her eyes upon the paper, then upon the Major, then upon Mr. Howel, and had whispered into the latter's ear, that "there were more observers in the boat than one."—The pun from the lady had but a very temporary effect, for, at the third ensuing sentence of the Major's story, Mr. Howel's eyes were again upon the newspaper, and at the very climax of the narration, a battle, in which the Major was slaying at least a hecatomb, Mr. Howel fell upon his face on the bottom of the boat.

"Why, man, you are not afraid of a battle," cried the Major.—"He is in a fit," screamed the Major's wife.—"Who has got any hartshorn?" asked a second lady.—"Sprinkle his face with water," cried a third.—"Open his

waistcoat, and undo his neckcloth," vociferated Alderman Surfeit.—"Rub his palms and his temples with my lavender," cried Mrs. Surfeit.—"Give him a glass of brandy," roared the Major.—"No, no, it may be a hupperplexy, and brandy is bad for that,—we better hopen a wain," cried the Alderman.

If in the multitude of counsels there be wisdom, certain it is, that in the multitude of counsels there are also contradictions, procrastinations, and inaction. With all this salutary advice, nothing was done for Mr. Howel, except opening his waistcoat, and upon which he came to himself as rapidly as he had fainted.

Numerous enquiries were now made as to how he felt himself, and as to what had occasioned the fit.—

"Occasioned the fit! why I begged you, Major Rumbleshot, not to begin that dreadfully long story," cried the Major's wife.—"I tell you what, Mrs. Rumbleshot," cried the Major, his eyes flashing fire, but what the Major was about to tell Mrs. Rumbleshot, was lost by Mr. Howel's assuring them that he was quite recovered, and had been only overcome by the heat of the weather.

The remainder of the excursion passed in unwelcome silence.—The Alderman fell fast asleep,—the Major kept up a half stifled whistle of a slow march, the ladies looked mournfully at each other, and Mr. Howel sat like a statue of despair.

At length, the party landed upon the Pier, and each returned to their respective abodes.

Early the next forenoon, both Major Rumbleshot and Alderman Surfeit, sent their servants to Mr. Howel's lodgings, to enquire after that gentleman's health, but what was the surprise, when each servant brought back the news, that Mr. Howel, the preceding night, had gone up to London.

That day, the Major and the Alderman dined together at the latter's lodgings, and after the cloth was removed, conjecture and ingenuity were exhausted to account for Mr. Howel's sudden fit and unexpected departure. The Alderman, after his second bottle of Port, had, "as was his custom in the afternoon," unbuttoned the knees of his breeches, and had gone fast asleep, whilst the Major, thus left without his host's entertainment, had taken up the "Observer," to find in its perusal a substitute for his host's conversation.

The Alderman had just uttered a long obtuse snore, when he was startled from his sound repose, by a vehement "damnation," from Major Rumbleshot.

"Zounds, Major, is any thing the matter?"

"By the powers of war, I have it!"

"Have what?"

"The cause of Howel's fit, and sudden disappearance from Margate."

"Has he sent you a letter?"

"No, but here's the identical newspaper he was reading, when he fainted in the boat."

"Pshaw! have you woke me for that?"

"Read, Alderman, read, my dear Alderman, with your own eyes."

The Alderman took the paper, and in a few minutes throwing it down on the floor, stroked his immense sides, and was almost convulsed with laughter.—He had read in the Gazette the bankruptcy of Mr. Howel.—Another bottle of Port was called for, over which the military and civic heros talked of Mr. Howel's fit, his sham excuses about the heat of the weather, and his rapid flight from Margate.

It was hardly possible for a mind diseased, to suffer more incessant and acute torments than were suffered by the unhappy Howel, on

his journey from Margate to London. Any other man than himself, would have foreseen that bankruptcy, and would have provided for the catastrophe, but to him, his accession to the throne could not have been a more unexpected and astounding event.—He had inferred, from Mr. Huntingdon's allowing him to stay so long at Margate, that all was going on well; and Mr. Huntingdon's remittances of ten and five pound notes, and his tone of confident expectation, had confirmed this inference.

On his arrival at his own house, he ran up stairs, and suddenly burst into Mr. Huntingdon's bed-chamber.—That person had just risen, at least he was in his shirt, and upon his knees at his devotions. He started from his posture, on Mr. Howel's violent entrance, and his terror would have led him to cry out murder, but he quickly perceived that Mr. Howel's face exhibited " a countenance more in sorrow than in anger."

A long and anxious conversation took place between the parties, and in which Mr. Huntingdon persuaded the ingenuous and kind-hearted Howel, that the bankruptcy was the necessary and inevitable result of the state in

which he had left affairs at his departure for Margate, that he had warded off the blow as long as possible, and had concealed it from Mr. Howel, only to save his feelings.

All reports concurred in convincing Howel that he could hope for nothing favourable from his creditors.—His only plan was to get some friend to purchase for him the good will of his business of the assignees, and again to set up a business, which he hoped, under his own management, might succeed better than it had done under Mr. Huntingdon's. In the simplicity and goodness of his heart, he communicated this scheme to Mr. Huntingdon, assuring him that he should lose nothing by his master's managing the business, for that ample provision should be made for him in some way or other.

Upon this scheme, Mr. Howel went to Mr. Brown, but that person, with his usual frankness, at once refused compliance.—"You seem only fit to be a gentleman, Mr. Howel, and you don't appear to me to be the sort of man that would make any business answer, so to set you up again, would be only to lose my money, without getting any thing for it."

This answer cut Mr. Howel to the quick.

Brown had been his companion, when he was a lad, in Mr. Roberts's shop, and had afterwards kept a wretched broker's stall. When Howel had come into his fortune, he had lent this man three hundred and fifty pounds, to set him up in business, and had afterwards accommodated him with nearly double that amount.—Brown was a shrewd, clever, vigilant man, and had succeeded so well, that in four years he had paid Mr. Howel's debt, with compound interest, and was now in possession of one of the best Cabinet-maker's and Upholsterer's shops in the Borough.—His refusal of Mr. Howel's request, arose solely from his tradesmanlike habit of viewing all such affairs as matters of business; but take him out of his trade, he was far from being an ungrateful or hard-hearted man. So far from it, "he stood" Mr. Howel, as the phrase is, longer than any other of that person's connexions. He always had a knife and fork for him at his table, had lent him many five pound notes, from these had gradually descended to two pounds, to one pound, to five shillings, and to half crowns, until at length he had descended from half crowns, to excuses, and from excuses to refusals.

Howel had to face his bankruptcy without resources, without friends, and without hopes. His examination was the most painful imaginable.—His books bore the most palpable marks of fraud, and of contrivances of every sort.—When pressed for explanations, he gave the most inconsistent, the most confused, and consequently the most suspicious answers.—He thought, that if his accounts were fraudulent, Huntingdon had made them so, in mistaken zeal for his master's interests, and although he did not approve of such conduct, yet, as they were both involved in one common ruin, he resolved to protect, as much as possible, his faithful and unfortunate servant.

The creditors were exasperated against him, beyond all possibility of control. They complained bitterly of his having sold off every shilling's worth of property, to discharge the debts of a favoured few, to the prejudice of the general body of claimants. When this accusation was made, it struck like lightning through the mind of the unhappy bankrupt; he saw the reasonableness of the charge, for the first time, but he saw it in its full force. "Wretch that I am," cried he to himself, "that even, what in ignorance I meant to be

a self devotion to honesty, should turn out to be most dishonest and infamous.

Under the circumstances of the case, the Commissioners of Bankruptcies did not hesitate to declare, that Mr. Howel's failure was one of unparalleled dishonesty, and of course his certificate was refused him. To add to his mortification, his house, with the goodwill and stock in trade, were all bought in of the assignees, by Mr. Zachariah Wilson, and in a few days, the name of Howel was effaced from over the shop door, and there was substituted the inscription of "Zachariah Wilson, successor to Mr. Howel."

No man ever bore misfortune with greater inequality, than the unhappy Howel. He was alternately proud and abject, fierce and timid, uncontrollable and submissive, obstinate and compliant. He knew that he was more sinned against than sinning; that he had acted with infatuation and folly, but not with fraud and dishonour; and yet with the "*mens conscia recti*," such is the sensibility of misfortune, he could not look in the face even those creditors whom he knew to have defrauded him, and who, by their oppression, had excited his disgust and indignation.

Mr. Howel, in the first period of distress, had for about six weeks shut himself up in his room, unseeing and unseen. At length, his funds were exhausted, and he resorted for consolation and for sustenance to his old servant, Mr. Huntingdon.

This man had, on the bankruptcy of his master, apparently retired from all connexion with trade, and had devoted himself solely to the services of religion. He had taken a house in Hackney, to which Mr. Howel now repaired, in quest of comfort and pecuniary assistance. He found, to his astonishment, that his old foreman was residing in a spacious old fashioned house, with a large parterre before it, enclosed by high walls, with an entrance of a highly wrought, elaborate and lofty iron gate-way, the solid, or rather clumsy gate posts, being surmounted by two bulky urns or vases. "This surely cannot be the house," said Mr. Howel, gazing at every part of it with surprise. At length he called to a gardener, who was sweeping the trim and well-shorn grass plat with a birch broom.

"Friend, can you tell me where a Mr. Huntingdon resides at Hackney?"

"Is he a minister, Sir?"

"A what?"

"A clergyman?"

"A clergyman,—no,—a hosier."

"I knows no such person in this town, and I knows every body in it.—If you want the Reverend Mr. Huntingdon, he is my master, and this is his house."

"What sort of person is your master?"

"A very pious, good man!"

"Pshaw! I mean what is his appearance!"

"Why, Sir, as to that, he appears to have a mint of money."

"Then, friend, that's not the man I'm in search of,—but what sort of a figure and a face has your master?"

"Why, Sir, he is about five feet nothing, very fat, with a round head, and lank hair, and very large cheeks, and big nose, and thick lips, and little eyes, and——"

"For Heaven's sake stop your description —this is the man I am in search of,—though, how to reconcile the house with his station in life, and his recent loss of my employment, I know not—Friend, tell your master, a Mr. Howel wants to speak to him?"

"My master is not at home."

"But, I suppose he will be at home during the morning?"

"He is gone, Sir, just round the corner, to pray to an old lady who is dying, and he won't be back for two hours."

"He will then be disengaged, and I wil wait for him?"

"He is very busy to day, Sir, after his return; I am ordered to get ready to attend him to bury a corpse, and by the time that is over, it will be service time."

Mr. Howel stood so long in mute astonishment at what he heard, that the gardener, after standing still, and staring at him for some time, at length resumed his occupation of sweeping the turf.

Mr. Howel having recovered his senses, rung the bell, and told the gardener that he would come in, and wait for his master until his return. The gardener, however, seemed to have much of the Cerberus in his disposition' and eyeing Mr. Howel with a morose scrutiny, told him he must call again. Mr. Howel assured him that he had business of the utmost importance to communicate to his master, who would be overjoyed to see him. The gardener, however, growled out a surly refusal to

allow him to enter. Mr. Howel was about turning away, when his ear was saluted by a well known voice, and presently he saw running breathless towards him, down the broad gravel path, his old pensioner and Mr. Roberts's legatee and servant, Nelly Hearn.

"Dear me, is it you, Mr. Howel? Open the door, Paul; where can you have been for so long a time, my dear old master? I have been thinking of you every day since we parted, I knew you would call this week, for I dreamt of you three times in one night."

Nelly ushered Mr. Howel into the house, whose senses were for some time in too great a maze to view objects distinctly. He passed through a spacious wainscoated hall, with an old fashioned oaken staircase, with a heavy wooden balustrade newly painted. There were new carpets, new oil cloths, a large clock, a newly gilt, but heavy, old fashioned lamp, hanging from the ceiling, plenty of shrubs, and a wide mahogany table, on which were a Bible, Watts's Hymns, and several numbers of pious periodicals. He was next ushered through a dining parlour, into a drawing room of spacious dimensions, and communicating with a green house, replete

with beautiful shrubs and flowers. Not Nour-jahad waking out of his seven years slumber, could be more astounded at the alteration of things, than poor Mr. Howel was at what he beheld.—" For Heaven's sake, Nelly," said he, drawing a thick long sigh, " for Heaven's sake, explain to me what it is I behold ; is this old Huntingdon's house? If it be, preaching is a much better trade than selling stockings."

" Ah, Mr. Howel, all this doesn't come of preaching."

" A legacy, I suppose."

" Ah, Sir, times are strangely altered ; with you, I lived at my ease, and did nothing all day long, and your presents enabled me to put up all my bank interest upon my old master's legacy—but now I am worked to death, and if I only eat a morsel as usual, my master scolds me as a carnal beast, following the lusts of the flesh."

" Well, well, Nelly, I am sorry for it ; but before we talk of your affairs, for Heaven's sake tell me where all this wealth came from?"

" Ah, Sir, if any body in the world ought to know, it should be you yourself," said Nelly,

lifting up her eyes to their utmost power of revolving, and speaking in a low tone, as if a dangerous disclosure were about to be made. Mr. Howel seemed to catch her very look and aspiration, and was on the very apex of eagerness to hear what was coming, when one leaf of the folding door opened, and in waddled the Rev. Mr. Huntingdon—the death of the sick lady had reduced his prayer of an intended two hours length, to the dimensions of about seventeen minutes. Mr. Huntingdon's eyes flashed fire at old Nelly, and he ordered her cut of the room, muttering as she got beyond the door, " a mischief-making old Zezzabel." From this fit of rage, at a tangent he relapsed into his usual oily voice, and taking Mr. Howel by the hand, he pressed it tenderly over and over again, asked the most kind questions as to his health, expressed his joy at seeing him, and his surprize at not having seen him before. He then ordered wine, which was brought into the room by a footman, and he poured Mr. Howel a bumper of " Madeira," (Cape) out of a cut glass decanter. Finally, he insisted on Mr. Howel's dining with him, an invitation which Howel most gladly ac-

cepted, for, to speak the truth, the sight of a table cloth had not gratified Mr. Howel's sight for many weeks.

Presently the gig was brought to the door, and Mr. Huntingdon insisted that Mr. Howel should accompany him to his evening service, and to which Mr. Howel, who was always easily persuaded to any thing, yielded his assent. How much of this request had its origin in piety, and how much in Mr. Huntingdon's dread of leaving Mr. Howel and Nelly together in private, none but casuists can determine.

If philosophers have sought so long in vain for the longitude, it is only because they have sought for it in the wrong place, for nothing so completely exhibits the very essence of longitude, and we may add of a latitude, as a dissenting minister's discourse. Mr. Howel was astonished at Mr. Huntingdon's sermon. His voice seemed to take every possible tone and pitch. From its usual oily monotony, it would suddenly ascend to a scream, from a scream to a screech, and from a screech it would rapidly fall to the depth of a growl, and die away in an indistinct murmur. But the discourse itself was equally diversified with

the tones of delivery; every possible subject seemed jumbled together in the most wild confusion. There was no connection, nor even analogy between the subjects, or adjoining sentences, and scarcely a sentence passed without some revolting sin against syntax, or some ridiculous error of pronunciation. But the spacious meeting-house was crowded to excess, and the audience seemed gratified in the extreme by the discourse. This produced conviction upon the ingenuous Mr. Howel, that Mr. Huntingdon had ample means of making a fortune out of his "brethren."

Returned home in the gig, they enjoyed their dinner *tête à tête*. Mr. Howel was regaled with solid boiled and roast, accompanied by what Mr. Huntingdon called "plenty of *garden stuff* from his own kitchen garden." The home-baked bread, and the home-brewed ale were excellent, and a fine Stilton cheese and a large pudding were no mean addenda to the feast. The *finale* consisted of an immensely long grace, with a bottle of good old port, and an excellent desert.

This substantial cheer was done justice to by both parties, and Mr. Howel no longer wondered that his quondam servant and pre-

sent friend was so enormously fat. But what surprised him most was, the decorum, and even elegance with which the table was served, for Huntingdon had always been slovenly and dirty in all his habits. The bottle despatched, coffee and tea, with muffins and cakes were brought in, and after these, a game of backgammon succeeded, with a glass of brandy and water.

All these good things, in a well furnished room, and over a cheerful, blazing fire, very little disposed Mr. Howel to encounter a rainy night, and a return to a dirty garret and an empty grate. In short, he staid most inconveniently long.—" At half after nine, I always have my household into prayers," said Mr. Huntingdon; " perhaps you have no objection to prayers ?"

" None at all, I assure you, Sir."

" Then I will ring the bell for William to take away the glasses and brandy, and bring in the Bible."

This was immediately done, and in walked the gardener, the footman, the cook, the housemaid, and a girl of about fourteen, the procession headed by the little withered Nelly Hearn. A chapter from the Old and a chapter

from the New Testament were then read, with a prayer of intolerable length between them; next succeeded a psalm of David, sung in a manner which baffled all description; then followed a very sensible discourse upon the importance of truth, honesty, fidelity, and industry in servants towards their masters, with a denunciation of the "wrath to come" against all indulgers in gluttonizing, and in any carnal appetite or sinful lust of the flesh. A hymn from Dr. Watts closed the evening devotion.

"It was now eleven o'clock, and Mr. Howel seemed to evince no desire to depart —it became necessary to increase the hints in proportion to his insensibility to inuendos. First, Mr. Huntingdon lamented the immense way that Mr. Howel had to walk, and the lateness of the hour before he could get home; then he asked him if he had not a great coat and umbrella, which only made the unhappy gentleman shrug his shoulders and cast a melancholy look at his thread-bare sleeves and burst shoe; next followed an observation upon the excellence of early hours, and the destructive effects to health of sitting up late at night. "I know that you, Mr. Howel,

used to set up all night at your studies; but, for my part, it kills me if I am not in bed early." This was followed by a long silence, and by many yawns, until at last Mr. Huntingdon rubbing his eyes, drawled out, "Mr. Howel, I always take a glass of mulled wine and a dry toast, the last thing before going to bed, it assists digestion and promotes comfortable sleep; perhaps you will join me in a glass before you go." To this Mr. Howel declared that he had fared so sumptuously that he scarcely wanted it, but the night was bad, and the way long, and he would take a glass of mulled wine. The wine was consumed, and all hints being useless, Mr. Huntingdon was at last obliged to say, "that his wife was staying at her brother's in the Minories, that it was not therefore in his power to offer him a bed, and that his sacred duties obliging him to be regular in his habits, he must wish him good night, and would lend him an umbrella." Mr. Howel upon this rose to depart, but in addition to the loan of an umbrella, he requested his host to lend him a ten pound note. Mr. Huntingdon with some little hesitation consented to this request, and wrote him a cheque for the amount, exacting from

him a promise that he would, the first thing in the morning, send him his note of hand for ten pounds, with five per cent. interest, payable at one year's date.

Causes and effects are joined together by certain and immutable laws, and the natural effects of such a warm reception were the frequent repetitions of Mr. Howel's visits. But no friendship has ever yet stood, or probably ever will stand, a community of purses, or too frequent a trespass upon hospitality. Mr. Howel found upon every visit a marked change in the behaviour of Mr. Huntingdon. He had lost his submissive, insinuating manner, and had become positive, dictatorial, and insolent. His favourite dogma was, that prosperity and adversity throughout life, were invariably dispensed by Providence in proportion to the merits or demerits of individuals. His habit was to talk at Mr. Howel, under pretence of talking to his wife. On these occasions, he would apply every term of contempt and reproach upon men who had made every thing their study, but the one thing needful, the road to salvation through the book of life; he abused all who pursued "mere human learning," and vituperated those who had no

means of support, and preferred sponging upon the charitable, to pursuing any honest course of industry. One evening he had been particularly coarse and even brutal to his unhappy guest, whose extreme distress had nevertheless obliged him, in spite of the rudeness, to ask before he went for the loan of a guinea. This was peremptorily refused, and the refusal drew from Mr. Howel some strong expressions, which led to replies, making up by impertinence, what they wanted in pertinence to the occasion and circumstances. Mr. Howel left the house with a bitter heart, resolving never more to enter it, for his dismissal amounted to a boisterous ejectment.

The night was extremely dark, and he was walking from the portico which protected the street door, towards the outer garden gate, a distance of about two hundred feet, when, in the middle of the gravel walk, he heard himself called by a thin feminine voice from behind the shrubbery which ornamented the grass plat or parterre. He stopped, and in an instant the old withered form of Nelly Hearn was before him. "God bless you, Sir, how different it might have been, had you married my young lady, poor Miss Lydia—take great

care of this letter, Sir, and read it for my sake when you get home;" saying which, her little bony hands thrust a sealed letter into the hands of Mr. Howel.

"What is the letter about, Nelly?"

Hush, hush, Sir, I should be turned out of the house immediately, if I was caught speaking to you alone."

"And considering the treatment you meet with, where would be the great evil of that?"

"Oh, Sir, I am old now, you are not able to keep me, and where could I live—besides, the difficulty of getting into any pious family —the consolations of religion in my old days are such———."

The approach of the gardener, with a lantern to let Mr. Howel out, obliged poor old Nelly to make a hasty retreat, and she had only time to utter as she moved away, "for God's sake, Sir, take care of the letter."

The Rev. Mr. Huntingdon was one of those who well knew the folly of keeping "more cats than catch mice," but he had sundry good reasons for retaining this old woman in his house, although she was by far too old to perform any labour. In the first place, she knew many of his secrets, relative to Mr.

Howel's affairs; and if he turned her off, he anticipated that she would go over to the enemy; in the second place, Nelly was strictly honest and conscientious, and if she did no work herself, she was always prying into the work of others, and would suffer no dishonest practices in the kitchen—and lastly, Nelly could not in the course of nature live many years, and she had a good legacy to dispose of.—Mr. Huntingdon knew that he should be her ghostly comforter in her last illness, and the labourer is worthy of his hire; and what labour is so important and so well deserving of recompense as facilitating the road to Heaven? But the calculation of interest produced two very different lines of conduct in Mr. Huntingdon towards this old creature. Her consumption of food, and her inability to labour, stimulated him to the frequent abuse of her by the epithets of "do-nothing old hag," "a vile old Zezzabel," "a worthless creature that would consume the food of a whole parish," &c. &c. &c. When any of this abuse would excite resentment in Nelly, her master was filled with apprehensions of her leaving him, and tormented with the thoughts of her forming any correspond-

ence with Mr. Howel. But after a fracas of this description, the Divine always took care that his morning or evening prayer or sermon should be of a nature to make a strong appeal to Nelly's fears of hell and love of heaven, and to her belief in the necessity of living under the roof of a spiritual director. This pious fraud always succeeded in restoring the master's authority and absolute influence over the terrified servant.

But Mr. Howel walked home without bestowing a single thought upon Nelly or her letter.—His heart was too full of his own miseries, and of the villany of Huntingdon. Arrived at his lodgings, wet to the skin, he threw his clothes across the back of a broken chair, to dry by the time of his getting up in the morning; but the humidity of the room, which for months had not felt the warmth of a fire, was little calculated to effect this purpose. The whole of the next day, this unhappy man continued a-bed, for who, in such an inclement season, would have spirit to rise to a foodless table, and a fireless stove? On the succeeding day, hunger, the fiercest call of nature, compelled the wretched man to get up and make some effort to procure suste-

nance. He had dressed himself in his damp clo'thes, and was about to proceed down stairs, to renew the oft reiterated and the oft fruitless entreaty, that his landlady should give him credit for another meal, and, as he stood shivering and spiritless, lacking rosolution to proceed, yet feeling the impossibility to avoid it, he saw Nelly's letter on the table, and which he opened with frigid indifference.—The letter was a sheet of foolscap, folded in the most tortuous complications. Mr. Howel at length arrived at the inscription, which was in a most wretched, dirty scrawl.

"For God's sake, my dear gentleman, don't cum here any more, for it aches my old hart to here Mr. Huntingdon call you beger and scoundrel, and to here the sarvants larf at your ragged cloths, and starved looks.—I hope God will let me live to see the rite fool owner cum into his own agen.—I sends you the hingeclosed, for you have been very kind in your day to your faithful sarvant,

Nelly Hearn."

"And what does she mean by hingeclosed," said Mr. Howel, scarcely able from rheumatism to stoop to pick up a bit of very dirty paper, which had fallen out of the letter upon

the floor.—It was a five pound note. Mr. Howel burst into tears as he distinguished it. It recalled to his mind this old creature's fidelity to Mr. Roberts, her attachment to Miss Lydia, whom she had suckled on the death of her mother, and whose eyes she had closed at the last fatal scene; it reminded him of a thousand little homely kindnesses which he had received from her when he was a friendless boy in Mr. Roberts's service,—and it afforded him also the pleasureable reflection, that during his prosperity he had not forgotten her.—The attachment and humanity of this humble old creature, formed an affecting contrast to the cold-blooded villany of her master, Mr. Huntingdon.

With this five pound note in his hand, Mr. Howel proceeded from his back garret, to the front kitchen, and knocked with his knuckle at the landlady's door. This old woman was of a character very common among the lower Irish. That is to say, she was very cunning and yet very simple,—very noisy, very abusive, and yet easily tamed into submission,—very selfish, and yet withal very kind hearted; and when her feelings were touched by distress, very generous. The old woman did not

answer her lodger's rap at the door, upon which he thought proper to enter *sans ceremonie.*

"Good morning, Mrs. M'Quarrie."

"And good marning to you,—and sure enough it is you yourself now,—faith, yesterday you lay a-bed all day, I suspect for want of turf in the grate."

"Have you any hot water, Mrs. M'Quarrie?"

"And sure enough I have, and I intend to keep it."

"I want a little to make some tea."

"Ta, is it that you mane, I should like to know what right you have to be buying ta and sugar, when your ould landlady Mrs. M'Quarrie herself hasn't seen the shine of your money for these five weeks."

"And how much do I owe you, Mrs. M'Quarrie?"

"Out upon you, to come hoaxing an ould woman like me, you know well enough how much you owe Mrs. M'Quarrie."

"I owe you five weeks rent, which is twelve and sixpence."

"You reprobate, and don't you owe me for five breakfasts, and seven red herrings, and a bushel of coals, and ———"

" And—and—and—stop all your ands, Mrs. M'Quarrie, for I'm come to pay my reckoning."

" And if you're not after paying me very soon, I intend to throw your bed into the street."

" Which would do it no harm, Mrs. M'Quarrie, for it stands in need of an airing.—But come, my good old woman, let me dry myself by your fire, whilst you get me change for this five pound note."

" An't you ashamed of yourself Mr. Howel, to try to get a pour ould cratur like Mrs. M'Quarrie into trouble; if you go robbing and staling your five pound notes, you may change them yourself.—A burnt child dreads the fire."

" I came honestly by it, old woman."

" And so Patrick O'Shee told me, and didn't he nigh get me sent to Newgate for changing a rag for him."

No power of persuasion could induce Mrs. M'Quarrie to have any thing to do with changing the five pound note, so Howel himself went upon this errand, and returned with all the muniments of a substantial meal, of which the old Irish woman consumed a good moiety, notwithstanding her conviction that the pur-

chase money had been acquired upon the highway.

Nelly's five pound note supplied Mr. Howel's humble wants for a long time, and it procured him credit for much longer. But all means of support failing, Mrs. M'Quarrie's humanity was at length exhausted, and she finally ejected the unhappy man from his miserable tenement!

The extremes of wretchedness which Mr. Howel now experienced, were beyond belief. With an unfed stomach, and with an almost unclothed body, with all the keen, irritable sensibility to atmosphere which they produce, he had to sleep, night after night, upon the benches of the park, for want of a place to shelter himself. Sometimes in a state of morbid loathing of existence, he contemplated suicide, and at others, in a frenzy of rage, he meditated a deed of final revenge on Huntingdon.

One morning, about three hours after daybreak, having passed the night wandering in the streets, he was sitting on the wooden rail of one of the divisions of Hyde Park, in a state of drowsy apathy, produced by despair and a want of bodily sustenance. In this con-

dition he was suddenly accosted by M'Phail, who was so gaily dressed, that it might have puzzled a slight acquaintance of former days to have recognized him. From want of bodily energy, Mr. Howel looked at him but faintly, and answered him with a mixture of listless apathy and indifference. M'Phail cast his eyes over his apparel, which served as an explication of his weakness of voice, and feebleness of action. The sinewy face of the Scotchman was almost convulsed with grief, he thought of his master's former affluence, of the arts by which he had been plundered, and he was obliged to turn his head aside to conceal the tear which he could not suppress. He conversed a long time with Mr. Howel, and, what was singular, during all the conversation, he preserved the respectful demeanor with which he had always treated him when he was his servant in the times of his affluence.

"If it is not taking too great a leeberty, Mr. Hooeel," said M'Phail, at the end of the conference, "I should like to have the honour of your breakfasting with me, just to let you see my gude woman, and my bairns, who owe all to your boontey."

How this could be, Mr. Howel could not conceive, for he did not recollect ever having seen or heard of M'Phail's gude woman or her bairns. However, he accepted this convenient invitation, and proceeded with his host, who had difficulty in supporting him as he walked, such was his state of exhaustion. At length he arrived at a small shop in a street running out of Oxford Street, and was ushered through the shop into a little back parlour, where he beheld a fat, comely, middle-aged woman, of fair complexion, and of rather superior appearance.—Round the table sat three cleanly fine children, whom fortunately for all parties, Providence had made to resemble the mother in preference to the father, to whom, it must be confessed, nature had given a face as ugly, and a person as awkward as ever covered a feeling heart and an honest mind. The fire was bright, and a shining copper kettle sent forth a steam which gave earnest of a good cup of tea; a more comfortable appearance of a breakfast table for a humble tradesman could scarcely be imagined. As soon as Mr. M'Phail announced the name of Mr. Hooeel, his wife looked all astonishment, for his name had been associated in her

mind with the appearance of an elegant and gallant gentleman. Her expressions of surprise gave way to those of gratitude and welcome, and she greeted Mr. Howel with every mark of respectful gladness at his presence. Whilst Mr. Howel was caressing the children, Mr. M'Phail had taken the opportunity of slipping into the street, and he presently returned with a plate of cold meat, which, as he thought, he had contrived to place upon the breakfast table, unobserved by Mr. Hooeel.

The party made a most cheerful breakfast, and when Mr. Howel rose to depart, M'Phail engaged him to dine with him the next day at two o'clock, saying, " to-morrow is Sunday, and we can talk at our ease of auld lang syne." He then accompanied his guest to the outer door, when, respectfully taking off his hat, he said, with an awkward expression of feeling, " God bless you, Mr. Hooeel, in the days of my tribulations, and they were sare days, I received muckle favours and many guineas at your haunds, and I hope you won't be offended at my begging you to accept of this trifle," saying which he slipt into his hands three half guineas carefully wrapped up in paper. The fact was, the honest fellow at that moment

had no other money in the house, but these three half guineas, which were the amount of presents put by for his children. Mr. Howel took the money with a look at his apparel, and a tear in his eye, which spoke all that honest M'Phail wished him to feel or to express.

At two the next day, the same party sat down to a dinner of a leg of mutton with baked potatos, and with libations of porter, and, after the cloth was removed, M'Phail produced a long treasured bottle of real Fairintosh whiskey, with which he proposed making punch. The day was fine, and Mrs. M'Phail with the children went to walk in the Park, leaving Mr. M'Phail with Mr. Hooeel to converse together without restraint.

"Weel," said M'Phail, as soon as his wife had shut the door after her, "weel, Mr. Hooeel, it is not for a humble simple body like unto mysel, to be finding fault with a gentlemon of your learning and sagaceety, but I certainly ne'er saw in aw my hale born days, sic an undoing as yours—that you shouldn't see through that domned scoondrel Huntingdon."

"How could I suspect a man so religious?"

"Reeleegious—reeleegious, indeed, why do ye not ken that it is the reeleegious folk that are the greatest scoondrels."

"I know that is the prevalent opinion, but the truth of it I have never examined, and, except in this one instance, have never experienced."

"Mr. Huntingdon's proceedings of late were open to every body in the hoose."

"I depended on Huntingdon from Mr. Roberts's character of him—the old man had employed him many years, and had assured me that he examined his accounts every day, and never found him in the least fraudulent."

"I should just like to ken, how the de'el any mon could have an opportoenety to be fraudulent whose accounts were examined every day—I believe you never examined his accounts at aw."

This simple and obvious truth, had never occurred to Mr. Howel before, his blindness to it had been his ruin, and it now came so forcibly upon his mind, that he struck his forehead in agony.

"Haud yor hond, haud yor hond, Mr. Hooeel, you will find mickle good in going on in sic uncoo ways; I did not mean to hurt your feelings, Sir, aw may be weel yet; come, Sir, you don't do honor to my Fairintosh, and there is na other body this side the Tweed but yoursel, should have a sip of it—take another glass, Sir, take another glass."

"I thank you, M'Phail, but you know I never could endure liquor."

"Very right, Sir,—very right—aw you say is very true, but sic a meeting as this—it makes my heart glad to see you, though I wish my ees could see you in a little better plight;"—saying which, M'Phail mixt two more tumblers of his whiskey punch. "Here's to your health, Sir, may God help the injured, and may the de'el take all sic scoondrels as old Huntingdon."

"The first part of your toast I'll drink with pleasure," said Mr. Howel, sipping his glass with a smile.

"That old scoondrel let his brother-in-law, Zachariah Wilson——"

"Is Zachariah Wilson Huntingdon's brother-in-law?" said Mr. Howel eagerly.

"And sure enow is he—or why do ye

think the old rascal would have favoured him after sic a style."

Mr. Howel passed his hand over his forehead, to remove the cold perspiration that was trickling down to his eyes.

"That same Zachariah Wilson, was three times an uncertifeecated bankrupt under different names, and each time he was many hundreds in your debt. Under different names, and under his own name, he had, to my knowledge, seven bad debts upon your books."

"Gracious Heavens! how richly have I deserved my fate," said the unhappy Howel to himself, concealing the agony of his countenance from the honest Scotchman."

"And after aw that, Mr. Hooeel, the rogue set up a great wholesale business, and supplied your shop with whole cargoes of goods, which Mr. Huntingdon retailed on his own account, and never put into your books at aw."

"This accounts for the discrepancy between the apparently immense retail business of my shop, and the little money paid into my banker's, as well as the small quantity of goods latterly taken up of the manufacturers."

" What else, Sir, what else—and then that domned old Jazabel of his wife that died, she set up her shop at the corner of Ram Alley, called herself Mrs. Smith; why aw the goods she sold, were stolen from your preemeeses."

" His wife that died! why Mr. Huntingdon has a wife at this moment."

" True, Mr. Hooeel, he married Sawney Anderson's rich methodist widow, just after your failure."

" A tall, bony woman, with a wild melancholy countenance, as if she were religiously mad."

" That is preeceesely what aw the folk said of honest Sawney's widow. I ha'n't told you of one half of the old scoondrel's tricks, but I'll tell ye na maire, for it makes ye look like Lazareth, just peeping from the grave."

" I would rather not hear any more—my folly is as irretrievable as it has been fatal."

" Ye say true, Mr. Hooeel, ye say true, Sir,—only think that sic a mon as you, with all your superior knowledge and understanding, to be undone by sic a loon as that —and now he is riding in his coach, and you are——"

" Starving in the streets, you would say."

"Na, Sir, if I said any thing of that sort, I should tell a lie, for whilst I have a saxpence in my pocket, Mr. Hooeel, nor none that belongs to him, shall starve in the streets."

"Thank you, honest, grateful M'Phail, thank you, but for Heaven's sake, talk no more upon this business—reflection drives me mad."

"One glass more, Mr. Hooeel, one glass more; by St. Andrew, we won't leave a drop of the Fairintosh; and I hope I may get many more sic precious drops from my dear Scotland, just to gladden your good heart with." Whilst Mr. Howel was holding his handkerchief to his eyes in grief, honest M'Phail was dividing the remainder of the Fairintosh into two equal glasses of punch.

"You cannot but say, Mr. Hooeel," continued the well meaning, but perverse M'Phail, "you cannot but say, that you sinned with your eyes open."

"I suppose, M'Phail, you were the author of the anonymous letters I received."

"To be sure I was, and who else do you think could have known so much of the old rogue's proceedings."

"Good Heavens! why did you not ac-

knowledge them, when I accused you of being the author ?"

" Simply, Mr. Hooeel, because you did accuse me. If you had asked me, I had told you; but you were so high in your heroics, about the infamy of anoneemoos communications, about assassins of character, and stabbing in the dark, that you frightened me to death, and I was not sic a mad fool as to loose my siteeation by trying any further to open the eyes of a man that was determined not to see."

" I believe, M'Phail, I have nobody to blame but myself. My punishment has been at least commensurate with my blind, besotted infatuation."

" I fancy, Mr. Hooeel, you have often written anoneemoos letters yoursel."

" Never, M'Phail, I assure you, on my honour."

" Then I am much mistaken, for I could have sworn to your writing, though it was so weel disgueesed."

" On my honour, as a gentleman, I never wrote an anonymous letter in my life, and trust I never shall."

" Then I am a greater fool than any body

ever thought me; for in my distress, I received seven anoneemoos letters, containing altogether thirty-two pounds—who the de'el could they have come from, for nobody knew of my sufferings but you and Mr. Huntingdon, and I am sure they never came from that hard hearted old brute."

"Hah, hah, hah, are they what you called anonymous letters; they are of such a different description, that I never thought of them when you mentioned the subject. I must save my honour by an equivocation—they are rather pseudonymous."

"Faith, Sir, you are wrong, that name was not to any one of them, or any thing like it; why, who the deuce could have sent me that money?"

"I fancy, M'Phail, the signatures were Ignotus, and Amicus and Philo."

"Then they were yours, after all; I knew you were only quizzing me when you said you had never written any anoneemoos letters—who the deuce but you would have sent poor Alexander M'Phail thirty-two poonds in his distress; and then it was so like your usual secret way of doing good, that I guessed it to be you. Ah, Mr. Hooeel, I wish my anonee-

moos letters had done you one half the good that yours did to me."

"Well, M'Phail, I must, I see, allow you the privilege of your application of the word anonymous."

"Ah! Mr. Hooeel, never blush at a gude action, there are mickle few of them, I can assure you. Faith, my generous patron, the money sent in those seven anoneemoos letters of yours, saved the life of my poor bairn, and of my wife, and they were the means of"——

What these letters were the means of, was not communicated to Mr. Hooeel, for at the moment of communicating the fact, Mrs. M'Phail, with the three children entered the room from their walk, and the Fairintosh being exhausted, the glasses were removed, and presently the neat tea board, and gay china, with the smoking beverage, and a profusion of bread and butter, and muffins, appeared in order upon the table.

Mr. M'Phail exhilarated by the whiskey, and overjoyed at the company of his patron and benefactor, was in the very height of happiness throughout the evening—it was an evening of gladness which Mr. Howel never forgot.

After tea, Mr. M'Phail related to Mr. Howel, that he had set up in business for himself, at the period of the failure in the Minories, that he had been able to make the two ends of the year meet, and was beginning to do very well.—" I have," said he, " Sawney Whiteman's acceptance, due in three months, it's as good as the acceptance of the Bank of England; and when it is paid, nobody shall say that Sawney M'Phail is unmindful of old friends"—this he uttered with great glee, winking his eye significantly to his wife, and then casting a side glance at Mr. Howel.

The next day as Mr. Howel was walking near the Bank, he heard his name called, and on turning round was accosted by his old friend Mr. Browne, the cabinet maker. " I have been looking for you, for this week," said Mr. Browne, " I have sent to your old landlady, Mrs. M'Quarrie, who could give no other account of you than that you had left her lodgings, and had not paid the rent. But I have good news for you, and if you will sup with me to-night, I will tell you something to your advantage."

At supper that night, Mr. Browne communicated his budget of ways and means. " I

have a relation," said he, "who is managing clerk to the great Hazard, the stock broker. and Hazard wants a person to fill a very gentlemanly birth in his office. I had often spoken to my relation of you, and he has been able to keep the place vacant, though if I had not met you to-day, the luckiest chance in the world, the place would have been gone, and your fortune ruined. It is a capital office, and such an opportunity might not occur for these twenty years. Lord, Sir, only initiate a man of your talents, into the mysteries of the Stock Exchange, and his fortune is made immediately. I should not at all wonder if in the course of five years, you are as rich a man as ever; and if you are, remember John Browne, that's all I say. Here's to your health, come, fill your glass, this is excellent Cognac. But, Mr. Howel, you never could appear before the great Mr. Hazard in such a coat as that, I hope those are not the best clothes you possess."

"Indeed, Mr. Brown, they are, the best and the only ones."

"What's to be done, I could assist you in an old coat, but you want not only coat, but waistcoat, trowsers, shoes, stockings, hat,

shirt, and even neckcloth. I believe you even want a razor, for you don't appear to have been shaved for a week."

"Your catalogue of my wants is but too correct," said Mr. Howel, colouring to the eyes.

"Come, Howel, take another glass of grog, I'll give you a toast, 'Success to the Spaniards, and confusion to the Baboons;' I can never pronounce that cursed foreign name, but I know it is baboons or barebones, or something very like it. Have you been to the play lately, Howel?"

"No, Sir, I have not," said Mr. Howel, looking significantly at his coat.

"Ah, you may well look at that old rag, you call a coat; by —— if any of my workmen were to wear such a coat as that, I'd kick him off the premises. For God's sake, don't let Hazard see you in that coat, see my relation on the subject first."

Mr. Howel was glad to escape from his host, and on his way home, reflected upon the various insults and impertinences, which fallen men have to put up with from the prosperous. Mr. Brown was a good hearted, plodding man of business, but when, what is vulgarly called,

sprung, he was loquacious, flippant, and consequential.

"Oh that a man should put an enemy into his mouth, to steal away his brains!"

The next day, Mr. Howel met Mr. Brown's relation on the subject of the appointment, and learnt that the place that was in a few years to make his fortune, was nothing more nor less than that of an office keeper, who, for certain reasons, was to have the wages of a guinea a week. This gentleman requested Mr. Howel to put on his best clothes, and to call again upon him on the next Friday.

Humble as the place was, in Mr. Howel's state of abject distress, it was an appointment highly desirable to him, but to procure better clothes was almost an impossibility. Mr. Brown had already declared that he could assist him no further than in an old coat. He knew he should get every help from the kind hearted M'Phail, and for which very reason alone, he would not apply to him, for there is something peculiarly repugnant to delicacy and sentiment in taking advantage of the generous.

Under these circumstances, he resolved to

make one more effort upon Mr. Huntingdon, reflecting that his prospects of being able to support himself, might induce that wretched curmudgeon to be generous, or at least just. On this calculation, therefore, he set out early the next morning for Hackney.

He might have found some difficulty in gaining admittance into the house, as the sevants had received the most strict injunctions not to admit Mr. Howel on any account whatever. But there were numerous workmen employed about the premises, in erecting a spacious conservatory, and the gate being left open for the passage of themselves and of their materials, Mr. Howel walked through the grounds into the house without any difficulty. In the hall he met Nelly, who conjured him not to see her master, as he had vowed vengeance against him if ever he entered the house again. Mr. Howel did all he could to dissipate her fears, and having expressed his resolution to see Mr. Huntingdon, the old creature pointed her bony finger to the door of the drawing-room, indicating that her master was to be found in that apartment. Mr. Howel entered the room without disturbing body. At a little rose-wood table sat

the tall raw-boned Mrs. Huntingdon, with a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, reading a quarto bible.—At the extremity of a larger table sat the little chubby husband, in a large morocco chair, filled with pillows, a crutch by his side, and his left foot bound up with flannel bandages, and resting upon a velvet cushion.—By his side was a richly chased silver salver, with a cut glass water ewer, a tumbler and a china caudle cup. The face of the reverend gentleman had grown enormously fat and bloated by good living, anda larg e bile, covered by a circular piece of black sticking plaster of about an inch and a half diameter, by no means improved his appearance.

Mr. Howel had walked up to the opposite side of the fire-place, and was standing erect before Mr. Huntingdon, at the distance of about three yards, when the reverend gentleman opened his eyes from a slumber covered with smiles. As soon as he saw his arch enemy before him, he burst into a most furious passion, and asked in a discordant screeching voice, how Mr. Howel presumed to enter his house, and what servant had dared to give him admission.

"Let me not be the means of bringing any innocent person into trouble," said Mr. Howel,

"the gate was left open for your workmen, and I walked in, without the permission of any servant."

"And, Sir, if I am to be master of my own house, you will obey my commands to walk out again."

"I shall, in a few words, convince you, that I have not come here from slight causes."

"Retire into another room with a servant, and write your business upon paper, I want no conference."

"Mr. Huntingdon, remember former times, and the sources of your wealth."

"Will you oblige me, Sir, to have you turned out of the house by force; do, for God's sake Mrs. Huntingdon, put down the bible and ring the bell."

"Stop, madam, a few minutes;—Mr. Huntingdon, in my state of extreme wretchedness, I have come to inform you, that, with the mere assistance requisite to clothe me, I can obtain a means of support for life,—that assistance I ask at your hands."

"Have you ever yet paid me what you owe me?—can you have the assurance to ask for further help?"

"Have I ever had the means, Sir, of paying you the paltry ten pounds that I owe you?"

" Paltry ten pounds! an ungrateful, profligate vagabond."

" Yes, Sir, from my profligacy has arisen all your wealth.—Is it for you to tax me with ingratitude,—reflect upon the long course of cold-blooded villany by which you have achieved my ruin and your own prosperity.—Your contrivance of fictitious names and bad debts with your brother-in-law Zachariah Wilson,—your robbing my premises to supply the paltry shop of your first wife in Ram Alley,—your wife's false name of Smith,—your"——

These disclosures before the present Mrs. Huntingdon, from whom all such matters had been carefully concealed, wrought the reverend gentleman to a pitch of raving madness,—lifting up the cut glass ewer, he dashed it with the utmost fury at Mr. Howel's face, but the missile, treacherous to its trust, missed the face of Mr. Howel, and came with fury against the face of an immensely large looking-glass, which it broke into ten thousand fragments.

" The villan has broken my great looking-glass," screamed Mrs. Huntingdon, throwing down the bible, and darting her long sinewy hands into Mr. Howel's bosom, tearing his shirt, which was none of the strongest, into tatters,

leaving the marks of her nails indelibly fixed in Mr. Howel's breast.

The crash of the glass, brought the coachman into the room, and as he entered, a stool hurled with fury at Mr. Howel's head struck him in the mouth and breast, knocking out a tooth and levelling him on the floor.

Missiles flew in every direction, the silver salver went into the chandelier, and seemed like the discharge of grape and canister shot amongst the diamond drops. Every servant came rushing into the room in the utmost hurry, and the cook with a saucepan of melted butter entered, just as her mistress had been knocked down by a blow from Watts's hymns, discharged by her husband at Howel's head. Mr. Howel gallantly stooped to pick up the fallen lady, and his stooping saved him from the discharge of the caudle cup and its contents, which, for want of his interposition, came flush in the face of the gardener, who in his pain and confusion stepped back with his bulky weight upon the cook's corns.— This amazon roared a tremendous oath, and dashed the saucepan full of melted butter at the gardener's face; but unhappily the whole contents came into the eyes and mouth and

over the cheeks of Mr. Huntingdon, who let fly a volley of oaths and execrations that filled the whole household with dismay. At length, the missiles and the breath of the combatants being exhausted, a momentary truce was obtained, when each individual of the servants, male and female, stared wildly in each other's faces, not knowing who or how the affray had begun, what it was about, or who were the principal belligerents; it had appeared to them an indiscriminate Irish row, where each man traded on his own bottom, and knocked down all within his reach, making no distinction of age or of sex, or of things animate or inanimate.

At length, Mr. Huntingdon's voice was heard roaring out to Jonas, his gardener, clerk, and grave-digger, to seize upon that villain Mr. Howel, who had broken the glasses and had knocked down the lady of the house.

Jonas seemed by no means tardy, or unwilling to obey the command, and he advanced his huge and clumsy form towards Mr. Howel.

"Stand back, Jonas," said Howel, "whilst I expostulate with that bad man."

"Seize the villain, and crush him to atoms if he resists," roared out Mr. Huntingdon;

and Jonas extended his brawny arm, as if his object really were to crush and not to secure. But a violent blow from the strong right arm of Mr. Howel, came flush between the eyes of the huge Jonas, who fell sprawling upon the carpet with a hideous roar, that for some minutes prevented all distinction of human sounds. The fate of Jonas had kept the pursy footman at a respectful distance from the co[illegible] queror, and Howel would have received no o[illegible] ther "laying on of han[illegible] until at [illegible] he found his knees t[illegible]tly grasp[illegible] down beheld the with[illegible]ed Nelly hanging to his legs.

"For God's sake, Mr. Howel, do not again strike my mistress; she is old and sick, and she is a woman."

"I strike your mistress," said Howel, lifting Nelly from the ground, "can you think me capable of any thing so dastardly?"

"Then don't break all the glasses and vex the poor little gentleman."

"Mr. Huntingdon, I am astonished at the boldness of your assertion, that I either struck this old lady, or injured your property."

"You did, Sir, you did, you knocked my wife down, and broke that looking-glass, which

cost me two hundred and fifty guineas.—I'll swear it before a magistrate."

"If your oaths are to be measured by the tenor of your past life, Mr. Huntingdon, your swearing will be commensurate only with your inclinations and interests; for what I have done, I will freely answer before a magistrate, and I leave your house."

"No, Sir, you shall not leave the house, [illegible] shall be carried before a magistrate."

[illegible] I [illegible] leave the house as freely as I entered it,—there is [illegible], and at any time I am [illegible] to answer [illegible] conduct of this [illegible] Nelly, [illegible] and faithful old creature, were I able, I would release you from this den of villany, and would afford you a more peaceful asylum for the remainder of your days." Saying this, Mr. Howel calmly left the house, and pursued his way home, without condescending to think of the war, the *horribile bellum*, in which he had been engaged.

The terror which the fate of Jonas had spread throughout the servants, had prevented Mr. Huntingdon from executing his wish of detaining Howel, but he was firmly resolved to summon him before a magistrate.—The

broken mirror, chandelier, water ewer, and caudle cup so preyed upon his mercenary propensities, and wrought him to such a blind passion for revenge, that prudence and calculation were lost sight of, and a plan was arranged for convicting Mr. Howel of trespass, assault and battery.

The servants were called in and marshalled in rank, and memoranda taken of what each could swear to.—One swore, that as she entered, she saw her mistress sprawling on the floor, and Mr. Howel striding over her: another would swear that she heard her master accuse Mr. Howel of having knocked her mistress down, and that he did *not* deny it.—Mrs. Huntingdon herself would swear that she received from Mr. Howel a violent blow on the back of her head, which knocked her down and took away her senses. The blow given by Howel, between the nose and eyes of Jonas, could be sworn to by all the party; and as to the breaking of the glass, and commencing the affray, Mr. Huntingdon prudently kept to himself what he could or would swear to on the subject. The carriage was ordered to be got ready the next morning at ten, and the servants were to hold themselves in readi-

ness to accompany their master to the Mansion-house.

At ten the next morning, the carriage drove up to the door, and all the servants were in their best clothes for the occasion.

Old Huntingdon thought it safe and prudent to have a little rehearsal before he appeared in public, and therefore called the servants into the drawing-room, to question them *seriatim*, not as to what they could, but as to what they would swear to. All was extremely satisfactory, until he came to poor old Nelly, who confessed, that she had been peeping in at the window, and had seen the affray begin by her master's throwing the water ewer at Mr. Howel's head, and which, missing his head, had broken the looking-glass to pieces. "My mistress was knocked down," said Nelly, "as I was running round the house to get in by the kitchen door, so I can't say how the rest of the things were broken, or who struck my mistress."

This was extremely unfortunate, and old Mr. Huntingdon had to send every servant out of the room in order to *examine* Nelly in private. Nelly's early prejudices against "tak-

ing her bible oath to a lie, and selling her soul to the devil," were like all other prejudices, insuperable, and no sophistry could prevail against her notions upon the subject. The old creature's peeping through the window was a very unfortunate incident in the drama, but Huntingdon at last reflected, that there was no necessity for Nelly's appearance at all; it was, indeed, necessary that she should be left at home to take care of the house, and if she was subpœned on a future occasion by the other party, the thing could be managed by getting her out of the way.

The servants were therefore all ordered to their seats, and Mrs. Huntingdon was handed into the carriage.—Nothing was wanted to the cavalcade, but old Mr. Huntingdon, who was employed putting on his surtout, wrapping a shawl round his throat, and putting his fur shoes over his boots.—At length the reverend gentleman was equipped, and was waddling out of his drawing-room upon his crutches, with his clerk and footman on each side, when the coachman came up to him, and respectfully touching his hat, informed him that he had very good news to tell, for that

the workmen on the conservatory had seen the whole *row* from the beginning, and could give their bible oaths about it.

This was any thing but good news to Mr. Huntingdon, who saw that all his hopes of revenge were at once defeated; he thought, however, that before he gave up his scheme, he would correctly ascertain what the workmen had seen.—He therefore waddled back into his drawing-room, and taking the shawl from under his chin, placed himself in his arm-chair, with his reading table and bible before him, and then ordered the workmen to be introduced.—What was the reverend gentleman's dismay and latent rage when he saw seven of them enter. All hopes were now at an end,—three of them had seen the commencement of hostilities by the flight of the ewer from Mr. Huntingdon's hand towards Mr. Howel's head, two more had seen him throw the book which knocked down Mrs. Huntingdon; and all of them would depose, that Mr. Howel had struck nobody until Jonas had seized him by the throat.

Nothing is more easy in cases of this sort than to get rid of one or two witnesses; but

to dispose of seven, was a thing unknown in the annals of good management. Every thing hinged upon the commencement of the affray, but this commencement had been witnessed by three of the workmen. It was impossible to manage this fatal trio, for two very obvious reasons,—they had all confessed the nature of the affray to their fellow workmen, and two out of the three were members of a rival congregation, and would not favour a minister whom they "did not sit under."—Mr. Huntingdon was therefore obliged to dismiss his witnesses, and to come to the resolution of not taking the case before the magistracy, but the difficulty was, how to get rid of the journey to London, and to recall the servants from the various parts of the carriage without disclosing the real cause. With knitted brows and downcast looks did the reverend gentleman stand racking his brain for an excuse to cover his retreat from the plan he had so dexterously contrived, but all his ingenuity could furnish him with no adequate device.

In this dilemma, he heard the shrill angry tones of Mrs. Huntingdon calling to the footman from the carriage window,—"John, John,

do go and tell your master to come immediately; ask him why he keeps me so long waiting—it is shameful to be kept in the cold."

No sooner was the word "cold" out of Mrs. Huntingdon's mouth, than the Reverend Mr. Huntingdon rang both the drawing-room bells with the utmost heat and fury.—The footman came running into the room with trepidation, and scarcely was his head within the door, than his master vociferated, "Run, John, run, run immediately, call the servants, and tell your mistress for Heaven's sake to make haste out of the carriage, I have a violent fit of the gout coming on,—it is rising to my stomach."

The unexpected storming of a fort in the dead of night, never put a garrison more on the alert than the cry of gout did the household of the Rev. Mr. Huntingdon. As soon as this cry was uttered by the old gentleman in the present instance, it was passed with alacrity by the footman, from the footman to the clerk, and through every servant man, woman, and child, until, for about three minutes, gout, gout, gout, re-echoed from every part of the premises, and every thing was hurry, bustle, and confusion. Mrs. Hunting-

don got out of the carriage without ceremony or assistance, scarcely noticing a rent she gave her best gown; the women servants descended from behind and from before in the best way they could, one ran for the hot water, another for the sponge, another for the flannels, another for the fomentations, another for the hartshorn, and the house was in as much tribulation as if the gout had come in earnest. In the mean time, the reverend gentleman had thrown himself into the great arm chair, and with his handkerchief over his face, was making the most piteous moans. Mrs. Huntingdon was soon upon her knees with the basin of hot water and flannels, the servants were all around her with the apparatus, and the business of friction, of fomentation, and of swaddling was performed with ordinary alacrity, until the old man confessed that he "felt a little ease, and would endeavour to go to sleep." The carriage was put into the coach house, and no more was ever heard of the intended visit to the magistrate.

In the mean time Mr. Howel was reflecting in vain how to contrive his equipment for the appointment he was to receive in Mr. Hazard's counting-house. At length he thought he

had hit upon a notable scheme, and, on the third morning from his fracas at Hackney, he was proceeding to communicate his plans to Mr. Brown, when he was suddenly arrested in the street by a sheriff's officer, at the suit of Mr. Huntingdon, upon a note of hand for ten pounds, bearing interest at five per cent.

The officers employed upon such commissions, generally deport themselves according to the hints they receive of the description of the person with whom they are to deal. In this instance, Mr. Huntingdon had described Mr. Howel to his attorney in the blackest terms of villany, and the attorney having transmitted his cautions to the officer, this latter personage, afraid of violence, and of escape, and anticipating nothing but unwillingness or inability to *tip*, seized Mr. Howel with rudeness, and conducted himself with the utmost brutality and violence.

"I cannot," said the officer, "take you to any sponging house, I must take you to White-cross Street Prison, direct."

"I do not wish to go to any sponging house, I am not in a state to bear their extortion and plunder.—Our laws and customs

seem to inflict expenses upon men, in proportion to their inability to defray them."

"Laws are only meant for rogues, and there's nothing too hard for such folks, in my opinion."

"Such hardships tend to create, rather than to suppress roguery."

"There's no other way of dealing with such rogues as won't pay their fees like gentlemen."

"Can you not let me go to White-cross Street Prison, by the way of Bishopsgate Street, I wish to call upon some friends who will rescue me from this state of indignity?"

"You do, do you? I'm not quite such a fool as all that neither—Rescue you, indeed. —I was put up to that."

"You mistake me—I wish to call on Mr. Brown, the upholsterer, who will stand my bail."

"I know Mr. Brown very well."

"You will not then object to going that way?."

"Can you behave like a gentleman?"

"Friend, I have but one shilling in the world."

"Then don't friend me, I beg of you; I can't be walking all over London with those that can't afford to pay."

"It will not make a quarter of a mile's difference, to go round the way I propose."

"And I can't be walking quarters of a mile for nothing," said the officer, and the rest of the way to the jail was pursued by Mr. Howel in silence, and by his companion in a mood of merry carelessness, evinced by whistling the fragments of divers popular airs.

Arrived at the jail, Mr. Howel was not able to pay his fees, and was therefore subject to every species of insult, and inconvenience. In vain he expatiated upon the infamy of laws that enacted or permitted the extortion of money from persons under circumstances of such distress; in vain he talked to the prisoners upon the monstrous inconsistency of their despising or ridiculing poverty who were themselves so poor: he found that even the most destitute and wretched in a jail, had his taunt, his jest, and his triumph over a brother prisoner too poor to pay his jail fees.

Mr. Howel, with his last shilling, procured a messenger to take a note for him to his friend Mr. Brown, who with great humanity

returned to the jail with the bearer of the letter, in order to lose no time in releasing his friend. Arrived in the prison, Mr. Howel detailed to him the fracas at Hackney, and the debt for which he was in confinement. Pride, revenge, anger, caprice, or accident, will very frequently prompt to extraordinary generosity, men whom benevolence could never excite to a good action. Mr. Brown, whose charity a few nights ago extended only to the supplying of his friend with an old coat, was now roused to a mixture of feelings which were likely to prove very favourable to the prisoner. He swore at Mr. Huntingdon with all the energy of real feeling, and vowed that, " the old miscreant should be defeated in his schemes of oppressing a fellow creature." He instantly left the prison, in order to proceed in quest of Mr. M'Phail to assist him in bailing his friend. In a few hours Mr. Brown and Mr. M'Phail arrived at the jail, and Mr. Howel, by their arrangement, was set at liberty. Mr. Howel proceeded to supper at the house of the honest Scotchman, who informed him that Brown had discharged the note of hand with the attorney's bill, and that he intended to produce these documents in order to convince

some of his friends, the followers of Huntingdon, what a hard-hearted hypocrite their minister was. When Mr. Huntingdon learnt that within eight hours of Mr. Howel's arrest, his debt was discharged, and his victim released, his fury knew no bounds. He had feasted his imagination with the vision of Howel's pining in jail in the utmost state of poverty; but the very letter from the attorney that informed him of the arrest of his debtor—also informed him that the payment of the bill and costs had removed the object of his revenge effectually from further molestation. The only consolation he had was, to infer from this immediate discharge of the note of hand, that Howel was a consummate scoundrel, who had been borrowing and begging whilst he had funds at his disposal, and which funds, he trusted, this demand would cripple or exhaust.

Mr. Brown vainly imagined, that by exposing the whole transaction in its native deformity, he should detach many of Mr. Huntingdon's *hearers* from his congregation; he little knew that an attempt to open the eyes of a devotee to the follies of his creed, or to the crimes of his priest, is like attempting to

stop a stream of fire by the interposition of a wall of flax or rosin.

Mr. Howel was astonished at M'Phail's putting into his hands, thirty-five pounds in bank notes. "Take it, Sir, take it, Mr. Hooeel," said the Scotchman, "it is only your ain property back again. When you sent me the thirty-twa poonds in your anoneemoos letters, you were rich and I was poor; and now, the tables are turned, as the saying is, your charity was the saving of me, and the making of my fortune, and I repay it with a grateful heart."

Mr. Howel would have persuaded M'Phail to take at least one half of the money back, but the honest-hearted fellow positively refused, adding, "I can well afford to pay it now, it was only getting Sawney Whiteman's bill discoonted before it was due, and that was no great loss of interest; besides," continued M'Phail, "how well I ken that money coming in dribblets does na good at aw, but paid in one sum, it enables a mon to set himself right in the world, and to go on comfortably with his business."

This latter observation was certainly verified in the present instance, for Mr. Howel

procured himself the necessaries of apparel, and some of the more humble decencies of life, so that he entered upon his new employment with his mind unembarrassed by any arrears of debts, or mortgage upon his salary.

"I entered upon my new employment," said Mr. Howel, "with a heart rendered callous to every thing but actual pain or positive dishonour. Hopeless of enjoyment, I became indifferent to the evils of life, and I sunk into a state of merely animal existence. What I had seen of man, had made me misanthropic, and with the exception of an attachment to M'Phail, I was a being in the world without human sympathies. I became so morosely hostile to my fellow creatures, that, out of mere hate to mankind, I could perform any act that did not bring before me individual sufferings, with which my heart was always affected. I seldom spoke but in answer to questions, and my replies were always laconic, sententious, and austere—I appeared always in thought, but my reflections had neither depth, variety, nor extent.

"I found my master what is commonly called a man of the world. He was extremely diminutive, with a fair complexion, high bald fore-

head, acquiline nose, thin lips, a long chin, and hollow cheeks. He wore powder, and had on, at all times of the day, light full dress knee breeches, with white silk stockings, tightly drawn over two legs, as thin and shapeless as the rulers of his own desk. Sharply pointed shoes, highly polished, with large gold buckles completed his beauish attire. His motion was a perpetual jump, and he had a quick, snappish manner of speaking, every sentence being accompanied by thrusting his face into that of his auditor, or by a quick motion of the head which generally brought into action a little well powdered pig-tail, and which he was perpetually replacing on the collar of his coat.

"My duties were of the most humble class. I had every morning to light the fires of Mr. Hazard's room and of the office, both of which I had also to sweep and dust. I had to remain in the office the whole of the day, to answer interrogatories if the clerks should be out upon business; and, finally, after the clerks had gone for the day, it was my duty to remain, until Mr. Hazard himself should leave the city, when I shut up the premises, and retired to my solitary home, unless Mr. Hazard

should leave me any letters to carry to their places of address. For these duties I was regularly paid one guinea on each Saturday night. My mind did occasionally revolt at the meanness and drudgery of my occupations, but this feeling was very transient, and the general tenour of my sensations was that of sluggish indifference to all things,—I had no hope to stimulate me. I saw that whatever was my conduct, I was doomed to pass the remainder of my days a humble drudge on a weekly wages. I had nobody to converse with, the class of persons amongst whom my misfortunes had thrown me, were ignorant and incapable of enlightened conversation—this is the great evil of the high-minded and intellectual who are reduced to poverty.

"After having continued in my employment for two years, a very singular and unexpected incident befell me, an incident which would have contributed to the happiness of any other man than myself in similar circumstances of poverty.

"It appeared that poor Nelly Hearn had been confined to her bed for some time by debility, and a paralytic stroke. The apothecary had

assured Mr. Huntingdon that she could not possibly live for many weeks, and Mr. Huntingdon had accordingly taken his measures upon this joyful and long wished for intelligence. He had prayed incessantly with the poor old creature, taking care that every prayer should be calculated to mould the dying Nelly to his purpose. Not a day passed that he did not question Nelly about the disposal of her property, and expatiate upon the efficacy to salvation of leaving the property at his disposal, to distribute amongst the poor and godly, according to his discretion. To these entreaties, Nelly always replied, that she never would make her will until the last moment; and although Mr. Huntingdon preached for hours upon the folly and danger of putting off repentance, Nelly could not, or would not draw the inference, of the folly of putting off will-making. She often said, that she was not going to die yet, an assertion which seemed prophetic; for she had already lived six times as long as the apothecary had predicted, and seemed not to have made any sensible progress upon her journey to Heaven. Mr. Huntingdon's patience was quite exhausted, and as he would not allow the poor

creature any fire, he came down one day from his long prayer, with his teeth chattering in his head from cold, and upon his wife's asking him how Nelly Hearn was, he replied, 'confound it, these dry, sinewy women live for ever,' an opinion which made Mrs. Huntingdon look at herself in the glass, and ejaculate, 'the Lord be praised.'

"Poor Nelly lay pining in bed and experiencing all the wretchedness of the

> 'One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
> Its deep shade alike on our joys and our woes'——

of that one fatal remembrance which for years had haunted her, and which now alone occupied all her worldly thoughts. She had evidently something preying upon her mind, which she would not divulge. One day Mr. Huntingdon, after wearying her with a long prayer, felt a touch of pity at her exhausted and dejected state. He asked her if she had any wish on earth left ungratified. A large tear stood glistening in her eye, and presently trickled down her withered cheek, 'it is pleasant,' said she, with a feeble voice, 'it is pleasant ere we die, to see those we have loved from their childhood.—I should die

much happier, could I but shake hands with Mr. Howel.' At this expression; Mr. Huntingdon lost all command of himself, he abused Howel as the vilest of rascals, and declared that not to save a thousand lives should such a villain enter his doors. He imputed such a desire only to the workings of the carnal devil within her, and which he would again pray might be more effectually removed. She then begged with great humility, that she might be allowed only to shake hands with her old fellow servant, M'Phail, but Mr. Huntingdon, dreading lest this desire should have some relation to the disposal of her property, exhorted her in the most pious terms, to 'set her affections upon things above.'"

The contrast of death, and the full enjoyment of health, is so great, that persons in the summer or autumn of life, generally contemplate their dissolution, as an event replete with horrors, which no fortitude can support; but those who are familiar with sickness, or decrepitude and their consequences, well know, that the state which prepares the body for dissolution, almost always produces an indifference, or an insensibility to the approaching crisis. This truth was exemplified in the

case of Nelly, who had been so full of the horrors of death, that she had put up with every species of insult and injury from Mr. Huntingdon, merely that she might live with a clergyman, who could be at hand to pray her soul into heaven when she died. In proportion, however, to the approach of the crisis, she became less anxious and less terrified, and Mr. Huntingdon, to his astonishment, saw his influence gradually decrease, at the approach of that which he had thought would have made it absolute. In spite of all his stimulants to terror, the feelings of justice and pity continued in her heart, nature asserted her rights, and her early attachments could not be perverted even by the enthusiasm of religion.

After her request to see Mr. Howel had been so violently treated, it occurred that the footman came into the room, as he often did, to know if he could procure her any thing from the neighbourhood, for Mr. Huntingdon allowed her scarcely common sustenance.

"Would you, John, do a kindness to a poor dying Christian and fellow servant, I would ask a favour of you, and trust you with a secret which lies so heavy on my heart." John swore

by his bible oath, that he would go through fire and water to serve any dying Christian, and upon which Nelly implored him, that he should let Mr. M'Phail know how much she wanted to say a few words to him before she died. John readily undertook to perform this service, and to introduce Mr. M'Phail into her room when Mr. Huntingdon should be out of the way. The lad was prompted to this undertaking by two very opposite motives, first by Nelly's solemn promise that she would pray for him in the other world, and secondly, by the recollection of the hard work and bad pay, and worse fare he had received at the hands of his master.

After Nelly had received this assurance from John, she felt herself comparatively calm, and upon Mr. Huntingdon's coming to his nightly devotions, he found her in so submissive a tone, that he conceived his object gained, and had no doubt of being able to persuade her on the ensuing day, to leave her property at his disposal, for pious purposes.

M'Phail conceiving that Nelly's wish to see him, might have relation to the disposal of her property in favour of Mr. Howel, and having a superstitious regard to the wishes of

the dying, did not fail to obey the summons, and the next morning at six o'clock, he met Mr. Huntingdon's footman at a place agreed upon, and was introduced into the sick woman's chamber.

Nelly's eyes at the sight of M'Phail did not sparkle with joy, but they rolled with a diseased appearance of pain and anxiety. M'Phail took her hand, and began to speak comfort to her, but Nelly raising her body upon her old withered arm, looked fearfully round the room.

"Sawney, there is no time to be lost, master will be coming to prayers and detect us, will you do a kind act to a dying Christian?"

"Faith, Mrs. Nelly, Christian or not Christian makes na sort of difference to me, I will do a good turn by any dying fellow creature, be he Christian or Turk — Christian is as Christian does with me."

"Sawney, Sawney, don't speak such blasphemy."

"Ah hoot—that's aw the hoomboog that the auld sinner Hoontingdon tells you."

"But Sawney, you have always had a regard for your poor young master, Mr. Howel."

"And you may weel say that, Mrs. Nelly

"Will you do him a service, and swear to me to be true on your bible oath."

"Faith, Mrs. Nelly, to comfort you, I'll take any oath you please, but to a dying body, a mere word is as sacred as any oath."——

"Then, Sawney, I charge you, with my last breath, to deliver this letter to your poor young master, and to nobody else," said Nelly, taking from within the bosom of a flannel shift, a warm and rumpled letter which had evidently been concealed there a long time.

"And I swear on the word of an honest man, that old Beelzebub and a host of devils, should not make me give up this letter to any body but to Mr. Hooeel's ain sel."

"Be faithful, Sawney; and beware of Mr. Huntingdon."

"Mrs. Nelly, you've remembered in this letter I trust, that you lived twelve lang years at Mr. Hooeel's expense, and that he made you reech gifts."

Poor Nelly looked assent, but what answer she might have made, was lost to the chronicler, for at that moment entered the room, Mr. Huntingdon in *propriâ personâ* followed by the attorney's clerk, with all things requisite for making Nelly's will. The sur-

prise of Mr. Huntingdon at seeing the room occupied by M'Phail exceeded all description, but the surprise was quickly changed into suspicion, fear, and rage, when he beheld the said M'Phail, holding between his thumb and finger upon his knee, the letter which Nelly Hearn had just delivered to him. The guilty conscience will suspect, and the suspicion of the truth now flashed across the mind of Mr. Huntingdon. M'Phail was hurrying the letter into an inside pocket in the breast of his coat, which increased the suspicions of the parson, who, with the utmost rage, exclaimed, " where got you that letter, Sir, which you are putting in your pocket?"

" Faith, Sir, I am putting no letter in my pocket."

" You sinful wretch, how dare you tell such a lie, with death before your eyes—do you not remember the fate of Annania and Saphira."

" Mr. Hoontingdon, I remember more than some folk would weesh me to remember, it was na lie at aw; when I spoke, I was putting na letter in my pockeet, it was already in."

" That pitiful quibble shall not save you, Sirrah—whom does that letter belong to?"

"It is in my safe coostody, and that's enow."

"It is directed to Mr. Howel."

"And how the deuce did you learn that?" said the incautious Scotchman.

"I insist upon your giving me that letter, it is mine, Sir, what right have you to take any thing from my house?"

"If the Lord Chancellor himsel was to tell me to give it to you, I would not obey him, nor the King himself, nor even——."

"Let me only look at it, for a minute."

"Sawney, if you let that letter out of your hands, my ghost shall haunt you, to the end of your life," said Nelly, with a shrill screech.

"Don't fear, don't fear, honest wee body, not all the pooder and shot of the forty-twa regiment, should get that wee bit of paper from Sawney M'Phail."

"Wretch," cried Huntingdon, shaking poor Nelly violently by the shoulder, "do you play double with your minister, even in your last moments?"

"Haud off your hands, you wicked auld son of the devil, you'll shake the breath out of the poor old body of the wee thing," said M'Phail, wrenching the arm of Huntingdon

from Nelly's shoulder, and thrusting the man some yards from the bed.

" Let me whisper something of comfort to you Mrs. Nelly," said M'Phail, taking hold of her little shrivelled hand, and putting his knee on the bed, that he might more conveniently apply his lips to her ear.

M'Phail whispered for about three minutes, looking anxiously at Huntingdon and at the clerk, lest they should overhear what he was saying.

Nelly made no reply, and M'Phail looking in her face for an answer, hastened off the bed with terror, exclaiming, " the auld creature's dead, and I've been whispering aw this time to a corpse."

" Dead," cried Huntingdon,—" damnation," and he hurried out of the room, followed by the lawyer."

" Damnation, old Belzebub,—that's a pretty word to say in the presence of a dead body, when her spirit had hardly got out of the room, and might, for what you know, carry the word upon her lips into the other world, and tell it against your sinfool soul." M'Phail stood with horror as he uttered this sentiment, and presently turning to the corpse of

Nelly, soliloquized over it for some minutes, when suddenly recollecting that he was in the room alone with a dead body, his superstitious fears seized him, and he hurried out of the chamber with the utmost trepidation.

As he was descending the stair-case, he was met by Jonas, who informed him, that before he went, the Reverend Mr. Huntingdon wished to see him in the drawing-room.

Mr. Huntingdon had left the chamber of Nelly in the most furious passion, and his humour had not cooled by his passage down the stairs, for he was o'er-boiling with rage as he burst into his own bed-chamber, to the great alarm of his wife, who, in her flannel bed-gown, was kneeling upon a stool before her dressing-table, having been at prayers in the cold, until her nose and cheeks had become livid, and her teeth too unsteady to admit of articulation. She got up in sore displeasure at this alarming *entré*, and abused her husband with equal virulence and volubility, for having interrupted her devotions, in the midst of the favorite prayer of her own composing.

Mr. Huntingdon, however, regardless of her *tirade*, acquainted the pious virago with the death of Nelly, and of her having gone to the

other world, without disposing of her property in his favour. If this sad intelligence put an end to the lady's fury upon the subject of devotion, it excited an equal warmth upon another subject,—the loss of Nelly's property, and she straightway opened the flood-gates of her wrath, to pour forth a torrent of abuse upon the devoted head of her husband, for his stupidity in allowing Nelly to die, without securing her property. After a long and fierce conflict, in which every vile epithet of our vulgar tongue was iterated and reiterated almost *ad infinitum*, exhaustion produced that species of unwilling truce, which poet describes as

> ——————"worser far
> Than arms, a sullen interval of war."

But the truce, in this instance, led only to a little skirmishing and bush fighting, after which the parties came to a mutual determination, that "if Providence had ordained that all their support of the old hag for so many years should be for nothing, next to the pleasure of enjoying the legacy themselves, would be the satisfaction of preventing Mr. Howel's enjoyment of it." For this purpose, Mr. Hun-

tingdon had sent for M'Phail into the drawing-room, resolving to gain by manœuvre, the object which he could not accomplish by force, —or, in other words, to trick Mr. M'Phail out of his sacred deposit.—For this purpose Mr. Huntingdon had sent for M'Phail into the drawing-room, and who, upon entering the room, in spite of his abhorrence of the parson, was awed into decorum, by the splendour of the objects that surrounded him. Mr. Huntingdon invited him to sit down, and during a long conversation about his prospects, his children, and similar topics, kept plying him with glasses of brandy, to keep the cold out of his stomach in so raw a morning, and at length concluded, by inviting him to dine that day with the servants in the kitchen.

This invitation was accepted, and honest M'Phail sat down to dinner off a round of boiled beef, with suet dumplings, and home-brewed ale, and of which he gave ample proofs of being very fond. After dinner, John, the footman, and the coachman commenced drinking his health in the home-brewed, and the Scotchman was not at all shy at his glass.—In short, it seemed to be a regular drunken

party, until at length the footman began to let his tongue run in the most indiscreet and voluble manner, and at last exposed, "that "Master had told Jonas not to let the Scotch rascal go away sober, for he intended ——"

M'Phail was what is called a "little sprung," and insisted upon hearing the conclusion of the sentence, but during the dispute which arose upon the subject, the footman, whilst standing up to offer to fight, fell his full length on the floor, and rolling under the table, fell fast asleep, and was soon forgotten.

Drinking was resumed, and when M'Phail presently insisted upon going, Jonas pulled out a bottle of whiskey, a liquor which never failed to make honest Sawney, under any circumstances, drink a glass to the honour of Scotland. In a very short time the coachman staggered out of the room "dead drunk," and the field of contest was left to M'Phail and the huge, heavy Jonas. But although Jonas, in his trade of grave-digging, had acquired a habit of drinking to an excess, beyond the possibility of belief, yet his sodden carcass had been accustomed only to ale, or porter, or gin, and sometimes to rum, and it now appeared evident that the whiskey by no

means contributed to the stability of his intellect. The Scotchman, on the contrary, who had appeared more than "half seas over" when the whiskey was introduced, seemed inclined to verify the old saying, that "drinking only sobers us again," and it seemed impossible to stimulate his sinewy frame beyond the point called tipsy.

During the whole carousal, Sawney had kept his mind alive to the designs that were in play to dispossess him of his letter. Although he had the reproach of being what is vulgarly called a sceptic, or an infidel, yet he had retained sufficient of the prejudices of his national education to have a firm belief in ghosts, and in their power to haunt and torment the living. Nelly had threatened, that if he did not deliver the letter safely, her ghost should haunt him until he died, and this threat had made him more cautious to his trust, than even his love of Mr. Hooeel, or his hatred of Mr. Huntingdon. When, therefore, drunken Jonas asked him "just to let him look at that there letter," Sawney told him that "he would see him domned first, and that if he asked him again he should conseeder it a personal insult."—

"Poo, poo," said Jonas, "let us see it a bit, man, I'll give it you again," and he put his clumsy, herculean arm across the table to take it out of the Scotchman's pocket. At this Sawney fetched him a full right-handed blow in his muscular cheek, which sent him backwards off the bench upon the floor, from which he had not strength to rise. In fact, there was no man in the house at all capable of "sowing Sawney up" at a drinking bout, except the parson himself, and it was beneath that gentleman's dignity to have a bout with a man so low.

M'Phail laughing at his victory over the enemy, was standing up, or rather staggering, and buttoning his coat in preparation for his departure, when Mr. Huntingdon, who had been long anxiously waiting for Sawney's drunkenness, and the capture of the letter, came smirking into the servant's hall. Seeing his coachman and the doughty grave-digger sprawling, and snoring on the floor, he instantly inferred the failure of his project, and, in the bitterness of his heart, he cursed the liquor proof stomach of the Scotchman. As a *dernier resort*, however, he accosted Sawney with a fawning and insinuating address.

"You are not going, Mr. M'Phail, it is quite early yet."

"And so much the better, Sir, for I've the de'el's ain road to go to-night."

"Come, come, Mr. M'Phail, sit you down, I'll have a glass with you myself.—Some excellent brandy."

"No, Mr. Huntingdon, I am not at aw a match for you in the drinking way,—but nevertheless, liquor is liquor, and fair play, I would have a boot with ye ony day, you paying for the stuff."

"But, sit down now, and have one glass,—only one glass."

"After having drunk under the table your three louts, and being, as a body may say, three-fourths drunk mysel, I should be a domned fool to sit down to drink with you who are quite fresh,—that's not fair, my auld boy,—so my little fat gentleman, good night,—and besides, I have this preecious letter to take care of,—so good night to you, you old rogue," said M'Phail, walking out of the house, and steadying himself as he went along with his oaken cudgel.

Mr. Huntingdon was obliged to follow him with a candle, that he might do no mischief,

and in addition to his mortification of seeing all his schemes upon the letter defeated, he was annoyed as he followed M'Phail, to hear him muttering and stammering as he went, " he is a domned rascal, that same Mr. Hoontingdon, but I must confess his liquor is excellent,—ne'er tasted better ale in aw my life —and his whiskey is very good,—if he was'nt such a rogue I'd call very often."

M'Phail reached his house at a very late hour, but except a battered hat, and a dirty coat, which he had received by rolling once or twice in the kennel, he had experienced no injury whatever from his journey.

" The next day," said Mr. Howel, " honest M'Phail took me home to tea with him, and after tea he put the letter into my hands. He had not informed me of what I was to expect, and my surprise was great when I opened this rumpled letter, sealed with the top of a thimble, I read as follows :"—

" It is my dying wish, that my yung master, Mr. Howel, shoode have al the sicks hundrid punds that my old master, Mr. Roberts left me in the bank, with all that Mr. Jones has sense bort for me into the bank, making £1193 4*s*. 6*d*.—and I wish that Mr. Howel shood

have it al, and Mr. Huntingdon or no body else shood have nun.—This here is my wish.

Nelly Hearn."

Enclosed in the letter was a stock receipt for £2437 in the three per cent consols.

" I received this accession of fortune with frigid indifference; it excited in me no emotions but those of attachment to the memory of the old servant; it made no alteration in my habits or plans, except that I adopted the eldest child of M'Phail, and took upon myself the charge of its education and support. My heart began to be fond of this little boy, and I used to spend almost every evening at M'Phail's, for the pleasure of caressing it. One evening, returning as usual, I found myself bereft of this object of my care by a horrible accident, that had occurred in the morning.

" It appeared that the servant with a char woman had been washing the family linen in the back kitchen, and that both of them had retired to the front of the house in the middle of the day to dine.—In the mean time the child, for some object of play, had got from the parlour into the back kitchen, when mounting a little stool to look into the boiling cop-

per, the stool slipped from under him, and he fell with his head downwards into the boiling water. It appeared that he had given one screech in his fall, but with that brutal insensibility to surrounding objects peculiar to domestic servants, neither of the women had heard or at least had heeded it, and when in the space of an hour, they returned to their work, the first object they beheld on entering the kitchen, was the feet of the child over the edge of the copper.

"This one accident produced an ill state of health in the mother, which ended in a typhus fever which she communicated to the second child, and both were buried in one grave. The third and last child did not survive long, and M'Phail from a broken heart was so incompetent to business, that ruin pursued him in every undertaking, and he was an equal participator in my little income to the day of his death.

"For six years I continued in the service of Mr. Hazard, the stock broker, and of all periods of my existence, this is the most painful to recollect. To a mind ardent and enlarged, with a spirit and a pride extending to the height of society, the humble routine of an office,

without hope or expectation beyond a certain limited point, is of all states of existence the most replete, at least with negative misery. For six years I was the mere mechanical drudge of this office, during all which period I could never stimulate myself to any one praiseworthy pursuit; I was a sullen, morose, cold-hearted being, hating my species in the aggregate, disgusted at the success of every man in his pursuits, and at length scarcely capable of emotion at any individual sufferings.

"I have said that it was my duty to remain in my office, after the clerks had left the city, and not to go home until my master himself had retired, when I had to put out the fires and shut up the premises. For the first five years of my service, Mr. Hazard had, scarcely with a single exception, left his office every day, an hour before his clerks. Latterly, I observed he used frequently to stay much later, and on these occasions, I found that about an hour after the retiring of the clerks, he was always visited by a stranger.

"There was something mysterious in this man's manner, and I observed, the first five or six visits he paid, he always cast at me a glance

which had, I thought, a peculiarly bad expression in it. I overheard him one day, through the pannel that separated the office from my master's parlour, ask Mr. Hazard who I was, and I could distinctly catch the reply, "never mind him, he's nobody,—only my office servant.

"This stranger was a tall dark man, with immense eye-brows, and his manner was so pompous, cold, and mechanical, that I took a peculiar dislike to him. There was in his manner a mixture of obsequious and watchful attention, and at the same time a haughtiness of deportment indicating either pride of nature with servile station, or high station with the memory of base descent, or of early habits of servitude.

"One evening I was sitting pensively on the edge of a chair, with my shoulders resting against its back, my legs extended to their utmost, and my hands thrust into my waistcoat pockets, when the mysterious stranger entered the office in his usual quiet manner, and looking round him with a cautious glance, he proceeded into Mr. Hazard's back parlour. It was singular that this person, whoever he was, never once called in Threadneedle Street

when Mr. Hazard was out, and never asked for Mr. Hazard when he did call, but he always walked through the office into the parlour, as if confident of finding my master in his room. No clerk in the office had ever seen him, and as I scarcely ever exchanged a word with any of the clerks, I had never mentioned his visits to any body. One Sunday, by mere accident, I had seen this same face, with that of another person unknown to me, in an Earl's carriage driving rapidly into St. James's Park from Piccadilly, but the circumstance excited in me little curiosity and no suspicion.

"But, to return to this particular visit,—no sooner was the stranger entered in the back parlour, than Mr. Hazard put his head out of the door, and telling me to admit nobody, he softly latched the door of his room, and I continued in my former posture in the chair, with my head leaning against the wainscot pannel which separated the office from the shop.

"In this position I heard every word that passed between the stranger and Mr. Hazard, and my abhorrence of the meanness of listening, would have prompted me at once to inform the parties that they must speak in a lower tone, but the first two sentences utter-

ed, had put me into possession of so momentous a secret, that I was confounded by the danger of exposing that I knew so much, and I hesitated so long what to do, that I had heard the whole substance of the conversation without resolving to do any thing. After the departure of the stranger, I still debated in my mind whether I would not ingenuously inform Mr. Hazard of all I had heard; but I reflected that for a poor and unfriended man to inform the powerful that he is a master of their fate by a knowledge of their villany, would surely lead to the ruin of the informant. I thought at one time of divulging to the world what I had heard, in order to protect the unwary from the diabolical machinations of these two confidants, but I asked myself, 'when did any poor man accuse a person wealthy, titled, and in authority, without having all the world to defame, and nobody to believe him.' The servile baseness of mankind, read in every volume of history, and in every page of life, prevented my serving my fellow-creatures, and it was this truth alone, which first suggested to me the turning of my knowledge to my own personal advantage. No

sooner did this idea rush into my brain, than my mind became frenzied with visions of wealth, and of magnificence. Not the raising of Lazarus from death to life, produced a more sudden and entire change in that individual, than was wrought in me by this one idea. So exclusively was my whole soul possessed by it, that all other feelings, all humanity, and even common honesty were exiled from my head and heart, and I became perfectly spell-bound to the frenzy of avarice, and the lust of wealth.

"The conversation I had overheard, had put me into possession of the important secret, that two of the nobility were conjointly engaged in the most extensive schemes of stock-jobbing, and that the tall stranger was their confidant, entrusted to convey instructions to Mr. Hazard as an agent. The necessity of making himself known to Mr. Hazard as a man of sufficient responsibility to engage in such vast speculations, and the danger of his being traced by accident to be in connexion with the his employers, had induced this stranger to make Mr. Hazard acquainted with his secret; the opportunity which this secret afforded

Mr. Hazard of making immense wealth, was a sufficient security for his fidelity and discretion.

"I had encreased my £2437 pounds to more than £3000 in the three per cents., the next day I sold out this sum for upwards of £2000, and asking Mr. Hazard, for an hour's leave of absence (the first time I had been absent during my servitude,) I repaired to those advertising stock brokers, and successively convincing each that I possessed two thousand pounds in a banker's hands, I desired each of them, unknown to the other, to purchase me largely for the present account. Settling day was only a fortnight off, and directly after my purchase, the funds began to rise in the most unexpected manner. At each rise I made new purchases with all these brokers, and in that one settling day, I made nearly six and twenty thousand pounds.

"I had been so thoroughly immured in my master's office for six years, that I was unknown in the city—no person had scarcely seen me there. I now employed no less than seven brokers, and with each of whom I carried on the most extensive speculations. I assumed different names, and resorted to other expe-

dients which effectually prevented the one stock broker suspecting that I was speculating with the other. This was not difficult to do, for I appeared very little in the business, my only tact was to follow specifically the directions which I overheard the stranger deliver to Mr. Hazard. I did not, however, follow these directions in degree, for I generally doubled the amount of his sales or purchases. Several times I was rather perplexed by my imperfectly hearing the conversation of these two worthies, but I at last remedied this inconvenience by boring a hole through the wainscot immediately under the large, old fashioned moulding, the projection of which concealed the aperture from observation, whilst, by the application of my ear, I could distinctly hear every syllable that past. I was soon worth more than a hundred thousand pounds.

"But the most precarious time for stock jobbers is in the spring, just before the exposure of the finance schemes for the ensuing year. On this occasion, the great city capitalists, including Jew and Christian, were speculating upon the data of the government requiring a loan. Capital was so superabundant in the city, the government could borrow

on such unprecedentedly advantageous terms, and in every rational view, both of the state of the money market, and of the interests of the government and of the country, no doubt existed, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would require a loan. The funds therefore were falling, and sales took place to an unusually large amount.

"At this period the stranger arrived at my master's office, and laconically instructed him to purchase an immense sum, in three transactions upon three following days. I followed my usual course of treading in Mr. Hazard's foot-steps, merely doubling the amount of his purchases.

"At length the ways and means, and the budget were detailed in the House of Commons, and, instead of raising the supplies by a loan, the Chancellor of the Exchequer resorted to other expedients of finance.

"Men began to whisper in the city, that two great characters were engaged in stock-jobbing, and many of the public papers set forth some broad hints and cogent reasonings upon the subject.

"At length the Continent was thrown into a state of excitement and uncertainty, by differences between the courts of St. Cloud and

Vienna, and which of course had the ordinary effects upon the English funds, and, with those effects, produced a corresponding spirit of speculation in the city of London. It was the firm belief of all, that war was inevitable, and this opinion was confirmed by the collection of large forces upon the southern frontier of France, and by the appointment of a member of the royal family to command them. The funds fell considerably upon these appearances, and commerce was much at a stand. The ministers were pressed in parliament to declare the intentions of this hostile armament on the part of France, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the absence of the Secretary of State, declared that the British government had received the most pacific assurances from his most Christian Majesty, and with which he and his colleagues were perfectly satisfied. This declaration, in two days, raised the funds nearly five per cent, to the ruin of many hundreds. In a few days more, to the astonishment of every body, news arrived, that the prime minister of France had arrived in Paris from the German capital, having broken off all negociations, and declared war against the emperor. This news immediately following

the declaration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, violently affected the stock market, to the ruin of many hundred speculators.

"But, in a few days, news arrived, that his most Christian Majesty, so far from approving of the conduct of his minister, had, immediately upon his arrival in the French capital, dismissed him from all employment, and had moreover set forth a manifesto, most solemnly disavowing any intention of hostilities, and declaring, on his royal faith, that his army on the Rhine was not assembled for any purposes of hostility.

"At the same time, the First Lord of the English Treasury, declared in the House of Peers, that he saw no chance whatever of the peace of Europe being seriously disturbed. Many thought the declaration of the English premier rather obscure, confused, and equivocal, but it was observed that this nobleman's declarations were always obscure, and that his present speech was at least equally clear with any he had ever uttered.

"The French declaration, with that of the English First Lord of the Treasury, set all doubts upon the question entirely at rest, and had an immediate effect in raising the price

of all government securities to an unprecedented height.

"These speeches and declarations completely confounded me, for the day before the First Lord of the Treasury made his solemn assurances to the country, in the House of Peers, the long absent stranger made his appearance at Mr. Hazard's in Threadneedle Street, and directly the speech in the House of Lords had had its full effect in raising the funds, Mr. Hazard sold to an enormous amount. Independently of this transaction, the stranger had given orders to Mr. Hazard to invest very large sums of money in the purchase of India stock, bonds, and other East India securities.

"In all these sales and purchases, I followed the directions of the stranger, and the example of Mr. Hazard, and in a few days after my bargains, to the astonishment of every body, news arrived of a peace in India, and of the actual commencement of hostilities on the part of France against the emperor.

"The funds fell at a tangent, and continued for several days to get lower and lower, until Mr. Hazard, and, after him, myself, concluded these transactions; and the wealth I had now acquired was so immense, that the amount

seemed infinite when compared with the wretchedness of my finances when I entered Mr. Hazard's office.

" Avarice, however, is really insatiable, and I should have proceeded in my speculations *ad infinitum*, but directly after these events, the Chancellor of the Exchequer retired from office upon a large pension, and with an earldom. Immediately upon his retreat from public life, he purchased an immense estate, and commenced a series of improvements upon a scale of great extent and magnificence.

" The stranger at an interview with Mr. Hazard, for the settlement of the account of these vast speculations, was informed of the rumours in the city, and they threw him into the utmost state of alarm. He declared that his masters did not intend to, what he called, speculate, any more—but that if they did, he must agree upon some plan of communication by ciphers.

" Finding my master's occupation gone, at least for all purposes of advantage to myself, I resolved to quit his service. The next day I took an opportunity of communicating to him my resolution in private. He expressed his regret at losing me, and assured me that

for my long and faithful services, and general good conduct, he would raise my wages from twenty-one to twenty-five shillings a week. I declined the offer, and he expressed himself so desirous of having a prudent, discreet, and silent person about the premises for a short time longer, that he would give me thirty shillings a week—" what can you hope for better," said he—" you are a respectable looking man, but a person so ignorant and stupid as yourself, will be a long time before he can meet with such an offer." I smiled, and thanked him for his proposal, but declined accepting it, until at last he offered me a yearly salary of £130. 'Heavens, Sir,' said I to him, 'is it possible that you have for seven years been so unjust as to take for fifty guineas a year, services which you acknowledge to be worth almost treble that amount.' 'My business is to get my goods as cheap as I can, and if you did not know the real value of your labour, it was not for me to tell you.' Dryly saying this, he paid me my weekly wages of a guinea, and made me a present of an old coat and a guinea at my departure. I took the old coat as an invaluable gift that would in future remind me of the

vicissitudes of my life; the guinea I accepted from the extreme absurdity of the gift under my then circumstances. Shortly after, however, Mr. Hazard sold his business, and retired from the Stock Exchange, with the reputation of having made, in the space of thirty years, nearly half a million of money. If the sum had been exaggerated as much as the period, Mr. Hazard would not have been very rich!

"My mind could scarcely contemplate with sanity, the immense amount of my riches. I sometimes for a moment thought of the horrid means by which they were acquired, but I was too completely in a vortex of visionary schemes, to allow such moral reflections to disturb me for any length of time. I moreover consoled myself by reflecting, that it would be impossible for me to make restitution to the individuals of whom I had won my money, that others had done the same as myself, and that, by the future disposal of my income, I might make some amends for the manner in which it had been acquired—My chief sophistry, however, was upon the excellent characters for purity and religion, of both the mi-

nisters who had set the example which I had only followed.

"I might have inferred that Providence was by no means unfavourable to my career, for, independently of my success in stock jobbing, I now received an increase to my wealth, as extraordinary and as unexpected, as it was unnecessary and almost unwelcome.

"It appears that about three weeks after Nelly's death, Mrs. Huntingdon going to chapel in a remarkably raw day, remained to receive the sacrament, and the chapel being chilled by the previous departure of the bulk of the congregation, the old lady caught a cold which, in three days, terminated her existence. The lamentations of Mr. Huntingdon upon this catastrophe, were so piteous and loud, that his affliction would have been deemed by his congregation and his friends, unexampled both in degree and duration, but for the unlucky circumstances of "his hurrying with most unrighteous haste" into his third and last marriage, ere the shoes were old with which he followed the second Mrs. Huntingdon to the grave. Certain it is, that he gave a very delicate mark of attention to

the wishes of his deceased wife, for the old lady had attributed her death to kneeling so long at the altar upon a wet and dirty hassoc which, she said, "had at once ruined her new plum coloured silk pelisse, and had given her cold in her knees." Now it was the duty of Jonas to take care of the hassoc of his mistress, and she, knowing that her husband's prayers were almost interminable, had given him special directions upon the subject. Nothing could persuade Mrs. Huntingdon that her illness was not owing to the wet hassoc, for a stain of about the size of a pie plate upon the plum coloured pelisse, rendered all doubt upon the subject impossible; and when she found her illness was ending fatally, the last words she spoke were, "prosecute old Jonas." Mr. Huntingdon finding that it was impossible to prosecute his grave-digger, showed his delicate attention to his wife's commands, by dismissing him from his office, and, in spite of all his tears and protestations of innocence, he hired another digger to make the grave for his wife.

"Previously to this old lady's death, Mr. Huntingdon had become the friend and spiritual comforter of a lady, a sexagenarian, who

resided with her husband and daughter, at about a hundred yards from Mr. Huntingdon's house. The family were, by their manners and habits, evidently much genteeler than their style of living indicated, for their circumstances seemed scarcely to afford them the decent comforts of life.

"The husband of the old lady was a post captain of the navy, whose only means of supporting his family were, his half-pay, a pension for a wound, and a small annuity left him by a distant relation. Captain Mathews was rather of a superior understanding, and, in the literal sense of the word, had seen much of the world—for he had served in every quarter of the globe. The idea of females unprovided for and dependent, had always been most painful to his sensibility, and on no account would he have been induced to marry, under circumstances that involved any risk of his wife or offspring being left destitute in the event of his death. But he had formed his matrimonial engagement, under the pledge of the patronage of a nobleman, whom he had materially benefited, and this pledge would have been unquestionably redeemed, but for the circumstance of the trial, by a court martial, of an

officer of the highest birth and connection in the country. Captain Mathews was compelled, by a sense of the obligation of his oath, to divulge circumstances highly disgraceful to the management of a particular branch of the service, and after the trial, he was immediately, what is called, put upon the shelf, nor could all the interest of his noble friend and patron avail him aught.—Since this his virtual dismissal from the service, he had lived in seclusion and under the perpetual torment of apprehensions for the fate of his wife and child in the event of his death.

Captain Mathews, like a vast number of his profession, had seen a great deal of the world; but this assertion was to be taken in its literal sense, of mere locomotion; it contained no metonymy, or other figure of speech, for, except passengers in the streets, or the audience of a theatre, in seeing the world he might be said to have seen nothing of society, or of human life, under any other modification than that in a man-of-war. He was, in reality, what the members of his profession are usually thought to be, a plain, simple hearted man, replete with prejudices of the most inveterate kind. With him, every John

Bull was a lord of the creation, and every Mounseer, a frog eater and a natural enemy of Old England: one Englishman was equal to two Frenchmen, and more than a match for a score of Portuguese, Spaniards, and Italians. The government of England was the most excellent government in the world; the king, for the time being, was the wisest, the most virtuous, and the best looking man in England, and "God bless him," was uttered with emphasis, whenever his name was mentioned. Bonaparte was the beast, or worse than the beast, described in the Revelation; and every Catholic was a bigoted, superstitious wretch, who lived only by the merciful forbearance of the Crown.

But, however ridiculous or degrading and detestable such prejudices may appear on paper, they were, with this gentleman, as they are with a thousand others, merely professional prejudices, and the man, distinct from subjects which called his prejudices forward, was an intelligent, and kind hearted gentleman. Mr. Huntingdon had acquired an unbounded influence over this officer's understanding, and he was also supreme in the guidance of his wife, who was a rigid ascetic, and an uncompromising devotée, but with

all, a very merry, comfortable old lady, well satisfied with herself, and with all things spiritual, but rather discontented with the state of her temporal affairs.

Their daughter, Matilda, seemed, from extreme delicacy, unable to withstand the slightest breath of heaven. She appeared like the spirit of a lovely flower, that mocked whilst it created the fondest hopes of her parents. The loveliest delicacy of form seemed only to derive from youth, material substance sufficient to excite rapture, if indeed passion were not a profanation of a being apparently so spiritual—a visitant rather than one belonging to a world so gross and sensual.

The nervous sensitiveness of her temperament was so exquisite, as to unfit her for aught, but the most calm and elegant enjoyments of life. A tale of pathos, if worthy of her fine understanding, would dispose her to a tremor which would often end in a fit of nervous irritability, confining her to her room for days. So exquisitely sensitive was she to the grief, the anxiety or sufferings of others, that often was she in pain to conceal her tears and agitation, at occurrences which excited but little emotion in coarser natures.

She seemed to have an instinctive horror of Mr. Huntingdon, which not the precepts of her parents, her own belief in the sanctity of his character, nor the fear of wounding his feelings, could always restrain her from exhibiting. Religion, to her fancy, was a lovely, spiritual essence, communicating the raptures of the souls of mortals to their Creator; nor could she associate the gross figure, and still grosser habits and sentiments of Mr. Huntingdon, with aught that bore communion with angels and with heaven.

But early and constant associations of ideas, will overcome all constitutional feelings, and Matilda had brought herself to view Mr. Huntingdon with complacency, as the generous friend and spiritual comforter of her parents. At length, even his sensual manners, and repulsive form, excited her pity, and she often fancied to herself, what mortifications he must feel in private, at the consciousness of his figure and appearance.

Captain Mathews had been for a long time afflicted with a chronic disorder, which seemed to grow worse with the quackery of the apothecaries and surgeons of his neighbourhood. The sufferings which his complaint inflicted

upon him, at last obliged him to put up money to procure a consultation of surgeons of eminence. The gentlemen who composed this consultation, were unanimously of opinion, that, in addition to a liver complaint, there was an anuerism of the aorta, or a disease of the great blood vessel running immediately from the heart. "We cannot," said the senior surgeon, "flatter you with any hopes of a much longer life; we are sorry to say, that your worldly arrangements for your family admit of no delay—your death will be instantaneous—it might happen at your dinner table—or walking across the room—or sitting in your arm chair by the fire."

This communication excited in Captain Mathews no feeling whatever upon his own account, but it overwhelmed him with affliction on account of his unhappy child. The house was now in a state of the utmost melancholy—and the streaming eyes and trembling frame of Matilda, too well revealed the feelings, which she did the utmost to conceal.

She had pictured to herself the horrors of her father's falling into a fit over the fire, and so incessantly and strongly did this work upon her imagination, that, several times, from a

state of silent abstraction, she would utter the most piercing screams, start from her chair, and extend her arms towards the fire, then stand unable to move forward from convulsions, and, at last, sink into her chair, apparently lifeless.

It had been for years the custom for Matilda, every day after dinner, to put her father's arm chair by the fire side, and the veteran occupied it for the remainder of the evening. This had become a sort of sacred and very pleasurable office, but circumstances now rendered it a task of the most painful nature. The vision of her father's falling with his face into the fire, tormented this unhappy girl incessantly—and every day she was perplexed, between the dread of placing his chair so close to the fire as to endanger his safety, and the fear of abridging his comfort, or of reminding him of his danger, by placing it too far off. So much did these conflicts prey upon the nervous temperament of Matilda, that the approach of the dinner hour was anticipated by her in a state of wretchedness; during the repast, she kept her eyes constantly upon the fire place, or upon the situation in which she would place the chair, but when the servant

removed the cloth, and the time came for her to perform her office, her frame became visibly agitated, and cold perspiration ran down her face, which seemed of the paleness of death. She invariably sat by her father during the greater part of the afternoon, but the approach of slight hysteric fits, now often obliged her to leave the room, whilst, at other times, her large dark blue eyes were cast up to Heaven, with an earnestness which revealed that she was imploring the mercy of God upon her parent.

Since the death of Mrs. Huntingdon, Mr. Huntingdon had invariably passed every evening with Captain Mathews and his family. He was extremely attentive to all their wants,—the most choice fruits and vegetables were daily sent to them from his garden.—Every morning his carriage called to take them to ride, and he had made a present to Miss Matilda of a horse, as the physicians had declared, that riding on horseback might be of benefit to her nervous complaints. He had also bought her numerous books, but as he was extremely ignorant of literature, and of all subjects but controversial divinity, his selection was of a nature not calculated to afford

amusement or instruction, to any young lady of taste or delicacy.—He had at length made Miss Matilda a present of a costly gold watch, with a chain and trinkets of considerable value, but the acceptance of this present was a matter of some difficulty to reconcile with proper feeling, and it had occasioned a day of rather anxious discussion.—" If I die, my child, he will be a father to you; and it is the only consolation I have," said Captain Mathews, tenderly taking hold of his daughter's hand, who looked wistfully in his face, and burst into a flood of tears.

That evening, Mr. Huntingdon, as usual, called to take his tea and sit with the family. Mrs. Mathews and Matilda after tea left the room, in order to attend to some domestic offices, and Captain Mathews and the Minister were left alone. The leaving of the room by the mother and Miss Mathews, seemed to have been the signal for a deep silence, for Captain Mathews sat, as if contemplating some subject of painful interest, whilst Mr. Huntingdon looked, as if he was oppressed with some subject which he wished, yet knew not how to reveal.—At length, Captain Mathews observed, " I know not how it is,

Mr. Huntingdon, and I imagine you will reprobate the sentiment, but it is certain, that eternity, with all its countless anxieties, excites my cares and feelings, less than the one fatal subject which incessantly tears my heart, —my Matilda's safety, after I shall be removed hence."

"My dear friend, you cannot suppose that I have so long been the constant visitor in your house, without my heart being touched with the loveliness of that tender flower."

"Your age, and your sacred office, would fit you to be the foster-parent of my unhappy girl, could I hope that Providence had sent you to me, in this hour of affliction, for so righteous a purpose."

"Captain Mathews, Providence has sent me for this happy object.—I am rich, extremely rich, and have no child or relation to whom I can bequeath my wealth."

"I ask not wealth for my child,—I would not wish her to inherit riches,—but there is a fearful chasm, a dread abyss, between wealth and destitution."

"My dear friend, Miss Matilda shall have settled on her, and on any family she may have, the whole of my property."

"You have shot comfort and joy throughout my frame,—from this moment, death has no terrors.—Call my Matilda, that ere I die, I may secure the happiness of giving her one kiss, without the alloy of anticipated horrors.—Oh! Sir, for a father to think of leaving so young, so delicate, so sensitive a child, friendless, destitute, to combat a rude and unfeeling world, to tread the fearful labyrinth of life without a guide,—so young,—so innocent,—so beautiful.—God be praised, Mr. Huntingdon, he has sent you as the father to the fatherless, the ———"

"My dear Captain, I have had two wives, but, to tell you the truth, I never had any regard for either of them,—but,—but———"

"Let me announce to my dear child, her good fortune in meeting with so pious a foster-parent,—let me gladden her heart by telling her that mine is relieved from its torment.—They say, I shall die without a moment's warning; let me then secure the happiness of giving her one kiss, and of telling her of our mutual good fortune."

"Neither of my former wives were calculated to make a man of my turn happy."

"In your adoption of my poor dear child,

be kind to her,—she is so sensitive to unkindness, that a harsh word would kill her.—I never yet spoke harshly to her, Mr. Huntingdon, and is not this a happy reflection in an hour like this.—Do, Sir, call my Matilda for me,—have that kindness."

"May I go so far, Captain Mathews, when I have a fit opportunity of speaking to Miss Matilda alone, to assure her, that I not only had your consent, but that it was even your command, that she should accept of me as a husband."

"A husband!" exclaimed the agitated father, his eye surveying the brutal Huntingdon, whose countenance expressed all that was lascivious and horrid.

"All I possess on earth shall be poured at her feet, if I once clasp her in my arms as my wife,—my———"

The eyes of Captain Mathews seemed to roll in their sockets with a peculiar expression of horror,—his mouth was strongly convulsed,—he heaved one deep sigh, and rising from his chair, fell flat upon his face—a corpse!

Mr. Huntingdon, with all his brutal insensibility of nature, was struck with horror at

the catastrophe he had precipitated,—he rung the bell violently,—Matilda entered the room, and beheld her lifeless father stretched with his face upon the hearth,—she uttered no scream, but silently sunk motionless upon the floor.

The servant and Mrs. Mathews then entered the room,—there needed nothing to explain to them that the long dreaded catastrophe had at length befallen them.

The corpse was removed from the parlour into the bed-chamber, and was, what is called, laid out. There was less difficulty than might have been expected in restoring Miss Matilda to animation.—She was removed to bed, and soon restored to her senses; but she was immersed in a complaintless, voiceless sorrow,—a silent melancholy that knew of no relief except an occasional gushing of a tear from her uplifted eyes.

Mrs. Mathews, whose sensibility did not appear of a very keen description, now repaired to Mr. Huntingdon in the parlour, to learn from that reverend gentleman, the circumstances that had immediately preceded her husband's death. These circumstances were of all things what Mr. Huntingdon was anx-

ious to conceal, and, in his perplexity how to conceal them, a thought struck him, to turn them to his own advantage.

Taking Mrs. Mathews tenderly by the hand, he continued for some time pressing her fingers, and preaching to her topics of consolation, drawn from the Old and New Testament; he then informed her, that he was in earnest conversation with his departed friend about Miss Matilda, when the Captain had expressed his extreme anxiety respecting that young lady's settling in life,—"I then opened to him my heart," said the reverend gentleman, "and poured out to him the whole workings of my soul.—I declared to him my virtuous passion for his daughter, the delicate and lovely Matilda, and offered, if she accepted me, to settle on her all I possessed. The Captain, overjoyed at my proposal, got up and grasped me by the hand, and desired me to call his daughter that he might announce to her, that his only miseries had been on her account, and that my proposal had rendered him happy.—In the excess of joy he experienced at this prospect of Miss Matilda's marriage, a sudden convulsion came over him, and he instantly fell dead at my feet."

In uttering these last words, Mr. Huntingdon himself became agitated and nearly convulsed, for although habitually accustomed to make all things, temporal and eternal, yield to the gratification of his appetites and to the advancement of his interest, yet, the horrid scene he had just witnessed of a friend's falling dead at his feet, reminded him so strongly of his own mortality, that the falsehoods he was uttering made him internally tremble.

Mrs. Mathews attributed his agitation to very different causes than a consciousness of guilt, and, as to herself, no words "shot from the deadly level of a gun" could have astounded her more than what she had just heard. It was true, she had long shrewdly guessed, that all the reverend gentleman's visits and presents, spoke something more than mere friendship, and she did not doubt, that love, all powerful love, was at the bottom of his assiduous attentions. It had, however, never entered into her head, that there was, or could be, any other object of his affections than herself, and so persuaded was she, that it 'would one day come to something,' that she had often been heard to say to the servants, and even to her daughter and husband, that "se-

cond marriages frequently turned out very happy ones," and that "Mr. Huntingdon's age and notions agreed very well together."

Whatever the old lady might have felt at her husband's death, the bustle of the house, or some other cause or causes, certainly induced her to suppress all expressions of her sorrow, but immediately upon Mr. Huntingdon's confession of his passion for Matilda, her grief for the loss of her first husband became excessive, and her clamorous lamentations and bewailings resounded throughout the house, and even assailed the ears of passengers in the streets.

After the funeral of Captain Mathews, the old lady seemed to bustle about with great alacrity; there was a jauntiness in her air, and a smartness in her weeds, which attracted the attention of all her friends, to and from whose houses she was every day journeying, for the purposes of declaring "what an excellent husband the Captain had made her," and of assuring every body, that she was "inconsolable for the good man's loss."

But Matilda kept her chamber, and the deadly paleness of her cheek spoke but too plainly the sorrows of her heart. Since her

father's death; she had purposely avoided Mr. Huntingdon.—"She knew not why," she told her mother, who questioned her for her motives,—"she had no particular reason, Mr. Huntingdon had always been very kind to her; and her father had been much attached to him.—This alone was conclusive with her, but, some how or other, she never beheld that gentleman without shuddering, in a manner which she could neither prevent nor account for."

At length, the effects of Captain Mathews's death were felt by his widow, in a manner which never fails to make the dead to be lamented. Want, with all its kindred horrors, began to be felt severely. Mr. Huntingdon, like an able politician, took good care, by a proper regulation of his presents, that want should be experienced in the house very severely.—"It is want—and want alone,—keen hunger, and mortified pride, can alone drive that lovely creature to my bed."

Mr. Huntingdon had several times reminded the widow Mathews of his love for her daughter, and the old lady at length began to have two very substantial reasons for promoting his suit. In the first place, all thoughts of

obtaining him for herself were, she saw, quite useless; in the second place, her mourning had become rusty, shabby, and "not fit for a decent person to be seen in, much less to go to any party in." Now the state of the widow's mourning was only typical of the condition of the rest of her wardrobe, and she knew that she had no other possibility of supplying herself with paraphernalia, but by a command over a portion of Mr. Huntingdon's purse, which she had no doubt she should contrive to obtain by the means of Matilda, were she to become Mr. Huntingdon's wife.—"Young wives govern these old husbands tightly, and as to Matilda," said the widow, "I know I can make her do as I please,—she's as tractable as a lamb, and as gentle as a dove."

Mrs. Mathews began her plans by holding out to her daughter the prospects of want that stared them both in the face.—The trembling Matilda said, she could do any thing that was reputable to support her mother.—"My dear mamma," said she one day, assuming for the first time of her life a countenance of hope, "I can work with my needle at lace and other fancy works, and you know I can paint, for my pieces in the exhibition last year, were

very much praised in the newspapers and magazines; and besides, could not I teach the piano-forte and singing?—I could even give lessons upon the harp to persons not very far advanced." The ray of hope which had suddenly beamed upon the poor girl's countenance, soon gave place to disappointment and sorrow, for the mother assured her, that "every trade of which she had spoken was so overstocked, that more than one-half that followed them were either starving, or obliged to live by very dishonest means."—Matilda shuddered.—"But," continued the poor girl, again looking hope and gladness, "could I not be a governess in a school or private family?"—"You have no interest to procure such a place, my dear, and if you had, it is a life of perfect drudgery, and who would hire a girl of your age, about eighteen and a half, and looking hardly seventeen," said Mrs. Mathews, with her usual manner of pleasant satisfaction.

"But, my dear mamma, could I not be a companion to some lady of quality?"

"Oh! for Heaven's sake, my child, don't mention such a thing,—you put me all of a tremble,—this is worse than the governess,—

you don't know, child, what airs and caprices your persons of quality play off upon their poor companions."

"All cannot be indelicate, or merciless to the unfortunate."

"The chances are much against you, my dear, and appearances are still more against you.—Your weak and delicate frame, look more requiring of services, than capable of rendering them,—and pray, what do you flatter yourself you could teach, which others don't know much better than yourself?"

"I could teach French perfectly."

"And who is there, now a-days, that can't—why, every milliner's girl turned out of place, sets up for a teacher of French?"

"But I am well acquainted with the Italian language, and with Italian literature."

"You would not get one pupil in a year—few want to learn Italian, and of that few, there are none who would learn of an English girl of eighteen."

"My dear mamma, you know that I could teach the Latin language."

"The very mention of such a qualification, would render you odious with one sex and contemptible with the other—every wise word

you uttered would be canvassed, attributed to pedantry and to affectation, whilst every foolish word would appear the more foolish, by its contrast with your fame as a classic."

"My dear father used often to say, that half the miseries of married life arose from the deficient education of females—that women were not companions for men—you discourage me in all I say—what can I do to support myself?"

"I believe matrimony would be your best support."

"It is horrid to think of marrying from interested motives, I have never yet seen any body that I could tolerate as a husband."

"That is, my dear, because you have been brought up so much at home—your fancy has been creating poetic visions of the perfect lover."

"Indeed, I have scarcely ever given the subject a thought. All I should wish in a husband would be, that he were very learned, very good tempered, very gentle, and very fond of me."

"And those four veries are all to be met with in Mr. Huntingdon."

"Oh! Heavens."

"Why, child, you shudder as if I had mentioned some monster for your husband?".

"My dear mamma, Mr. Huntingdon is old enough to be my grandfather—I am not eighteen, and he acknowledges to fifty-eight."

"Then you would govern him the better, my dear."

"He is scarcely higher than my shoulder, and so enormously fat."

"And enormously rich too, my dear!"

"He is so sensual, and drinks so much; every night, after supper, his eyes roll, as he looks at me, until I get quite alarmed."

"If he's fond of his bottle, you'd have less of his company, and which, as you dislike him, would be a fortunate thing for you."

"His temper is so violent, and his ideas are so low and coarse—I could never endure his company."

"His fortune would enable you to live entirely in the world, in company of your own selection."

"He is so cruel to the poor, and so uncharitable in all his sentiments."

"He is a very pious man—and immensely rich, and what is of more consequence to you,

he is in love with you to distraction, and will settle every shilling upon you, to be at your own disposal at his death—and if I am rightly informed, that dreadful scorbutic humour of his, will, if he continues drinking, very soon carry him off."

But arguments like these were likely to have the diametrically opposite effect upon Matilda, to that of persuading her to a marriage with Mr. Huntingdon. There were, however, two other arguments, of a very different description, which wrought powerfully upon her mild and affectionate disposition. The one, that her father so devoutly wished the marriage, that the emotions of joy at the mere proposals of it, had occasioned his death—the other, that by her marriage of Mr. Huntingdon she would save her mother from passing the remainder of her days in an alms-house.

Matilda's devotion to her father when living, and her affectionate memory of him since his death, gave the first of these arguments great influence over her mind. She knew that her father had been robbed of every joy of life, by his ceaseless anxiety upon the subject of her settlement in the world, and every human motive induced her to fulfil that scheme, the

very joy at which had been so excessive as to deprive her beloved parent of existence.—Her mother used every artifice to procure her consent to this marriage; she made every possible appeal to her gratitude, to her attachment to the memory of her father, and to her affection and duty to her surviving parent. At length Matilda yielded a reluctant assent —and the hour of her assenting was the last in which she enjoyed one single sensation of cheerfulness or comfort.

Mr. Huntingdon, enraptured at his prospect of felicity, begged her to furnish his house according to her own taste, and assured her that unlimited funds should be at her disposal for the purpose. She mildly replied, that she had no pretensions to taste, and had no right to be dissatisfied with the furniture which had been good enough for her predecessor. His first wife had left a very considerable quantity of valuable jewels, these he presented to Matilda, begging her to have them re-set according to her fancy, and to the reigning fashion. She calmly replied, that jewelry was an object of perfect indifference to her; she had not been born to the possession of such objects, and had been early taught

not to attach any importance to them. Mr. Huntingdon at length presented her with five hundred pounds for her wardrobe for the ensuing occasion—this brought to her recollection the certainty and near approach of her fate, and she involuntarily burst into tears, as she implored him to give the money for that purpose, not to herself, but to her mother. She positively refused choosing the colour or decorations of his new carriage, and the choice fell upon her mother, who chose colours, trappings, and decorations, so extremely gaudy, that the carriage was totally unsuited to Mr. Huntingdon's character as the minister of a Methodist meeting-house.

At length the nuptial day arrived, and the face and eyes of the pale and trembling Matilda, evinced that she had past a sleepless night in tears and wretchedness. Her beautiful lips were red and moist, but the paleness of her cheek slightly tinged with a hectic flush—her aerial form and timid attitude bespoke her of another world, she looked like some pure spirit of heaven, embodied in the most exquisite form of loveliness, to create in man an admiration, mixed with both the fervour and timidity of worship. She cast her beautiful

and weeping eyes to Heaven, as if to implore the Deity to pity her wretchedness, and to pardon her for prostituting her oaths of love upon his altar.

The gratification which Mr. Huntingdon evinced at his nuptials, was coarse and offensive to delicacy. He even thanked the mother for having contrived the marriage for him against the daughter's wishes, and swore to be liberal to her through life, in repayment of such services.

After the church ceremony was over, and the party had returned to Mr. Huntingdon's house, the timid and alarmed Matilda sat by her mother, as if for a protection against some dreaded evil. She was sometimes pensive and melancholy; at others, she appeared abstracted, and unconscious of the objects around her—or would gaze on every body with wild dismay, as if bereft of her reason.

At night she clung to her mother, as the dove clung to the ark, trembling at the desolation, hopelessness and ruin, into which unfriendly hands would plunge her. She at one time evinced more of resolution and of self-will than she had ever before exhibited; but it was the momentary effect of the excitement

of her mind, for directly afterwards, she fell into a state of fatuity, grinding her teeth and gibbering, as if she had been a maniac, terrified at some visionary tormentor.

The terror of the unhappy girl seemed to animate the husband to the full acme of expectation.

For the remainder of her life, Mr. Huntingdon treated her with every kindness possible for his brute nature to exercise—it was merely the lavishing of money by a sensualist, upon an object which constituted his only enjoyment, and which he felt himself unworthy to possess. He had been accused of occasioning the death of his first wife by a series of the most brutal actions; and of ruining the peace of his second, by conduct almost as ferocious. But, with his present wife, he exhibited all the fondness of an old man for a young and beautiful woman.

Matilda received all his attention with a patient gratitude. She never uttered one complaint of her situation—she never gave one look of reproach at the parent that had sacrificed her—she never breathed one single sigh in her presence—but the canker of unhappiness was preying on her heart—she was

silently sinking into the grave—and the prospect of this refuge from her miseries, afforded her the only feelings of hope and gladness which she had felt since the loss of her beloved father.

At length the progress of her consumption confined her to her bed, in which she was doomed to linger many months in patient hope of dissolution. Her only consolation was to caress her child, a sickly girl of great beauty. She would play with this infant incessantly, and when she had lulled it to sleep, with her elbow upon her pillow and her cheek resting upon her hand, she would watch its slumbers for hours, the large tear often falling on its infant face, and her lips sometimes murmuring a prayer to the Deity, as her eyes were alternately cast upon the baby, or up to Heaven.

Mr. Huntingdon seemed distracted with the idea of losing her, and whatever might have been his positive joy at the death of his first wife, or his indifference at the loss of his second, his grief, upon the present occasion, seemed, by its excess, to be somewhat in the nature of retributive justice.

Although he had always treated Matilda

with the utmost fondness; lavishing on her alike his money and his caresses, the natural ferocity of his temper could not be restrained from venting itself upon her mother — the woman to whom he swore munificence and gratitude for her assisting his views upon her daughter. He subjected her to every species of mortification and insult—kept her in a most inconvenient state of privation, and often loaded her with the grossest abuse.

Matilda never reproached him, though he often saw her eyes suffused with tears at his conduct to her parent. Her principles were too correct to allow her to assist her mother with her husband's funds, without his consent, and she considered all she possessed as derived from, and therefore justly belonging to him. But her parent was often in want of many of the comforts and decencies of clothing, and the dejected and heart-broken girl, would on these occasions, finish drawings and fancy work, which the mother sold, to furnish her with the immediate objects she stood in need of. Mr. Huntingdon suspected that these things were supplied to the mother by her daughter, and of course at his expence. He never alluded to the subject with Matilda, but

his mercenary passions vented themselves in abuse of the mother, which he heaped upon her whenever any other circumstances afforded him a pretext for being out of temper.

At length the crisis of Matilda's fate had approached. She told her mother early one morning, that the hand of death was upon her.

"You look better, my child, this morning than you have done for some weeks—Mr. Huntingdon has made the same observation."

"The appearances of consumptive persons are proverbially deceptive. The extremities of my limbs are getting cold, and I feel a dull, cold, heaviness in the circulation about my heart. Mother, my cares at this moment are entirely for you. As to myself, I have long made my peace with God—and as to my infant, I see that she inherits from me the disorder to which I owe my blessed release from all my sufferings. This is the last kiss I shall ever give my child—Oh God! this is the pain of parting with life.—My little, sleeping infant, shall we meet in heaven—or are we the unhappy victims of delusion——Mr. Huntingdon, you enter the room in time to make

me happy—death steals upon me fast, and ere I die, I have one earnest prayer to make to you."

"My dearest Matilda, why do you talk of immediate death, the physician assures me you are this morning considerably, very considerably better."

"I have not time, dear Sir, to speak but to one purpose—I have one last favour to entreat of you—I have reserved it as my dying request. To grant it will contribute to your satisfaction in this world, and to your happiness hereafter."

"Let me press your hand to my lips, my dear Matilda; oh how conscience smites me, and religion itself affords no comfort in an hour like this!—I have sacrificed you, lovely innocent, to this unhallowed, unnatural alliance."

"Stop, Sir, you have done all in your power to make me happy—and I thank you gratefully.—But oh! by the love you bear me—by this infant pledge I leave you—by my ties of wife and mother, I conjure you, swear to me but one promise."

"My honoured and beloved wife—by all that's dear to me on earth, by the hope of Heaven, and the not less cherished remem-

brance of thyself, your dying wishes shall be fulfilled with the most righteous, hallowed fidelity."

"Then all is well—I die in peace—I thank you for your pledge. Do not, dear Sir, do not use my poor mother ill—treat her kindly in her old days—and God reward you."

"I will support your mother as my own, in tenderness and love. My dear Matilda—whatever may be my crimes, I never injured you, but in that sad falsehood of your father's dying wish. It was love of you, and wild delirium, which that love had wrought, that drove me to so cursed an artifice. But, in a solemn hour like this—forgive me for it—Matilda, say but you forgive me, and those few words will be the balsam of my future life—they'll plead for me in Heaven—she answers not—she'll not forgive me!"——

"Great God! my child is dead,"—said the mother, throwing herself upon the bed and clasping Matilda's feet—"and her last sigh was for me, who had so cruelly sacrificed her."

"Dead!" exclaimed the distracted husband, taking Matilda's hand and gazing on her face in wild dismay—"Oh yes, she's dead—she's

dead—that cold glassy eye is not as it used to be—the smile upon the lips is beauty's self! —Oh! let me kiss those lips—there is no warmth—no life—the smile continues, but it is not natural. Matilda, do not fix that stedfast gaze on me—speak comfort to my heart —that look appals me for a life of crimes, and drives me into madness, whilst thy loved face is all serenity. Say but one word! Matilda, let me hear thy loved voice again—those pretty lips can't move—there is no hope—she's dead!"—cried the distracted man, throwing himself upon the corpse.

Matilda's face had an expression of the most tender loveliness. The colour had not left her cheek, which exhibited her usual beautiful fairness of complexion, without the pallidness of death. There was a faint curl upon the upper lip, which gave the mouth a singular expression which it was impossible to gaze upon, from the mixed emotions which it created of love and sorrow. It seemed like the repose of virgin womanhood, with the expression of infant softness and innocence.

No imagination could conceive the change which the death of this lovely girl produced in Mr. Huntingdon. He loathed all food—

gave up his habits of intoxication—the hurricane of his passions subsided into a feeble and plaintive submissiveness of disposition—he appeared perfectly indifferent to all objects, excepting his infant, and his wife's mother, both of whom he caressed with the utmost fondness.

Almost his whole time was devoted to the infant. It was incessantly in his arms—when asleep, he would watch and pray over it with the most tender solicitude, and directly it awoke, he again clasped it as an object which bestowed infinite happiness, and released him from a world of pain.—In the day, Mr. Huntingdon's countenance and deportment exhibited every mark of deep and submissive sorrow, but when at night he was left alone, he presented a very different spectacle.

On these occasions, he would sit for an hour in a chair, muttering to himself, his countenance distorted with agonizing reflections, and his forehead streaming with perspiration from the convulsions of his whole body.—Presently he would grind his teeth, give a feeble scream, and clenching his fists would start from his chair and rush into the middle of the room, then seeming to recollect him-

self, would fall on the sofa in a state of utter exhaustion.

The child, his last and only consolation, was dying of a consumption.—He had the advice of every eminent physician.—He removed it from place to place according to the change of season, or the advice of different medical attendants.—He took it to Devonshire for the softness of the air, and travelled to Bristol Hot Wells, and to the coasts of Kent and Sussex, in hopes to recover it. But the child grew worse and worse, and it was with difficulty that the father was restrained from even going with it to Madeira or to Italy. At length, however, one morning that Mr. Huntingdon was caressing the infant, it threw its little arms round his neck, and seemed to cling to him as if in terror; presently she released her grasp, and her little cheek fell upon his shoulder.—The father looked anxiously in its face,—she fell back with the mouth open, —the fact was but too well revealed, the child had breathed her last.

Although every good and bad fortune of Mr. Huntingdon's life was clearly deducible from secondary causes, it was his habit, as it is with all persons of his class, to trace all

his prosperity and adversity to the immediate interference of Providence. His rapid and extraordinary success in life, the mere result of villany favoured by circumstances, was a pure emanation from the goodness of Providence; when miseries came upon him in such thick battalions, they equally proceeded from the goodness of Providence, for, said Mr. Huntingdon, quoting from the Scriptures, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and chastiseth every son whom he receiveth."

But this deduction of every thing *en masse* from the goodness of Providence, no longer suited Mr. Huntingdon, in the state of extreme misery to which he was reduced by the death of the child. He now began to trace his wretchedness to the punishment of Providence for his sins, and he commenced a strict scrutiny of his life, in order to trace his misfortunes to particular actions, which he might expiate by some atoning act of grace. Without an object upon earth to console him, his last ties to life destroyed, and himself quickly fading from existence, with his beloved wealth, the stimulant to his misdeeds, useless, and descending to strangers, his reflections were poignards to his heart. His health could not

support such a severe and endless conflict of the mind and passions, and he became every day more feeble, whilst the increasing weakness of his body, gave a serious reaction to the disease of his mind.

To add to his misfortunes, from his utter incapacity to preach, his congregation rapidly left him, and went over to the meeting-house of his great enemy.—This, he said, was the hardest blow of all, and it convinced him, that "like Job, the Lord would humble him to the dust."

But, in his reflections upon his past life, the crimes that smote his conscience the most sorely, were, said Mr. Howel, the treatment of his first wife, and his villany to myself. He had been supposed to have murdered this unhappy woman, but of this he was entirely innocent.—The facts were, that he had treated her with the most revolting brutality, and in the severity of winter had denied her the common necessaries of life.—One evening, the shivering wretch had requested as he was making money so fast by his chapel, that he would let her have some flannels and a warm cloak, for "she could not stand the winter," —this led to his violently reproaching her for

her propensity to finery, and to all "the sinful vanities of the flesh and the devil."—The poor woman, in reply to this, pointed out the care he took of himself, his flannel stockings, fleecy hosiery waistcoats, his great coats,—and finally, his quantity of ale and brandy, which he took under pretence of keeping out the cold. The truth of this charge made it most irritating to Mr. Huntingdon, whose temper at the moment was more than ordinarily inflammable from the quantity of brandy he had been drinking.—Scarcely had the last words proceeded from the lips of this unfornate wretch, than he threw the tumbler which he had just emptied, at her face, and it struck her between the eyes, suffusing her countenance with blood.—Not content with this, he beat her most unmercifully, and exhibited to her a cord, which he said he kept in the house to hang her, if she exasperated him too far. The unhappy woman left the house, declaring that she would never return, and Mr. Huntingdon cursed her as she went out at the door, telling her with a sardonic laugh, that "she had often tried that before, but had always been glad to come back."

But in this instance, she never did return.

—The night was bitterly cold, and the frozen snow was driven with a fierce east wind, that the most hardened countenance could not withstand.—In this dreadful night, was the poor wretch driven out, a houseless wanderer, with nothing on but a shift and ragged gown, her stomach unsupplied with food, and her body sore from numerous bruises. Mr. Huntingdon knew little but by inference of the dreadful nature of the night, for directly after his wife left the house, he undressed by the fire and went into his warm bed, where he slept profoundly.—It is true, that he was once awakened in the middle of the night by the howling of the fierce wind in the chimney, and by the beating of the frozen snow against the window. He might at this moment have thought of his unhappy wife, whom he had driven out to bear "the pelting of the pitiless storm," and his conscience might have smote him for his barbarity; but his reflections were not of long continuance, for, pulling the bed-clothes round his shoulders, he addressed himself to sleep, and slept profoundly until the next morning.

The wife not appearing, occasioned much conversation amongst the neighbours, but

Mr. Huntingdon briefly related the truth as to her having left the house in a passion, and that he had seen nothing of her since. His pious vocation stopt all further gossip upon the subject, particularly as his immediate neighbours consisted of his own followers.

But the newspapers had been full of a horrid murder that had been committed upon the night in question. Upon the succeeding morning, some labourers had found the body of a woman with her throat cut from ear to ear, in a field lying between Somer's Town and Camden Town. The body had been removed to the dead-room of the parish work-house, and hand-bills were stuck about town describing the corpse, in order that the friends or relations might claim it.

The description so completely answered to that of Mrs. Huntingdon, that there could be no doubt of the identity; and to pacify the neighbourhood, Mr. Huntingdon at last promised that he would go and look at the body. But he artfully postponed the visit until the putridity of the corpse had obliged the parish officers to bury it, and he then repaired to the work-house to make his enquiries. To his astonishment and alarm, the officers in-

sisted upon his looking at the body, and proceeded to open the grave for that purpose.—The body was exposed, with the precise gown which his wife had on, at the time of his beating her out of the house. But the poor wretch had a large scar in the centre of her forehead from the blow which her husband had given her before her death.—The whole forehead was discoloured and putrid, with the exception of this scar, which seemed to stand out, prominent and white, amidst the surrounding putrefaction, as if it had been preserved by outraged nature, as a damning mark against the husband's guilt.

Mr. Huntingdon stood at the brink of the grave, and inspected the body with the most cold indifference, and then declared that he knew nothing of it.—In his way home, his clerk Jonas, who had been his companion upon this journey, asked him, "Why, Sir, did you not acknowledge the body,—it was your wife's evidently by the gown, the letter *H* upon the shift, and that scar on the forehead." —"What, good Jonas, would my acknowledgment have done, it would only have made the parish officers saddle me with the expences of the woman's funeral."

Mr. Huntingdon however felt some compunctious visitings of nature upon his return from this inspection of the corpse; but the great success he had about this time in building his grand meeting-house, and in attracting so large and wealthy a congregation, convinced him that he was favoured by Providence, and appointed to preach to a "benighted people."—He thought no more of his wife. Six years after, he turned her brother Zachariah Wilson out of the hosier's shop, for defrauding him of two pounds, and the poor fellow afterwards died in a jail.

Now that Mr. Huntingdon's reminiscencies came upon him in full force, his conduct to his first wife filled him with terrors of the wrath to come. But to make atonement for his cruelty to her was impossible—for her last relation Zachariah Wilson had perished, through his means, in a jail, and his only child had died in the work house.

But his crimes to me, continued Mr. Howel, were the next great source of his horrors, and after a long and severe conflict between the love of money, and the dread of damnation, he resolved to ease his soul of its fearful load, by refunding to me at least a

part of his thefts of my property, the loss of which had brought me to ruin.

For this purpose he repaired to my former miserable lodgings in St. Giles's, and asked my old Irish landlady what had become of me. Mrs. M'Quarrie, with an oath declared, that she had turned me out for not paying the rent, that she had seen nothing of me, but believed I had come to no good end. From thence he repaired to M'Phail's, but found that M'Phail and his family were swept from the face of the earth. From M'Phail's he went to my friend, Mr. Brown's, who dreading that he meant me some further mischief, refused to let him know where I was to be found. It was in vain that Mr. Huntingdon assured him that he meant me no harm—and that he had something to communicate to me that was very much to my advantage. Mr. Brown could not conceive, that any act of justice or of benevolence from Mr. Huntingdon was within the scope of possibility; and, as to his assurances, he had so often witnessed his perjury, that to nothing that he said would he give the least credit. At length, in order to get rid of the trouble of Mr. Huntingdon's frequent inquiries, and to save me from danger, he as-

sured that person that I was dead—upon which, said Mr. Brown, the old man started back, and clasping his hands, with his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "Howel dead, then indeed am I most wretched."

Huntingdon's alternate melancholy and phrenzy increased every day, until at last he became feeble in the extreme. The gloom of a November seemed to increase his sufferings. For a week he had been extremely bad—and in his frantic energies would rave and scream about "the scar—the scar," and beg for God's sake they would "remove the body." At other times, he would sit muttering about "Howel's death—a murder in the eyes of God." One day he had been more calm than usual, and had retired to rest after a long prayer, which surprised every body, as he had lately seemed to have the greatest horror at the idea of his family prayers, all his supplications to heaven consisting of his sudden, agonized ejaculations, when recollections wrought him to phrenzy. The next morning, his servant, upon entering the room, found him lying under the bed clothes, with his throat cut from ear to ear, and his razor lying by his right hand.

It was the account of this suicide, and the report of the Coroner's Inquest, in the newspapers, continued Mr. Howel, that induced me to go down to Mr. Huntingdon's house at Hackney—I introduced myself to Mrs. Mathews, who seemed astonished at my appearance, assuring me that Mr. Huntingdon had fully believed me to be dead. She informed me, that Mr. Huntingdon had made a will, in which he had left her an annuity of £400, and had bequeathed the rest of his property solely to myself—that will he had never altered—and I was the only executor.

The old lady was extremely anxious to learn some particulars of Mr. Huntingdon's former life and circumstances, in all of which she was totally ignorant. "For heaven's sake, Mr. Howel," said the old lady—"what could be the meaning of his always screaming out, 'the scar—the scar on the forehead,' this scream always drove him mad. And then he would talk for whole nights of cutting somebody's throat—of Sarah's murder, and of poor Howel's death."—Upon these points I did not think it prudent to satisfy the old lady's curiosity.—In my turn, I asked Mrs. Mathews what was the reason that every passage in the

house, every room, and every landing place of both staircases, had one or more suspended oil lamps.—" It is," said she, " because Mr. Huntingdon was so terrified at darkness—and the moment the sun set, he used to ring the bell and see all these lamps lighted. The last thing at night, he used to go round the house, accompanied by his three men servants, to ascertain that the whole of these lamps had been trimmed, and put in a state to burn well through the night."

I found Mr. Huntingdon's property to be large, but of the most diversified, and, for his profession, of the most singular description. It consisted of sixty thousand pounds stock in the three per cents. consols, with small sums invested in the other funds, and in Bank and India stock. He had shares in several docks, canals, rail-ways, and insurance offices. He also possessed one large mansion in Grosvenor Square, let at an enormous sum to a nobleman, whose goods he had more than once seized for rent. He had two houses in the neighbourhood of London—two public houses in the Borough, a gin shop at Wapping, and two pawnbrokers shops in Mary-le-bonne. He possessed two chapels, with shares

in six others, was part proprietor in one of the subscription gaming houses in St. James's Street, and had also a large share in one of the lower gambling houses in the same neighbourhood, which are vulgarly called Hells.

Although a fiery bigot for what he called the right faith, I found that, in investing his property, Mr. Huntingdon was "a friend to no sect," but a man of liberal principles. It was true, both his own large and small chapels, or meeting houses, were strictly speaking, Methodist; but those of which he possessed only shares were of every denomination—two were fashionable Establishment chapels in the west end of the town—one was a Catholic chapel—one a Unitarian—one an Anabaptist, and one had been alternately Swedenborgian, Muggletonian, Southcotian, or any thing else, according to the highest offer of rent. My right to this last chapel was disputed by a law wig-maker, who had preached in it for several years with great advantage to himself. I found that this fellow, like Sylla, had a head to contrive and a hand to execute any mischief. He had no right whatever to the claims that he set up; but knowing the expense, delay, and uncertainty of our laws, and that,

in a case like the present, there would be no lack of perjury upon the part of my antagonist and his clerk, I thought proper to compromise the business at a loss of some hundred pounds, and I left my opponent in glad and prosperous possession of his pulpit. The fates, however, soon revenged me of this injury, for soon after, our principal theatre was burnt, and my antagonist, upon the ensuing Sunday evening, preached a sermon of thanksgiving at the destruction of this great "temple of Belial," the centre of profaneness and debauchery. He was so unusually long in his explanations of the evidence and proofs, that this destruction of the temple of sin had been effected by the special interference of Divine Providence, that his congregation did not depart until almost all the candles in the chapel were burnt out. At ten o'clock that night, the chapel was discovered to be on fire, and by twelve, it was burnt to the ground. The building was not insured, and when the news was brought to the unfortunate wig-maker, it made his hairs stand an end with terror and vexation.

I had some difficulty in disposing of Mr. Huntingdon's shares in the two gaming houses.

The price offered to me, appeared to bear no proportion to the largeness of income derived from them. The explanation of this was, that, in the case of the large gaming-house, it was frequented only by the highest nobility, who seldom paid their debts; and in respect to the smaller gaming-house, or hell, the bribes to informers and police officers were so immense, as to swallow up a large share of the profits, notwithstanding which, they were exposed to the danger of being suppressed and indicted by the magistrates. I did not, however, choose to continue in possession of such detestable property, and I sold my share in the large subscription house to an eminent court physician, whilst my share of the hell I sold to the first purchaser who presented himself.

After settling my executorship account, and paying the odious extortion of the government, a duty of ten per cent. upon the property of the deceased, I found the reverend gentleman had left me altogether more than a hundred thousand pounds, and incumbered only with the small annuity to Mrs. Mathews, his mother-in-law.

Possessed now of an immense fortune, and

with no connection whatever to impart it to, without wife, or child, or brother, and ignorant even of my parentage, aware only of one sad truth, that they were numbered with the dead, my mind was occupied with incessant visions and schemes of what I might do with my money, for the improvement of my fellow creatures. I subscribed largely to every public improvement, because I liked to see objects of beauty and grandeur around me, and I liked the idea that man was active in the pursuit of novel and beneficial projects. I contributed liberally, not to what are generally called charitable institutions, and the greater part of which are, in their ultimate effects, sources of vice and misery, but to those institutions the objects of which were to diffuse that great source of all morals—knowledge, or whose design was to relieve only such accidents of the poor as could not be foreseen or provided against—such as the inconveniences arising from a deaf, or dumb, or blind child, or a vicious son sacrificed to the laws, or a daughter sacrificed to the wantonness of the privileged great.

At one time I conceived the plan of carrying out a large colony to the central regions

of the interior of America. I designed, not to carry out agricultural labourers to a country where food is supplied in such superabundance, but to transport some of the starving mechanics and artisans of Europe, and to found a large city in the back territories of America, a city which should exchange its manufactures for the raw produce of the lands already cultivated in those regions. I found, however, that the universal passion of our nature to become proprietors and cultivators of the soil, pervaded strongly even the artisan and manufacturer who knew nothing of sowing or reaping; and that to go to America was, with the poor of England, viewed solely as the means of becoming the proprietors of land. I moreover found, that the laws which prohibited the poor man leaving his country and taking his knowledge and industry to the best market, and which allowed the rich to transport their capital and science to where they please, formed almost insuperable obstructions to my design.

I next turned my views towards Ireland, and conceived that a person like myself so thoroughly destitute of religious or political prejudices, and willing to devote an immense

fortune to philanthropic objects, might effect much for that ill fated country. I therefore wrote to several of the most enlightened of the nobility and gentry of Ireland upon the subject. My letters made no distinction of sect or party, for I never deigned to consider such paltry distinctions. I was astonished at the answers I got from my different correspondents. However diversified were their sentiments upon some subjects, they all concurred in a cold indifference towards their country, and a thorough hatred of its inhabitants. The government held out no encouragement. Not repulsed by these appearances, I proceeded to Dublin, and after a short residence in that capital, I made the tour of the island. I found it a country too much divided against itself to admit of easy improvement.

A reformer is always an odious character in all countries. Man is not a reforming animal. Every vice and deformity of institutions are approved of, provided they were established by our ancestors. Ireland particularly exhibited the truth of these remarks. It was impossible to do more for the people, than to lay the foundation of improvements, which, perhaps, a succeeding generation might

mature. But my disposition was too sanguine, and my temperament too ardent, to admit of my waiting for such results. I loved the progress of improvement, and cared not what sacrifice I made, what obloquy I bore, provided I saw my species growing better and wiser; but to hold an endless conflict with bigotry, superstition, and ignorance; to oppose tyranny, and to obstruct oppression; and to see the very men whom I served hug their chains and abhor the efforts of their deliverer —this has been the fate of every reformer— but who could support such a conflict for a precarious and distant improvement?

I found that the evils of Ireland arose from causes too profitable to the aristocracy and government for any set of rulers to permit any reform or melioration. I therefore left Ireland, resolved, wherever I should settle, to effect every possible benefit in my own neighbourhood, without sacrificing myself to any general schemes, for an ungrateful order of beings.

Upon my landing at Holyhead, the extreme beauty of Wales induced me to travel through the country, and when I arrived at this romantic spot, I found that the Bidborough and Bribewell families were selling large tracts of

land. The quantities to be sold did not equal in value one quarter of my wealth, but I learnt from the neighbourhood that both of these families were "running out" so fast, that in a few years, I might buy up all their estates. I found these opinions verified in the sequel, and I have now invested nearly all my funds in purchasing lands in this county.

I have also built this extensive Doric mansion, for the Gothic is unfit for domestic purposes, and the Doric is the only remaining order suited to the bold and romantic scenery which surrounds me.

Upon my settling in the county, I received the most assiduous attention from all the neighbouring nobility and gentry, and we continued upon good terms, until my aversion to abuses, and my efforts to improve the poor and middling classes, aroused the fears of the aristocracy. At length the county election was announced, and my independent conduct relative to the votes of my tenantry, almost severed my connection with the upper classes. Things however would very soon have come round again, for, as I was firm and resolute upon general principles, and without personality to any man, my immense wealth would

have prevented my being ejected from society. But shortly after this election, it was my fate to fall in with young Lewis, and my growing attachment to this child, alienated me from the world, and abstracting myself from society at the very moment when society was discussing the propriety of my expulsion, I stood apparently self-convicted, and I have never made any effort to regain that intercourse with the great of which a singular union of circumstances had deprived me.

There are few things which I have more studiously avoided than the sight of an election for a member of Parliament. The scene has always been particularly offensive to me. —I have viewed in it nothing more than a mob prostituting the most serious and exalted functions of their lives to brutal violence and drunkenness; men selling their important and ennobling privileges for lucre of the most paltry amount, and contriving a whole complicated system of perjury in its most degrading and destructive form, in order to effect their barter with safety; the great purchasing these perjured votes, and perjuring themselves to re-sell them at a higher market, and finally defending this system as the most wise and

holy. It always creates in me reflections upon the artificial and sophisticated state of our institutions, and I draw the picture in my mind of the moral, religious and prosperous state to which we should have long ago attained, had this frightful system been destroyed. But I have more particularly avoided such scenes, because they make me misanthropic. They are talked of in society, and they invariably elicit such debasing sentiments, such a perverse adherence to evil and such prejudice in its favour, with such an antipathy to improvement, that I cannot esteem or love my fellow man. But circumstances obliged me on one occasion to be present at the election of a member for the adjoining county. There were, upon the hustings, several of the most distinguished orators of the House of Commons, and they severally addressed the populace. Their speeches had much art and much elegance, but there was nothing to convince a sound intellect, or to warm the noble feelings of our nature; they were addressed to the fancy, the prejudices, the interests, and the most ignoble feelings of our nature.—There was nothing honest in them. Even the speeches in behalf of the po-

pular candidate evinced, that the orators were speaking in the trade of election, and the general principles which they used, were put in a manner which proved that the beauty or grandeur of these principles, with their train of mighty consequences, neither warmed their hearts, nor inspired them with any enthusiasm in the cause of their fellow men. They were merely fabricated orators, made for the political market, their minds too highly polished and ornamented to produce any thing more than what was ingenious or elegant.—The last of these had been exhausted, and the business of the day was considered at an end, when there came forward to the front of the hustings a tall, stately man in very plain attire, who began to address the people. The gentlemen upon the hustings looked at him with surprise, and began to ask each other, and then their attornies, "who, for Heaven's sake, that fellow could be, and on which side was he hired?"

"It is," said an attorney, "Horn, the master gardener, he is a great orator, I am told."

"And why, for God's sake," said his client, the Government candidate, "why did you not hire him on our side?"

"Old Horn, Sir John, is a curious old fellow, and not to be hired for any side."

"Pshaw!" answered Sir John, "it would have been worth our while to have given the fellow his price."

This man's figure was very much in his favour. He was more than six feet high, and very stout, with his chest remarkably full, his neck long, and his head well put upon his shoulders. He had a noble carriage of his person, and his countenance, in nobility of expression, corresponded with his other personal advantages. I never saw so perfect a personification of rustic dignity, and his appearance made my mind travel back to the Forum, in the earlier days of Rome. His speech was listened to by all parties with the most profound attention, and the gentry upon the hustings were frequently looking at each other with expressions of surprise and admiration.

This man at the commencement of his speech, appeared as an orator, what Dr. Johnson was as a writer. He poured forth great and material truths, in forcible language. But as he proceeded, he gave me much higher ideas of his powers. Dr. Johnson uttered little that was

not known before, his words as often encumbered, as they adorned his subject, and his illustrations were almost always from images and figures hacknied from time out of mind, or from associations obvious and confined. The Doctor had the power of stating a subject and of illustrating it by positive arguments, but his mind was not discriminative, and least of all was it expansive.—He could trace no analogies, nor grasp kindred and associate truths, condensing them to establish the point at issue. His mind was strong, but it was strong within a very narrow and isolated circle, nor could it expand itself from circumference to circumference, until it had traversed through the whole effects of a cause.

With this natural orator, the case was very different, and if his truths, and his mode of putting them, at first resembled the sturdy strength of Johnson, he soon rose to higher things.—His mind grasped comprehensive systems, and traced causes to their most general effects,—he condensed from various subjects, numerous facts to prove and illustrate the points he wished to establish; his speech abounded in the most accurate and delicate distinctions, and he poured forth his

appeals to the nobler feelings of our nature, with an energy of dignified conviction, which wrought an irresistible effect.

The *managers* of the Election and the aristocracy of the county, were at once astounded and irritated by this beautiful specimen of genuine oratory.—It threw their scholastic, artificial harangues into the shade, and made them appear contemptible. The popular party were equally angry at it, for it exposed, not so much the baseness of their opponents, but the wickedness and folly of the whole system of election, and although it put their part of the mob in better spirits than they had been before, they well knew that votes were acquired by pecuniary interest, and not by speeches, and they therefore regretted that the speech had ever been made.

Very different was the case with me.—The man presented to my view an object of power and dignity, which threw all the adventitious advantages of birth and fortune into absolute insignificance. The isolated manner in which he stood, the champion of political purity, with all its emanations of glory and happiness, the lofty contempt in which he held all the interested objects for which

those around him were contending, made him appear like a god amidst the surrounding aristocracy.

I made it a point, after the business of the meeting was adjourned, to enter into conversation with this Mr. Horn. Our sentiments, upon all the subjects we conversed upon assimilated, and the extent and grandeur of his views inspired me with the pleasurable warmth which noble sentiments never fail to create. He seemed equally to be pleased with myself, for when I was about to wish him good evening, he begged me, of all things, to pass the night at his house. I accepted the invitation, and sent my servant back to Mortlake Hall, to tell my housekeeper that I should not return home that night.

When my host discovered that I was, what was usually called in the neighbouring county, "the rich Mr. Howel," he made no alteration whatever in his treatment of me; his mind seemed too lofty to stoop to the factitious distinctions of wealth, and we past the evening upon an equality, in every respect in which virtue or knowledge did not occasion a difference.—So improved and charmed was I by the conversation of this extraordi-

nary man, that for years it was the principal happiness of my life, to ride from my splendid mansion to pass an intellectual evening with this poor and humble market gardener,—and these were of the most invaluable of my evenings. During our intercourse, he refused every offer I made of improving his circumstances, and except receiving a few books, and a case of mathematical instruments which I presented to him, our visitings were upon a perfect footing of reciprocity and equality.

About a fortnight after my first acquaintance with this man, I again went to pay him a visit of one night, but had been persuaded by my host to remain from day to day, until I at last had remained one whole week. When I went, the weather for the time of year was remarkably fine and warm, and there was the common observation, that, "within the memory of the oldest man," there had not been so mild a winter. But the third day of my stay with my host; there was an exceedingly heavy fall of snow, and which was succeeded by the most bitter and intense frost.

At last, I set out very early one morning from my friend Mr. Horn's, in order to return upon horseback to my own house.—I left

Mr. Horn's immediately after day-break, and in spite of my great-coat and warm shawl round my chin, I found the morning more cold than any thing I had ever before experienced.—There was not a breath of wind, the air was heavy and loaded with frozen particles, and all nature seemed torpid and dead.

Riding quickly, and unwilling to turn my head to the right or left, for fear of discomposing the shawl round my chin, I espied, or thought I espied, by an imperfect side glance, the arm of a child lying under the hedge to my left.—I rode on, but I felt that uneasy irritation, which arises in any case of importance, from a conflict of opposite emotions, separately or collectively unable to satisfy the mind. I had rode on nearly three quarters of a mile, when I became so perplexed and uneasy that I resolved to return.

But unfortunately I had not sufficiently marked the spot where I thought I had seen this object, and I had therefore to ride backwards and forwards until at last my patience was exhausted, and myself nearly frozen to death. I therefore again mounted my horse, but as I was starting forward, I beheld the object of my search not two yards before me

in the hedge.—It was apparently a dead child of about four years of age,—a fine dark boy frozen stiff by the cold, the sparkling particles of frozen moisture covering his legs, which were purple with the frost.—I hastily took the child up, chafed it, held its mouth close, and breathed into its nostrils, but these and every other effort to restore animation were quite useless. I therefore quickly divested myself of my shawl round my neck, and taking off my great coat, I wrapped the infant up in them, and putting the child before me, I pressed on my horse with the utmost speed to gain the village ale-house, which was near the turnpike, about four miles from where I stood, and about the same distance from my own house.

Arrived at this inn, I immediately made the old woman and her daughter apply every possible means to restore the child to life, and after a long and anxious trial, I had the happiness to see my efforts completely succeed. I had my little charge put to bed in blankets before the fire, and directed the woman to feed the child with a few spoonfulls of strong broth at intervals of a quarter of an hour, until I should send my carriage and house-

keeper to bring it to the Hall. "Remember," said I to the old woman and her daughter, "if the child dies, I shall attribute it to your deviation from my orders, and you must take the consequences." I was now about to depart, when it struck me that I might as well make a few inquiries if the child were known to any body present.

"Pray, my good woman, do you know whose child this is?"

"La, love you, Sir, to be sure I do."

"And to whom does it belong?"

"Why, don't you know, Sir?"

"If I did, I should scarcely have made the inquiry."

"It was a pity it should have died in such an unchristian-like way, as a body may say."

"Fiddle-de-dee, about Christian,—whose child is it?"

"La, Sir, every body about these parts knows whose child that is, for it wanders about every where, as a body may say."

"For Heaven's sake, old woman, don't have any more circumlocutions, but tell me briefly whose child it is."

"La, Mr. Howel, I am sure a poor body like me, as a body may say, never deals in no

circumluctions as you and such like gentlefolks talks about."

"Damn it, whose child is it? who is its father?"

"Why, Sir, that's what we would ask you, if a body might take such a liberty, for none of us could ever find out who Mr. Lewis was."

"Is his name Lewis?"

"No, Sir, I don't believe it is."

"For Heaven's sake, Mrs. Short, can't you give a plain, sensible answer, and tell me what this person's name is?"

"We never could find out his real name."

"What did he call himself?"

"He always said as how he was Mr. Lewis, and we always called him Gentleman Lewis."

"And why did you call him Gentleman Lewis."

"Because, Sir, he was so genteel-like."

"Doubtlessly, that is a very good reason, but in what did his gentility consist?—Was he well dressed?"

"La, love your soul, Sir, as a body may say, Mr. Lewis was much more shabbier than our Jack."

"Then, in what did his gentility consist?"

"He talked such good language, and was so soft and genteel-like in his ways."

"How did he gain his livelihood?"

"La, Sir, gentleman Lewis never earned any livelihood."

"He lived on his means, then I suppose?"

"No, Sir, he had no means to live on."

"You are full of vexatious equivocations this morning. If I can't learn how this gentleman Lewis lived, you can perhaps tell me where he lived?"

"No, Sir, I can't; for we never could learn any of us where he did live; but I know it was somewhere in outlandish countries."

"But where did he live in this country?"

"Oh, Sir, that's what you mean. I did not understand your worship."

"Well, now you do understand me, perhaps you will tell me where he lived or lives?"

"I can't say, Sir, whether he is living or not at present, for he looked very ill last time we saw him, and that's a matter of three weeks ago. We was talking of him, and my good man was saying as how when he went that way, he would be calling just to ask arter Mr. Lewis, as a body might say."

"Your good man need have no little patience upon certain occasions; but where was it that your good man was to have called upon this said gentleman Lewis?"

"At his own cottage."

"And where is that?"

"Oh dear, I was wrong in calling it his own cottage; for it belongs to farmer Owen, who lets gentleman Lewis live in it for nothing, and—

"You entirely exhaust my patience. For heaven's sake never mind the ownership of the cottage, but tell me where it is situated?"

"Bless you, Sir, I don't mind a bit about the ownership of the cottage, for its none of ours, and not likely to be, and its not worth no mighty matters, let it belong to who it may."

"Where is it situated?"

"My good man John wouldn't give a matter of five pounds for it, it isn't fit only for pigs, much less for Christians, as a body might say."

"For God's sake, will you answer me, where is this cottage situated?"

"To be sure I will, Sir; I will answer you for your own sake, for we all know you are the

kindest hearted gentleman that ever came into these parts."

"You gossipping creature, you exasperate me beyond measure; will you tell me where the cottage is situated?"

"Aye, that I will, Sir, and I am sure you must know it as well as I, for you often rides that way, and you are the only one of the gentlefolks that ever does go that road, for it's a main, dreary road, and none of us poor people, as a body may say, are over fond of going that road in the winter, or late of nights."

"Damnation—where is this cottage?"

"Oh, Mr. Howel, I never heard you swear that word before. But as to the cottage, la, Sir, it is old Owen's cottage, that's just at the entrance of the gully between the two mountains."

"I recollect no cottage there, but I remember apparently a hut with mud walls, and thatched roof, standing about fifty feet from the bottom of the gully, and about a furlong from the road."

"There, Sir, didn't I say that you knew the cottage as well as I could tell you?"

"If he lives in that cottage, as you call it,

his child could lose but little in sleeping in the air, even in such weather as this."

"Mr. Lewis has lived there a matter of six months, and I will tell you how."—

"For heaven's sake tell me nothing, I have had enough of your tellings to last me all my life. Get me a lad and horse to go up to the Hall immediately, and give me pen, ink, and paper. I shall not go up to my house myself, but shall return to look after Mr. Lewis. This is a letter to direct my house keeper to come in the carriage with flannels and wrappers and to take the child to the hall. I desire you will obey my instructions most correctly. In twenty minutes before the child is put into the carriage, he is to have three or four tea spoonfulls of wine, which I have ordered the housekeeper to bring with her. The wine must be diluted with water, and made warm. I have ordered my groom to bring me a fresh horse to your inn, tell him to wait till I return, and to watch my coming on the road, and to have the horse ready to mount immediately I arrive."

I now wrapt myself up in my great coat and shawl, the loss of which I had so sensibly felt upon my ride to the Inn, and mounting

my horse, I measured back my steps to the gully which I had past about two hours before. The weather seemed to become, if possible, more severely cold, and I put my horse on its fastest trot, rising in my stirrups to keep myself from freezing.

At length I arrived at the mouth of this gully, or long narrow passage between two bleak, barren, and lofty mountains. A scene more dreary and wretched, it was difficult for a painter to imagine. The cottage I was in search of, appeared like a speck in the bleak and dreary waste, and I spurred my horse up the gully to this object of my pursuit.

Arrived at the spot, the hut or cabin, for it could be called by no better name, appeared so absolutely unfit for human habitation, that I conceived that I must have been misdirected, or have made some mistake, and I looked round in the hope, and partly in the expectation to behold some more appropriate place of residence. My eye perceived nothing but an immensity of dreariness—the steep and sterile sides of the mountains rising to the clouds, and exhibiting plains of frozen snow, occasionally interrupted by huge fragments of rock, and with here and there small

patches of stinted herbage, sometimes occupied by some nearly famished goat gazing at me, as if with wonder at my approach to a place so desolate.

I rode up to the door of this wretched hovel, which I found to be nothing more than two long and two short mud walls, very low, and covered with thatch. There were two chimnies, but neither emitted any smoke. At one end of this long, narrow building was a window of small diamond shaped panes of glass, most of them sufficiently dirty to prevent the passage of a ray of light. At the other extremity of the building, was a window which had consisted of a single pane of glass of about a foot long, but which had been broken out of the frame, and a quantity of straw was thrust through the aperture to keep out the cold air. I knocked at the door with the head of my whip, and called aloud to Mr. Lewis, but received no answer. I therefore dismounted, and tying the horse to a ringbolt which I perceived in the wall, I entered this miserable cabin.

I found it paved with red tiles, but the thatch had let in the rain, and these tiles of the floor were covered with a thin sheet of ice.

Neither of the fire places bore any marks of having been lately used. At one extremity, the end where the straw had been thrust through the pane of glass, stood an old worm-eaten bed frame, with but two legs, the two foremost ends being supported, the one by a small log of wood, the other by three brick-bats. On the bed lay some fresh straw, covered with a cloth, and upon which, was a small blanket and a horse-rug. Still I saw no Mr. Lewis, my attention was so deeply fixed upon this miserable furniture. Turning my head to the left, I perceived a tall man sitting at the end of a chest, with his elbows upon a table, and his chin resting upon his hands, his finger ends being apparently within his mouth. His black hair was clotted, and his beard visibly long. He had on ragged worsted stockings, with shoes down at heel, and knee breeches, unbuttoned at the knees—his coat was threadbare, with the collar put up to prevent the air passing down the neck. The man was so motionless that I doubted very much whether he were living, or had not been frozen in that attitude, I was at a loss how to address him. I began several sentences, but stammered only the first word or syllable of

a word. At length I advanced closer to him, and exclaimed, "your name is Lewis, I believe." There was no answer.

"I come here to render you every possible service."

I thought I perceived a slight, dull motion of the eyes.

"Your misfortunes are at an end, it is my intention to rescue you from penury."

I thought I heard a gurgling in the throat, arising from an ineffectual attempt to speak.

"How can I now assist you; will you take my coat and endeavour to ride to my house?"

"Have you seen my child?" said the Frenchman in a low, faltering voice, almost unintelligible.

"Your child, thank God, is safe."

"I'm sorry for it."

"You surely can't be sorry for your child's safety."

"He should have died last night."

"But for me, that would have been his fate."

"He then has felt all the miseries of

death, without receiving its protection from life."

"His life will be happy."

"Was my poor boy out all night?"

"I fear so—but he is now safe and comfortable."

"Out all night, and not dead?"

"No, not dead, but restored to happiness."

"Happiness!—He strayed from me yester-evening, I had not strength to fetch or call him back—poor child."

"In less than two hours, I trust you will be with your boy, over my comfortable fire."

"You have deprived my poor child of his wished-for death, it is your duty to protect the life you have restored."

"It is not only my duty, but my inclination, and I have happily the means of fulfilling my intentions."

"You ought to save him from misery; but for you, death would have preserved him."

"But will you wrap yourself up in my great coat, and mount my horse to ride to my house, where every possible relief shall be adminis-

tered both to you and your son for life. Will you ride ?"

" Can you thaw my limbs ?"

" I wish to Heaven I could—I regret that in my extreme anxiety to be the harbinger of joy to you, I have most unfortunately forgot to bring with me from the Inn, any cordial that might have restored you to strength sufficient for the journey."

" 'Tis of no consequence, you come too late."

" I hope not, but let me repair my error. I will do all I can to preserve you from the cold, whilst I return home and dispatch relief to you with the utmost expedition."

" 'Tis useless, my limbs are frozen and my heart——"

" Will, ere long, be warm with gladness."

" I do not wish it—now that you have adopted my child."

" For Heaven's sake, why did you not lie upon the bed, amidst the straw, and cover yourself with that rug ?"

" I could not, I'm frozen to the spot."

" Why not have wrapt that rug round you as you sat ?"

" I could not reach it—it was meant for my

child had he returned, but he slept out all night—poor wretch, we might as well have died together."

"Let me proceed to render you more comfortable, whilst I shall be away."

"Expend your cares upon my child," said the Frenchman, as I was exerting myself to preserve him, whilst I should be absent to procure more effectual relief.

I threw the straw from the bed around his feet, and wrapt the rug from the bed round his knees. I then buttoned my thick great coat upon his body, and tying my shawl round his chin and throat, left him in that position, whilst I mounted my horse and rode back to the Inn at the quickest trot. I observed, whilst I was busy in my efforts, that the unhappy Frenchman had a faint curl upon his upper lip, which seemed as if intended to mock the exertions I was making. Whilst I was busily engaged, I had thought little of this expression of countenance; but, as I was riding homeward, it haunted my recollection, and appeared to have something unearthly in it. It was unnatural, and whatever efforts I made, I could not efface it from my memory.

When I reached the Inn, I found my groom,

as I had ordered, waiting for me with a fresh saddle horse. He had watched my ascent up the hill, and the horse was standing ready for me to mount at the turnpike gate. I was not one minute exchanging horses, and upon my fresh animal I galloped from the turnpike to my house, almost as rapidly as my anxiety and imagination could carry me there. The servants who saw me coming up the park at so unusually rapid a rate, conceived that something very extraordinary must have happened, and by the time I reached the portico, my butler and housekeeper were already there, waiting my approach.

As I dismounted, I ordered the butler to direct that a small covered cart should be got ready without a moment's delay, and that there should be put to it the swiftest horse I had that could go in single harness. Directly he had gone to see these orders executed, I desired the housekeeper to have put into this cart, a small mattress, with pillows and plenty of blankets. I ordered also an abundance of fuel, with wine, brandy, tea, and utensils for cooking them. These orders were executed with the utmost expedition, and I kept pacing the hall to and fro in anxious so-

licitude until the cart and its equipments were brought to the door. In this I sent a man, with an old nurse, and desired them to make all possible haste to the cabin, to make there the largest fire that the place would admit, to place the unhappy man before it upon the bed with abundance of covering, to administer small quantities of diluted brandy to him in the first instance, and then to feed him with broth until he should be sufficiently restored to be put into the cart, in which he was to be kept extremely warm by means of the covering, and a small stove which I had sent for that purpose. He was then to be driven slowly to the hall, and in the mean time I had ordered a room with every comfort to be got ready for his reception.

I stood under the portico watching the cart until it had got through the park gate, and was hid from me by the intervening objects. I then returned into the drawing room, and directed the child to be sent to me.

He had been dressed in the holiday suit of the son of my coachman, and presented a far different spectacle to his appearance when I picked him up from under the hedge, with his dirty clothes and purple limbs gellied with

dew, rendered sparkling by the frost. He was a tall, thin, emaciated child, with large, black eyes and long eye lashes, a dark complexion, and evidently of a foreign aspect. He seemed full of aches and pains, and his body and mind appeared equally dull and torpid. He eyed every thing with a curiosity from which I argued the possession of quickness of parts, but I could exact nothing from him, but occasionally a few words which amounted to only that his "father had no fire and no clothes, and nothing to eat."

I therefore put the child off my knees to allow him to seek amusement by familiarizing himself with the different objects in the room, and drawing my chair closer to the fire, I sat ruminating upon the singular occurrences of the day, and how much of the future might be influenced by the unexpected events arising out of my visit to the gardener, Mr. Horn. My mind was also engaged in reflections upon the diversified nature of my own fate, my extraordinary elevation to wealth from servitude, the recurrence of misery, with my second rise to affluence beyond even ability to make use of it. I contrasted my situation with that of the Frenchman, and my mind was insensibly

led into the contemplation of "the ways of God to man." Amidst all my theories, and my calculations of secondary causes with their effects upon human happiness, my mind was roused by the distant sounds of horses' feet and of cart wheels upon the frozen road.

I started from the fire-side to the window, and looking through the long avenue of trees, I perceived the return of the cart which I had sent to assist the Frenchman. "They have brought him back," said I to myself, and putting on my hat, I hastened to the portico, and anxiously waited its approach. "I wish they would not drive so fast, the motion of the cart will inconvenience him;"—in a few minutes the cart drew up to the portico, and I perceived in it every thing in about the same position in which it had been placed at its setting out. My eye anxiously searched for the object of my care, but he was evidently not there.

"What in the name of heaven have you done," said I, rather petulantly, "you have not surely dared in a case like this to swerve one tittle from your instructions—have you come back for any thing?"

"No, Sir."

"You have been to the cabin, I hope, though the time of your absence would seem to say, it is impossible?"

"Oh yes, Sir, we have been, exactly as you ordered."

"I told you expressly to stay with him, administering every assistance until he should recover strength enough to be driven to my house, why have you not obeyed my orders?"

"Sir, we drove to the cabin with all possible speed, but upon our entering it, we found the French gentleman sitting at the table, wrapt in your great coat, and with your shawl about his neck; his elbows were on the table, and his chin resting upon the palm of his hands."

"And did you light the fire immediately?"

"We couldn't help looking at the poor gentleman, we were quite frightened as it were."

"I hope you did not lose any time before acquainting him with the object of your coming?"

"His lips seemed smiling, Sir, in so odd a way."

"But what did you do to comfort him?"

"And his eyes were like glass—they never

moved, and seemed to stare, but as if they did not see nobody."

"But tell me what you did?"

"Dr. Powell said directly, it is of no use doing any thing, the unhappy man has been frozen to death."

"Heavens! were you too late to save him?"

"His limbs and his whole body were as stiff as a poker, and there was no flesh upon his bones."

"Poor, unhappy man."

"And his clothes, Sir, were all rags and tatters."

"Did you make no attempt to restore him?"

"Oh yes, Sir, we met Dr. Powell about a mile from the gully, and we told him what we were going about by your orders, so he turned his horse's head, and went back with us to the cabin."

"His humanity is always active—'twas fortunate your meeting with him—but what was done to restore the unfortunate Lewis?"

"The doctor, Sir, did every thing he thought proper, and we obeyed whatever he

ordered. But every thing was useless, and the doctor said he must have been dead nearly two hours."

"He must have died then almost immediately after I left him." At this moment the child ran carelessly before me, and I instinctively caught it in my arms, and pressing him to my heart, looked earnestly in his face, saying to myself—"Yes, by all that's sacred to humanity will I be to thee a father—my promise to rear and shield you from want were the last words your unhappy parent ever heard."

My friend Dr. Powell now arrived, and continuing the child in my arms, I walked with him into the drawing room. My spirits were extremely low, and the Doctor kindly ordered his horse to be put into the stable, as he would remain and dine with me.

My chief uneasiness arose from self-reproach. Had I had common foresight—and had taken a phial of wine or of spirits when I left the inn to repair to the cabin—had I ordered the fuel and provisions to have followed me from the inn at the first instance, instead of waiting to order them from my own house—or had I, when I changed horses at the turnpike,

sent my groom back to the cabin with wine, in either case the life of this man would have been preserved, and he might have lived some thirty years, in a state of happiness which would have compensated for his past sufferings. These reflections disturbed me considerably, nor could I be altogether appeased or rendered satisfied with myself, by Dr. Powell's assurances, that the victim must have been past recovery, even if I had acted as I thought I ought to have done.

I resolved to bury this unfortunate foreigner. and to erect over his grave a tomb-stone, which should be, what all tomb-stones ought to be, an incitement to moral reflections in the living. I desired an undertaker of the county town to meet me at the cabin on the noon of the third day from the death of the deceased, and at the time appointed, I repaired to the spot accompanied by Dr. Powell, in order to search for the papers of the deceased.

Upon our entering the cabin, I was struck with horror at the sight of this man sitting in identically the same position in which I had left him. There was the same smile and curl upon his lips, and the same largeness and glassy vacancy of eye. I stood rivetted to

the spot, gazing upon this most affecting object, until Dr. Powell, more accustomed than myself to scenes of death, roused me from my melancholy abstraction, and advised me to proceed upon the object of our visit.

As soon as the servants had removed the body to the bed, I opened the chest upon which the unfortunate man had been sitting. It was a long, narrow, oaken box, with a lock and ornamented brass corners, which spoke it to be of foreign manufacture. Upon opening this chest we found in it nothing valuable, nor any one article of apparel. There was a Xenophon and an imperfect or mutilated volume of Horace. There was also a broken, rusty case of mathematical instruments, and several bits of paper covered with mathematical diagrams. There were several sketches of landscapes, and plans of fortifications, with numerous pieces of paper containing four acts of a manuscript French comedy. "It is singular," said I to Dr. Powell, reading a passage which was remarkably lively and elegant, "it is singular how often pieces of humour and sprightliness are written by men under the pressure of the deepest affliction, whilst tragedies, and tales of sorrow proceed

from those who have the mind at ease, and who let the imagination wanton in scenes of fictitious grief, merely, it would seem, to break the monotony of uninterrupted joy, by sporting with the afflictions of their fellow-creatures. Is this merely a type of both the insolence of the human temper, and of the hopelessness of our condition—the prosperous man mocks the trials and sufferings of the wretched, and wantons in his triumph; whilst the miserable resort to fictitious joys to relieve the weight of real sorrow.

Proceeding in our search, we found nothing more than a court sword, the rust of which had almost destroyed a very finely wrought diamond-cut handle. The last thing we took up was a long roll of lawn or cambric, rendered yellow by time and dampness. I unrolled a great many folds of this cambric, when there fell out a very small paper packet, which I picked up, and read a superscription in a foreign hand, "my dear Eliza's hair cut from her lovely forehead, the morning her coffin was screwed up." I stood for some time in mute reflection upon this little memorial, and pictured to myself the scene of death, when he who now lay a corpse before us, had

severed this last token from a face which he was distracted to think that he should behold no more—I was ruminating upon the sensation of this man when this hair was cut from the forehead of the lost object of his affections, I was reflecting upon all the sensations of tenderness which this memorial had engendered, and of the absolute nothingness of all our joys and sorrows—the lover and the beloved were now inanimate matter—they had past away as if they never had been—they had sprung from senseless matter and were again a part of the immense mass of inert substance.—No sympathy whatever now existed in their sensations whilst they had life—they were gone for ever, and thus is it with us all—the second and third generation remember us not.—We are then nothing.

I had held the little packet in my hand, gazing upon it with earnestness whilst I was pursuing these reflections. Dr. Powell had not interrupted my feelings for some time, but he now requested I would see, whether the roll of cambric contained any thing else: I continued unfolding it, until I came to the end, when I found it to contain a sheet of parchment. This I glanced my eye over,—

it was a commission from Louis XVI. appointing Jean François Louis, Count de Chatillon, a Captain in the Royal Guards of France.—My eye travelled from the parchment to the rust-eaten sword, and from that to the corpse of the Count, which lay stretched upon the straw of the bedstead. The bosom of the shirt was open, and I perceived upon his breast, a scar of unusual length. Round his neck was a blue ribband, suspended to which was a cross of the Order of St. Louis, and the miniature of a lady, so faded as barely to exhibit that she was young and handsome.—The cross lay upon the scar of the breast!—I was deeply moved by the sight,—"still true, my gallant Frenchman,—still, like all your countrymen, true to love and honour,—for ever pursuing the splendid and the amorous phantoms,—could not all your distresses tempt you to part with that sword, or to remove that glittering cross from your breast?—Perhaps, even in the hour of death, your last thoughts were upon your child, and upon that portrait next your heart, of her who gave him birth, and formed the heaven of your earthly devotions. Those relics ought not to be removed from your breast; they ought to descend with

you to the grave, and to decay in sympathy with your heart,—but you live in your son, and to him, when arrived at manhood, will I present them, as memorials of a true and gallant father,—take them from his breast,—hold! do not cut that ribband,—lift it over his head, —I would not have a fibre of it severed. I kept these sacred relics in a small mosaic box, within a Buhl cabinet in my dressing-room, in which I deposited every object that was endeared to me by sentiment. I buried the Count, in a manner which distinguished him from the vulgar, and indicated to the neighbours, that he was entitled to a better state than that in which he had lived and died amongst them.

Amongst the innumerable blessings of a free and widely circulated press, I had soon to reckon the means of discovering the history of this unfortunate French gentleman, a discovery attended by the greatest consequences to his son. I had inserted a short account of the circumstances under which the Count had died, in our County Paper, and the article was copied into one of the London Journals. This happened to be read by a Monsieur La Fitte, a Swiss house-steward

of a nobleman, residing about twenty miles from my estates. This person shortly after paid me a visit upon the subject.

He called one morning, at Mortlake Hall, and informed my servant that he had particular business with me. By my permission he was accordingly ushered into the Library where I was then sitting, the child playing upon the carpet with some toys I had bought for his amusement. Monsieur La Fitte was above six feet high, very thin, with a long, harsh countenance, hair highly dressed and well powdered, with white silk stockings, and enormously large shoe buckles. He entered the room, bowing his long body five or six times so low, that at each bow, his head nearly came in contact with the floor. I was at a loss to know who he was, and what he could want, and I interrupted the fifth bow, by begging to know the object of his visit. He began several broken sentences, and faltered out several words, or the parts of words, all the time keeping his eyes upon the child, who, unmindful of both of us, continued loading his little cart in the middle of the room. The Frenchman, at last, to my astonishment, became quite agitated, and after

muttering to himself "*c'est lui,—oui, c'est lui, —assurement c'est lui meme,*"—he turned round rapidly and suddenly to me, and ejaculated, as if impatient of further uncertainty, "Monsieur, is not that my young master."—I thought I had been receiving at least a Marquis, and had been returning bow for bow with polite humility, the term young master therefore struck upon my ear with an unexpected, and I may add, not a very pleasant effect.—"No, Sir, that young gentleman I apprehend cannot possibly be your young master, or young master to any body beyond the privileges of my establishment."

"*Pardonnez moi*, Monsieur, but he is such a likeness,—just the eyes and the forehead, and I could swear to the chin."

"Swear to what chin, Sir."

"To that child's chin, Monsieur, it must surely be the son of the Count de Chatillon."

"It is, Sir, the son of the Count de Chatillon, and pray may I ask what you may know, or rather may have known of the Count.—Did you know him, Sir?"

"Ah, Monsieur, me know the Count, was I not with him in his regiment nine year, two

month, and *onze jours*,—and did I not serve with him *pendant toute la Revolution*."

"If, Sir, you knew so much of the Count, I will be obliged to you to sit down and impart to me what you do know, for, in the relation in which I now stand to that orphan, I am anxious to know all I can of his parentage."

Monsieur La Fitte bowed very respectfully, and seated himself upon a chair, taking every now and then a side view of the child, when his face, which was by no means calculated to portray the tender feelings, softened into expressions of affection and sorrow.

"Draw your chair near to the table, Monsieur La Fitte, and favour me with the history of that child's father."

"Ah, le pauvre enfant l'orphelin," said La Fitte, drawing a deep sigh before he began.

"Monsieur, I was Serjeant of the Grenadier Company of the first Regiment of French Guards, when the son of the old Count de Chatillon was appointed to an ensigncy in the regiment.—He was a fine young gentleman, tall and handsome, with a gallant mien, and looked like a soldier.—He was afterwards made Lieutenant, and then Captain of my

company. All the regiment were proud of the young Count, and the ladies bestowed their regards upon him.—The Count was as brave as a lion, and when we advanced upon the Austrian body guard at the *pas de charge*, the Count captured their colours with his own hands.—I was by his side, and it was upon that occasion, that the Count cried aloud, 'La Fitte, you are the bravest soldier in the First Regiment of Guards,' and you know, Monsieur, that was the bravest regiment in the service of the French king."—La Fitte threw out his chest and tossed his head on high.

"I was not aware of that, Monsieur La Fitte,—but the inference is plain, you were the bravest Frenchman then existing."

"*Pardonnez moi*, Monsieur, pardon Sir, I was not Frenchman, I was Swiss."

"So much the better, Sir, the Swiss are a free people, proceed."

"Ten days after, our regiment was ordered to carry a *tête de pont* at the point of the bayonet.—We advanced, and overturned all before us, but the fire of the enemy was very hot;—our Colonel was killed, and the regiment gave way: the Count, with the grenadier company, stood firm, and presently ordered us

to charge.—The enemy were too numerous; the Count was shot through the arm, and his cap was carried away by a rifle ball, '*c'etoit un brâve soldat, en avant, en avant, mes amis,*' cried the Count, (La Fitte rose from his chair,) we pressed upon the enemy with the bayonet.—the *tête de pont* was carried, but the Count was struck in the breast by the sabre of an Austrian cuirassier; I loved him, and stopped to support his fall.—*Paltron, paltron, s'escria-t-il, en avant, et laissez moi mourir.*—(La Fitte was accompanying the word with the action,) ah, Monsieur, we were not supported, we were obliged to retreat, but we retreated in good order, and I, with a comrade, bore the Count off the field.—My comrade was cut down, but I defended the Count and succeeded in getting him to a place of safety."

"And what gratitude did the Count evince towards you for saving his life."

"The King, for his bravery made him a Knight of St. Louis, and granted him a cross of the order."

"The King made the Count a Knight, but what did the Count do for Monsieur Serjeant La Fitte?"

"Ah, Monsieur, he was always like a fa-

ther to me.—He did not mean *poltron,* for he often said I was the bravest man in the world."

"Take care of the mantle-piece, Monsieur La Fitte,—if you are so energetic, you'll knock down that *or molu* clock.—Sit down, Sir, and proceed with your story."

"At last, the Revolution broke out, and the Count was one of those officers who after dinner, swore upon their swords to die in defence of the King.—I was Swiss and therefore loved liberty, and would have joined the Republicans, but the Count was true to the King, and I was true to the Count. At last, I was sent into another corps, and losing the presence of the Count, I became Republican. Next year, the *pauvre* Count was taken *prisonier,* and condemned to the guillotine. I saw him marched to prison, and as he passed our corps, he espied me, as serjeant upon guard,—he gave me looks of reproach,—they broke my heart. The next day he was to be guillotined, but that evening I contrived his escape.—I gave him his sword as he put his foot on my shoulder to mount the outer wall of the ditch.—The Count fled to England. I was suspected of having contrived his escape, and the guillotine was then very busy, so the

next morning I went over to the enemy. But I would not carry arms against my old friends, and I fled to England, and became a hair-dresser in London."

"That's an odd transition, Monsieur La Fitte, from a serjeant of grenadier guards to a hair-dresser."

"*Point de tout, Monsieur, point de tout.*"

"Well, Sir, we differ upon that subject,—but proceed."

"In one month, I became a cook in the *famille* of *mi Lor.*"

"Heavens! that is a transition more singular than the first."

"*Mon Dieu! Monsieur, point de tout,*" said the Frenchman, shrugging up his shoulders and looking astonished at the oddness of the sentiment."

"Proceed, Monsieur La Fitte, I pray you."

"I was then *parfemeur; apres,* I was one *tailleur, et apres.*"

"Heavens! what next?

"I was *arrecheur de dens.*"

"Bless my soul! a dentist."

"*Non, Monsieur, pas dentiste,* only *arrecheur de dens.*"

"Tooth-drawer, Monsieur La Fitte."

"*Oui, Monsieur,* after that I was valet to Baronet, and then *maitre d'hôtel a mi Lor.*"

"And what had become of the poor Count de Chatillon, all the time that you were suffering these multifarious metamorphoses, from soldier to hair-dresser, cook, perfumer, tailor, tooth-drawer, valet, and maitre d'hôtel."

"*Ah, Monsieur, le pauvre Comte,* I no see him for six year. At last, when I was *maitre d'hôtel a mi lor*, one footman ask me to let him learn the violin, for he had Frenchman who would teach him for one shilling a lesson.—*Parbleu,* say I, *c'est à bon marché.* The Frenchman come two, three time, but I went one day to tell them to go to other part of the house, the violin discompose *mi lor*,—when I went into the room, by gar, Monsieur, I almost fall dead, *c'étoit le comte lui meme oui, Monsieur,* the Count de Chatillon teach villain footman the violin.—I fell down upon one knee, and took the one hand of the Count between my two hand, and bathed it with my tear.—I called him my good old master, my brave *officier*, my *glorieux* Count de Chatillon. —He fall upon my neck, and weep like *shile.* —All the servant look at us, and think us *fou, mad, distrait, n'emporte.*—I took the Count

to my *chambre*, and beg him to tell me his adventure. He say, he almost starve.—I ran got bottle of *vin* and meat, he eat dinner, and then tell me his adventure.—When I let him escape from the guillotine, he come to London, and endeavour to teach Latin, and Greek, and *Mathematique*, but get not one scholar,— He try to teach French, but he got very few scholar, he almost starve with hunger.—He then try to teach *fence*, dance, and violin, and he make little money for little time, but he got to such great distress that he teach footman, *blagar*, for *presque rien de tout*.—I say to him, by gar, Monsieur le Comte de Chatillon shall never teach footman the violin. I gave the *pauvre Comte* ten guinea, and suit of my clothes,—and I go to *mi Lor*, and tell him all about *le pauvre Comte*; by gar, Monsieur Howel, *mi Lor* give him *cinquant*, fifty guinea. The Count set up school, do very well,—he marry, *pauvre Comte*, he marry daughter of *le Marquis de Boursonnage*,—beautiful woman, large black eye, full of grace and full of merit, but no money, all her family ruined by the Revolution. I went with *mi Lor* to France, —I have letter from Comte to say his *pauvre* wife die in child-bed, and leave him without

wife, but with son.—Three year more I travel in Italy, and in Turkey, with *mi Lor*, and I hear nothing at all of the poor Comte de Chatillon. I send him five letter, each with *billet de change* for ten guinea each.—He no get one, they all return to me.—At last I read your *memoire* in the *Journal* about the *Comte de Chatillon*, and I burst into tear.—I go to the post-office, Lombar Street, I find six dead letter,—all from the *pauvre Comte*, my dear, very much beloved and cherished master.—He say his wife dead, he ruined.—He leave London with his son, and travel about to teach, and get bread how he can.—Here is his last letter; he say, "why should La Fitte desert him in his misery." *Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu, mon chere, mon tres cher Comte,* La Fitte never desert you, could I have found you, I would have give one hundred guinea."—Here the tears kept rolling down the rugged cheeks of the old Frenchman.

"Compose yourself, Monsieur La Fitte, take a glass of wine, and we will proceed with the story presently."

La Fitte took a glass of wine, and kept gazing on the child, who by the Frenchman's vehemence, and perhaps by the resemblance

of his tone and broken English to that of his father, had left his toys, and had come near the fire, where he stood earnestly looking in La Fitte's face.—La Fitte suddenly snatched the child in his arms and pressed it to his breast, kissing it for some minutes, then putting it down.

"Forgive me, Sir, the *grand* liberty I take in giving embrace to the *shile* of the *Comte*, but he look then so much like his *fadder*, that I could not suppress the sudden emotion of my heart.

"It is an emotion which does you infinite honour,—a heart like yours levels all distinctions of birth and fortune.—If the poor Count termed you the bravest soldier of France, I have no hesitation in saying, that you have one of the best hearts in Europe,—in the world."

"Monsieur, you is too polite," said La Fitte, rising, and making a graceful bow.

"But what else does the Count say in that last letter."

"He say, he starve,—he write poem and play, he starve more,—he go about the country to teach, but he get very few scholar,—he say he grow worse and worse, and say, if

he die, for God sake take care of his *pauvre* little *shile*."

"Well, Monsieur La Fitte, this is a very melancholy fate which has befallen your unhappy master."

"But he leave me the *shile* to take care of."

"But his last words were, to entreat that *I* would adopt his child, and I now consider him as my own, and love him as my own.—I was never married, and have no other child."

La Fitte threw a glance round the splendid room, and his eyes sparkled with joy.

"You can do more for him than I can,—but I have now got fourteen hundred guinea, and when I die, no body shall touch *fadding* of that fourteen hundred guinea but that little *shile*."

"Such a bequest may gratify your feelings, and do honour to your heart.—It will confer happiness on the boy, if he have any sensibility; but, in point of interest, it will be of little consequence to him, considering what I intend to leave him.—But will you dine with me to-day?"

"Ah, Monsieur, Monsieur La Fitte dine with mi Lor Howel, I could not take that *liberté*."

"I will prize you at my table more than a Duke, unless a Duke could rival your noble sentiments. You shall entertain me with some of your exploits when in the First Regiment of French Guards, under the old *regime.*—But your soldiers were not so good then as they are now, under the Emperor."

"*Pardonnez moi,* Monsieur Howel, the soldier was better much, but we had no such *grand generale.*"

"Well, well, we'll talk of these things after dinner.—We dine at six,—that little boy will show you over the house; he knows every room in it.—I will order the servants to take the tray into the drawing-room for your luncheon."

"The drawing-room,—*a que non.*"

"Monsieur La Fitte, you are now my guest, and therefore on an equality with myself.—I know you only as the brave soldier, and faithful friend of the Count. Had you not exiled yourself from France on his account, you might this day have been a Marshal of the Empire."

La Fitte put his hand to his breast, smiled, and made a low bow.

"Amuse yourself about the house with the child, until dinner time, said Mr. Howel;" and

La Fitte left the room accompanied by little Frank Lewis, Mr. Howel having christened him by that name. The evening was consumed by La Fitte in relating to his host all he knew of the family of the Count, and in detailing numerous anecdotes of the Count's conduct, and which certainly redounded to the honour of his memory. Mr. Howel was so much amused with La Fitte, and who, upon his part, was so overjoyed in the company of the child, that he made the Frenchman remain the next day. After dinner, upon the ensuing day, Monsieur La Fitte took up the subject of his own heroic deeds, and talked "of his imminent perils in the deadly breach, and of all the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war." All this was related very much in character, the Frenchman did not, it is true, "shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won," but his gestures, his vociferations, and the action of arms and legs were so incessantly called forth, that for a short time all was very amusing, but at length they convinced me of the truth of an old observation, that "soldier or sailor is always the hero of his own tale, and that of all bores in the world the egotism of either is the most in-

tolerable." The most material part of this last evening's entertainment, was an arrangement by which La Fitte was to become the *maitre d'hôtel* to Mr. Howel, when his present steward should be married, an event which was expected to take place in about six months, and which did take place accordingly.

"Previously to my finding this child, continued Mr. Howel, I had never known the happiness arising from what is called affection. I had felt gratitude towards my first benefactor, Mr. Roberts, and I had felt the same passion, with its emanation, attachment, towards Mr. M'Phail, but the devotion of the heart for one beloved object upon whom we dote, the tenderness, the solicitude, the love, wrought to enthusiasm until all passions are absorbed in that one, this I had never felt until this child was made my own. My whole time and thoughts were now concentrated upon this one object.—My mind was forming visions of his manhood, and I was perpetually pondering upon schemes of instruction, and weighing with anxiety the oft agitated question of the relative merits of public and private education. I believe I read and read again, every work of celebrity at all connected with

the subject, from the writings of Quintillian to those of Miss Edgworth. At last I formed my conclusion, that upon this subject, as upon many others, general conclusions were absurd, and that if public education were best for boys of quick parts and of animal spirits, it was the worst mode of instruction for those who were either dull or timid. All public education consists principally in the employment of the memory—all education ought to consist in the exercise of the reasoning faculties—this obvious truth confirmed me in my inclination to keep little Lewis at home, and to educate him myself. The child was quick and shrewd, docile and affectionate, yet spirited and lively. My task therefore became more delightful every day—and every day my affection for the child became more intense. From the neighbouring watering place, I contrived every season to procure lessons in dancing; at an expense little more than ordinary, I procured instruction in music and drawing; and I taught him myself the classics, with French and mathematics.

"The best criterion whether the mistress of a house be sensible or foolish, is the behaviour of her children. With all my excess of doting

upon this child, I had never that weakness which disgraces mothers, and deteriorates the human character—the weakness of irrationally indulging the humours or inclinations of a child. I was considerate and kind, but I was positive and firm—my word was never disobeyed, and obedience was always immediate. By this means the child esteemed and loved me. In life, a child generally esteems the father without loving him, and loves the mother without esteeming her. It is because, the father is obliged to substitute severity for the mother's want of management, whilst she at last is obliged to substitute false indulgence for the father's want of consideration. Thus the mother's criminal folly begets a vice in the father, whilst the reaction of that vice is an additional folly equally fatal to the child.

"In my zeal for the mental improvement of the child, I did not sacrifice the education of the body. I taught him to fence and ride, and eventually initiated him in such field sports as did not offend against humanity. I made Giles Owen, my tenant, teach him to swim, to wrestle, to box and cudgel, to play at cricket, and at other manly games—at most of which my pupil evinced considerable apti-

tude. At last, boyhood was succeeded by virility, and young Lewis was at once my son, my companion and friend, with principles, sentiments and habits, formed congenially with my own—my life was rational and happy —I was little solicitous for the society of the world."

Amidst these scenes of felicity, occurred the unexpected event of the arrival of Mr. Howel's brother from Jamaica, with a family of six sons and one daughter. The shipwreck and supposed loss of this brother, had through life been the source of great regret and unhappiness to Mr. Howel. He had often reflected upon the difference between their fates: the one sent a cabin boy in the coasting trade, and by the caprice of fortune arriving at wealth and distinction, the other sent in the same menial office to the extreme west, and meeting with a violent death at the very commencement of his career. He had thought often of what must have been the anxious conflict sustained through life by their indigent parents for their support and welfare; often had he pictured to himself the agony which his mother must have felt upon her death-bed from the reflection that her death

would leave their children orphans to be supported upon parochial charity. He had formed visions of the happiness he would have conferred upon his parents by his prosperity, had they lived, and he had pictured to himself the joy of participating his wealth with a brother, sprung equally with himself from parents, whose sufferings were the continued subject of his most tender reflections.

The sudden arrival of this brother from the West Indies, shot like a spark of electricity through the breast of Mr. Howel. It kindled a thousand tender reminiscencies, and seemed to realize those visions which had hitherto but caused him a vain regret. He received him with the frankness and affection congenial to his nature, allotted one wing of his house to the reception of his family, and was, in every respect, absorbed in the happiness of contributing to his enjoyment.

Mr. Benjamin Howel's six sons were complete creole cubs, unfit for any European association, and their extreme ignorance, with their pride and sensuality, their opstreperous mirth when pleased, with their brutal insolence and outrage to all around them, and to each other, when irritated, soon rendered their

company intolerable to their uncle. But what surprized the old gentleman most was their aristocratic spirit, for he had never before been in West Indian Society, and knew not the pride of *birth* which the sudden acquisition of fortune in those climates engenders, even in the shoeless adventurers that arrive in shoals from the mother country.

But nature had done too much for the daughter, for any climate or circumstances to spoil. This young lady possessed considerable marks of the features so prevalent in the inhabitants of tropical climates. Her forehead was large and prominent, her eyes were dark and brilliant and well set, her hair was dark, her complexion a brilliant brunette, but the contour of the face deviating too much from the oval admired in European beauty. This young lady was then about seventeen, her figure was rather small, but thin, and delicate; her air was sprightly, and her manner artless and ingenuous; her mouth was beauty itself, and her face, although not beautiful, had that union of features and expression, which tend to create the enthusiasm without, perhaps, the adoration of love.

Frank Lewis, at this period was approach-

ing the age of twenty-one, and Miss Rachel Susannah Howel was the first young lady with whom he had ever associated; but, so far from falling instantaneously in love, his ideas upon marriage were so philosophical, that he did no more than contemplate her mind like a casuist, and view her person with the scrutiny of an artist, scanning her manners with the fastidious delicacy of a refined gentleman. His disgust at the society of her brothers, and a certain antipathy which he had conceived of their character, threw him entirely into the company of this young lady. He rode with her, he walked with her, he read with her, he played and sung with her, and as old Mr. Howel was equally absorbed in his attentions to his brother, the young lady and gentleman were left entirely to themselves. It was not possible in the nature of things, that an association of this sort should continue long, without producing love, and accordingly it was soon obvious to every body but themselves, that both their hearts were reciprocally and irretrievably engaged. Frank Lewis did not suspect himself of being in love, until the passion had taken such a complete possession of his heart, as to make him an enthusiast in his de-

votions to this most fascinating girl. This state of things, with ordinary minds, brought up in the ordinary way, at boarding schools or by weak mothers, and arbitrary fathers, generally leads to clandestine marriages, or to marriages contracted in open defiance of prohibitions; and thus, in either case, is every tie between child and parent at a tangent severed, every office of love, of tenderness, of gratitude, and duty forgotten by the child, whilst the parent as suddenly converts all the feelings of nature for the offspring, into indifference or bitter hate. He leaves them to the world, " to prey at fortune," and cuts them off with a shilling at his death; or else, upon his death-bed, a reconciliation takes place, and he goes out of the world, shaking hands with a child, whom, up to marriage he doted upon, and who, since the marriage, he cordially hated, as much to his own misery as to that of his child.

But, with a person educated like young Lewis, under a man of intellect, whose fondness or indulgence was never allowed to trespass upon his understanding, things were not at all likely to arrive at such an issue. On the contrary, Lewis began to reflect seriously upon

the consequences to himself and others, of allowing his affections to be engaged to a person whom he could not marry, without a violation of prudence, and of his duties to others. He saw that the father of the young lady was extremely averse to their association, and the elder brother, Mr. Baal Howel, had, by several monosyllabic ejaculations, evinced great offence at many attentions he had paid to the young lady. He had reason to think that Mr. Howel saw his attention to his niece without displeasure, but he could not mention his attachment to the old gentleman on any account. "Rachel," said he, "from her close connection with Mr. Howel, may obtain an alliance with the highest peer in this country, I am still but the object of my foster father's bounty—if I mentioned to him my attachment, his extreme affection for me would induce him to promote my suit, which might occasion differences between him and his brother—how ungenerous, then, would it be in me, to avail myself of his love to myself, to make him risk a breach with a brother on whom he rests his hope of happiness for the remainder of his days. No, I will fly a temptation I cannot resist—this night I will renew

with Mr. Howel the subject of my travelling upon the Continent." Whilst he was in this dilemma, he was suddenly accosted by Rachel's brother, Mr. Baal Howel, who abruptly accused him of the "rascality of winning his sister's affections, against her father's wishes, and to the destruction of all his plans of aggrandizing his family." He proceeded, without tact or delicacy, from accusation to accusation, until he arrived at the climax of his brutality, by asserting, that his father had authorized him to ask, "how a mere foundling, picked up under a hedge, and now supported upon charity, could presume to think of stealing the affections of his patron's niece, who had a right to look up to the best title in Wales?"

Mr. Lewis's young blood mounted to his face at this brutal speech, not because it reproached him with the baseness of his birth, for Mr. Howel had educated him to contemn the foolish and mischievous prejudices in favour of ancestry, and above all, to despise it in the plebeian upstart, but he fired at this speech, for its containing a charge of moral turpitude in disregarding the feelings of Rachel, and violating his gratitude and affection for Mr. Howel. He therefore repelled the

charge at first with indignant contempt; but, accustomed to control his emotions, he soon moderated his tone, and expostulated with Mr. Baal Howel upon his ungentlemanly and ungenerous manner of effecting his object. "Your speech," said Frank Lewis, "does hurt me to the quick—I am sorry, very sorry, that the nephew of my dear Mr. Howel, should have a spirit so degenerate—so incapable of fulfilling the duties in life to which his near connection with that worthy man will elevate him."

That evening, however, young Lewis, as was usual, spent several hours in the study with Mr. Howel, and to him he expressed his earnest desire to set out immediately upon his foreign travels; Mr. Howel was much startled with an anxiety to do that which, but a few months before, nothing could make him do, but a deference or obedience to authority.

"What is the reason of this sudden change of resolution, my dear Frank—when I was perpetually pressing your departure for the Continent, you resisted all my reasoning; now, when I cease to urge the point, you are anxious to depart, and will admit of no delay —I hope none of my brother's family offend

you—I hope no child of his is the cause of your desire to depart."

Lewis's conscience made him misinterpret this speech, he thought it alluded to Rachel, and the colour came into his face.

"I see by your countenance, my dear Frank, that this is the case,—they are unruly lads, but, remember they have not had the advantage of a proper education,—you must bear with them on my account."

"My dear Sir, I do assure you, that no son of Mr. Benjamin Howel has had any influence upon my wishes to depart. You know, that I always desired to travel, but was restrained by my dislike to leave you alone. Now, Sir, you will have the society of your brother."

"True, Frank, true, my dear boy, I shall also have the society of Rachel; but do not, on any account imagine, that the sudden appearance of my brother and his family has altered, or ever can alter the love I bear you."

Lewis assured him that such a thought never had, and never could, enter into his head. The conversation ended, and each party retired to bed, reflecting how perversely every thing had turned out, the wishes of one al-

ways thwarting those of the other, and reciprocally changing into opposition.

But arrangements were made for the departure of Mr. Frank Lewis, who left Mortlake Hall in the manner described at the opening of our volume. He took a polite farewell of Mr. Benjamin Howel and of his sons,—his parting with the elder Mr. Howel evinced the excess of tenderness in both parties, but when he roused his courage to take leave of the young and lovely Rachel, he might have said with the Poet,

> I whisper'd her my last adieu,
> I gave a mournful kiss,
> Cold showers of sorrow bath'd her eyes,
> And her poor heart was torn with sighs,
> Yet,—strange to tell,—'twas then I knew
> Most perfect bliss.
>
> For love at other times suppress'd
> Was all betrayed at this.—
> I saw him weeping in her eyes,
> I heard him breathe amongst her sighs,
> And every sob which shook her breast
> Thrill'd mine with bliss.

The departure of Frank Lewis from Mortlake Hall, was viewed with extreme but suppressed delight by Mr. Benjamin Howel, who

had found his presence the only obstacle to his pursuit of certain schemes, which he had long matured for effecting sundry important objects.

This gentleman was illiterate, ignorant, and of a very weak understanding, but he had a natural disposition to cunning, and to the exercise of which the thirst of avarice continually propelled him. He now undertook the *management* of Mr. Howel, and depended for success upon the candid, unsuspicious temper of his brother, who was also infatuated in his favour by excess of affection.

Encroachments upon Mr. Howel's comforts and former habits followed each other in rapid succession, whilst that worthy gentleman attributed each invasion, to any thing but its real source,—a settled design to obtain the mastery over him, with a view to the entire management of his property. Mr. Howel, however, resolved to avoid what he thought he could not oppose, without hurting his brother's feelings, and violating the rites of hospitality, and his fraternal tenderness to a distressed brother. He therefore spent the greater part of the day, and almost all the evening in his study; but even this apartment

was trespassed upon, to a degree that compelled him, in self defence, to inform his brother, that "the noise of his nephews disturbed him, and that when he retired into the library he desired to be entirely alone." "Well, well, brother," said Mr. Benjamin Howel, "my lads are a little noisy, but it's only the spirits of youth.—You ought to recollect that *we* were young once; we can't put old heads upon young shoulders."—"It is for that very reason," replied Mr. Howel, "that I do not wish them to enter my private study, our young and old heads can't assimilate." "You are rather harsh upon the lads, rather harsh, brother," said Mr. Benjamin Howel, who, however, forbade the young men to trespass any more upon their uncle, although he took care himself to harass his brother, by invariably following him into the study whenever he saw him enter; and on which occasions he would hold him in conversation, to the exclusion of all study or reflection.

Mr. Howel's chief delight was in a close and active correspondence with young Lewis. In a letter he wrote to him, about three months after his departure from Mortlake Hall, he expressed himself as follows:—"Your affection

and fidelity would not justify me in such very unreserved and thoroughly confidential communications, if your delicacy and prudence were not equal to your love for me. My heart, my dear Frank, is but ill at ease. My brother's nature does not at all assimilate to mine. He will not leave me to myself one hour in the day, but pláces himself in the chimney corner of my study, and incessantly assails me upon the subject of my property. He tells me, one farm is let at five, another at seven and a half, another at ten, and another at fifteen, per cent below its value; that one thing is bought too dear, another job might have been done cheaper, and a third expense might have been avoided altogether.—This is most unpleasant to me.—I never had a disposition for petty savings, and as I am wealthy beyond the possibility of my expending my income, I like to revel in the luxury of wealth. —I have made the will I told you of, and in which I have left my brother the whole of my property, real and personal, excepting only a few legacies to my old servants, and a bequest to yourself of all my books, coins, medals, cameos, gems and drawings, with your option of twenty-five thousand pounds, or, the Brook-

land Farms.—I have left you, my dear boy, my gold watch, chain and seals; they will often remind you of me, when I am removed from your presence. Directly I told my brother of my having made this will, his joy was extravagant and beyond restraint.—He declared, to my great annoyance, that his daughter should now marry one of the richest noblemen in the kingdom; and he has accordingly (for I have not resolution enough to oppose him,) contrived to renew the intercourse of Lord Bidborough, Lord Markettown, Sir John Bribewell, and others, with Mortlake Hall.—Dinners are given every week to one or other of these titled personages, and at which my brother does not play his part at all well. He neither shows the habits of good company, nor the *mind*, and dignity of character, which renders a man equal to any elevation of circumstances to which fortune might raise him. Poor Rachel's delicacy is highly offended at being thus made the object of worldly bartering and traffic; but, between insulted pride and a sense of duty to her parent, she acquits herself of the part she has to play much to my satisfaction. Lord Lumbercourt has been here very often, and his son, Lord Fribbleville, is

assiduous in his attentions to Rachel.—How sincerely do I wish that you ——— but, my dear Frank, reason forbids us to wish for that which is unattainable."

In another letter, written about three months afterwards, he says, "My heart, my dear boy, is broken, for I am betrayed even where I had garnered up my store of happiness.—I am but now convalescent of an inflammatory complaint, which nearly terminated my existence. In those hours which were thought by my physicians to be my last, my brother attempted, not to soothe my dying moments, but, influenced by an insatiable thirst of gain, he was seizing upon my will, my accounts, my papers, and my effects, and with his sons, was entirely absorbed in taking possession of my property.—Had you been present, my dear Frank, what would have been your feelings? Rachel was the only person of the family, that evinced even common humanity to my sufferings.—She was all love and attention to me. My dear boy, your poor old father's heart is broken, and his only hope of happiness is your return to your," &c.

After several letters, Mr. Howel wrote to young Lewis, saying, "My dear Frank, you

can have no idea of the inroads that age, or rather affliction, has made upon my constitution since my last illness.—My eyes are too feeble to read much, or to read at all with pleasure.—My hearing is so imperfect that to repay me for the pain of listening, conversation must be more enlightened than any I am doomed to enjoy until your return.—I am altogether feeble, nervous, and helpless,—susceptible in the most painful degree of cold, and of all changes of the atmosphere.—I pass sleepless nights and cheerless days.—I have always held life to be desirable, only whilst our senses and our intellects could render existence pleasurable or useful; that period is past with me, and I care not how soon I am removed hence.—I never wished to outlive the ready and effectual use of my senses, and having survived their state of vigour, it is now my wish to sleep in the grave.—My only comfort is derived from your correspondence, and from the delicate and affectionate attention of my dear Rachel.—Ah, Frank, my hopes upon this subject have been cruelly thwarted by destiny."

It was not above a week after writing this letter, that Mr. Howel was looking over a

box of loose papers which Frank had left in his charge, when the perusal of some bits of paper which that young gentleman had neglected to destroy, suddenly opened the old gentleman's mind, to what before he had no idea of. Conviction darted through his mind like a flash of lightning, and he saw revealed to his astonished senses, that Frank Lewis, so far from being indifferent to Rachel Howel, was devoted to her with all the enthusiasm of love.—These papers contained Sonnets, and other Poems, addressed to, or rather written upon that lovely girl, and breathing all the fervour of youthful passion.

Heavens! cried Mr. Howel, how singularly perverse has been our fate.—This noble-minded lad has suppressed the most ardent passion, and has torn himself from a beloved object, rather than, by asking her in marriage, run the risk of trespassing unreasonably upon my affections, whilst I have abstained from proposing the suit, solely from an apprehension that, out of gratitude to me, he might have forced his inclinations to a marriage with a girl to whom he was not attached.—It is this that so suddenly altered his resolutions as to going abroad. Heavens, what happiness

should I have given to my dear boy, had I but imparted to him how sincerely I wished to see him married to Rachel.

At length Mr. Howel wrote to young Lewis, saying, " My Lord Fribbleville, instigated by my brother, has made three successive offers to Rachel, who has asserted the privilege of nature, in positively refusing him. For this her father has treated her with great severity. —I am convinced that you will find this lovely girl unmarried upon your return to England.

" My brother continues to vex me, and has really made me a cipher in my own house.— You must remember that my meetings with my tenants upon rent-days, were like the patriarchal meetings of one large household, or family of extended branches. My brother will be present at these meetings, and will assume a supremacy in spite of all I can say or do. He grinds every man down to the utmost shilling, and those who are better protected by their leases, he abuses, and rails against, telling them, in my presence, that when I die, he will not be so weak as to let them have farms below the market rent.— You will be surprised at my weakness, Frank,

when I tell you, that he has *made* me, for I can use no other expression, he has *made* me, I say, raise Giles Owen's rent five and twenty per cent., although I had promised that worthy man, that his rent should never be raised during my or his life.—'Tis true, dear Frank, that I have secretly refunded him the difference of the two rates, after each rent day, but my brother renders my intercourse with honest Giles very difficult, and I have therefore at once given him a sum of money, which, at the ordinary rate of calculation, will make up for his addition of rent under the new lease. You will, I have no doubt, be astonished at my weakness. My brother has also contrived to turn away several of my old servants, and even attempted to get rid of my old housekeeper, Mrs. Phillips, and of the good old La Fitte. I am happy to say that I have had fortitude enough to prevent these last acts of injustice."

This letter had been long delayed by the posts upon the Continent, and it was received by Mr. Lewis, only two days before he received another letter from Mr. Howel of a date later by upwards of three weeks. In this last letter Mr. Howel says, "I am really ashamed of my own weakness, I have lost all

energy of character, and I am governed like a child. Some time ago, my brother requested my permission to introduce into my house a dissenting chaplain. You will easily imagine, from your knowledge of my opinions upon this subject, that few proposals could be more obnoxious to me. However, I reflected that I had no right to impose my predilections upon my brother, and I therefore yielded a reluctant consent to his request. Judge, my dear Frank, what must have been my indignation and surprise, when I discovered the chaplain introduced into my family to be no other than that mass of fraud and cruelty, the cobbler and lawyer's clerk, Joshua Cripplegate, whom I formerly dismissed from my employment for his barbarity and dishonesty to the poor. I did, on this occasion, assume courage, and act up to the crisis. I instantly had the scoundrel turned out of the house. Such, however, is my weakness of character, that my brother at last manœuvred and carried his point, and this Rev. Joshua Cripplegate has three rooms allotted to his use in the east wing of Mortlake Hall—thank Heavens, at the very extremity from my apartments. But the odious animal triumphs in his success. He throws himself

perpetually in my way, and pretends assiduously to offer me services, whilst the demon-like leer upon his odious visage triumphantly tells me, that I am governed by my brother, who, in his turn, is governed by this said Joshua. The scoundrel has even had the assurance to convert two of my stables into a conventicle, and in which he assembles about thirty of the villagers every night. Their psalmody is more odious to my ears than the hissings of scorpions, the screechings of a thousand owls, or than the stings of a swarm of tarantulas. The nervous fever and irritation, which this produces, render my life miserable, and I dread the approach of their singing, more than negro ever dreaded the cat-o'-nine tails."

But Mr. Howel was partly mistaken in his calculations upon the Rev. Joshua Cripplegate's motives either for entering Mortlake Hall, or for his conduct whilst under that splendid roof. Joshua's whole mind, body, and soul were bent upon an object that no human being but himself would ever have thought of. This was no more nor less than a matrimonial connection with Mrs. Phillips. Mr. Howel's housekeeper, who, as we have

before mentioned, had, by the death of two husbands, and by the savings of her perquisites, contrived to amass a good round sum, a sum which floated day and night in golden dreams before Joshua Cripplegate's imagination.

This dame Phillips was no mean personification of the *beau ideal* of a Welch housekeeper. She was about six feet one inch high, and her bulk was so enormous that her height appeared rather below the proper proportion to her size. She had immense cheeks, as red as fire, with a clear light complexion, huge prominent nose, with a high forehead, and hair as white as snow, turned handsomely back, and surmounted by a laced mob cap. This stately lady, upright as an arrow, with her large bundle of keys hanging from her waist on one side, and a pincushion little less than a quartern loaf hanging from the other, looked just what the housekeeper of a Welch gentleman's castle ought to be.

Now the Rev. Joshua Cripplegate was a different sort of a personage. In his trade of a cobbler, he had contracted a stoop that diminished his height, which, however, if he stood upright, amounted to nearly four feet

eleven. His hair was jet black, and as coarse as skeins of black silk, he had large bushy black eyebrows, a thick yellowish dark complexion, with scarcely any nose, and his skin deeply freckled with the small pox. Added to all which, his legs were bandy, and one being shorter than the other threw the opposite hip above its proper level, so that the man seemed like a living cork screw, and his motion in walking was perfectly peristaltic. But Joshua had a brave heart, and would have ventured upon matrimony with the huge Amazonian Welch housekeeper, and he accordingly used every possible artifice to obtain that lady's hand. There was very little doubt of his success, only Mrs. Phillips could never consider the Rev. Joshua Cripplegate but as a follower of Mr. Benjamin Howel, whom she hated most cordially; first, because he ill used her good old master; secondly, because he had tried to deprive her of her place; and thirdly, because he allowed his sons both to quiz and to abuse her. Mrs. Phillips, therefore, could not tolerate the satellite of her arch enemy, although she did join Cripplegate's congregation in the metamorphosed stable; and although, like Great Dagon, she sat huge

and ponderous beyond all around her, and though albeit she sung more loudly than any six of the assembled plough boys or drovers, yet her stout heart never would yield to the powers of Cupid, the god of soft persuasion. It was in vain that Joshua Cripplegate anathematized La Fitte, as a son of the great whore of Babylon, and denounced eternal fiery torments against Catholics, and the aiders, abettors, and associates of Catholics; the stout Mrs. Phillips still loved La Fitte, as the faithful affectionate servant of the old Count de Chatillon, and as the devoted, though humble friend of the unfortunate Count's son, her young master, Frank Lewis. Amidst the period of the Rev. Joshua Cripplegate's ardent, and assiduous addresses to this towering and redoubtable Welch Amazon, it so happened, that in giving one of her most sonorous cadences to a psalm in Joshua's chapel, she opened her mouth to its utmost possible width, and inhaled at one gasp, at least a quart of the damp unwholesome vapour with which that building was surcharged. This produced a cold upon the lungs, which in one day turned to an inflammation; the huge, plethoric body of Mrs. Phillips formed a bad

subject for an inflammatory complaint, and in spite of phlebotomy to an extent which no veterinary surgeon would have ventured upon, this giantess was a corpse within four days of her singing that fatal psalm. What was Joshua's grief, and overwhelming affliction when he found, that this chief prop of his congregation, and object of his love had—left all her money to the heretic La Fitte.—The bequest exceeded eight thousand pounds, and every pound was a dagger in Cripplegate's heart. Sad indeed were the effects of this legacy upon Mrs. Phillips, for no powers of persuasion could induce Joshua to suffer a single prayer to be put up for the safety of the housekeeper's soul; on the contrary, he did not hesitate to declare that she had gone, and deservedly gone to hell, for leaving her property to a Roman Catholic.

The nature of the communications which Mr. Lewis had received from Mortlake Hall, had induced him to take all responsibility upon himself, and to deviate from Mr. Howel's plans of travel, by omitting to visit the southern kingdoms, and to return home as soon as possible. With this view he had left the empire of Russia four months earlier than he other-

wise would have done, and this alteration of plan had long interrupted his communications with Wales.

In a letter which he received shortly after his arrival at Vienna, Mr. Howel wrote, saying—

"My health grows worse and worse—and I find that no doctor can administer to a mind diseased, or stop the flaws of a broken heart. I have, dear Frank, a horrible secret to tell you relative to one nearly allied to me; I dare not trust such a communication by the post. I have long resolved to annul the Will by which I made my brother heir to all I possessed, except my legacy to yourself. The disposal of property is a fearful trust, and a man ought in executing such a duty, to consider general principles and the interests of society, as well as his personal feelings. I have resolved, my dear Frank, to dispose of my estate to yourself, in the manner of my first Will, which I trust is still in your possession. I desired you not to destroy it. I shall direct you to allow my brother Benjamin an annuity of three thousand a year, and to pay annuities of six hundred a year to each of my nephews, or, in lieu thereof, to pay to all, or any one of

them ten thousand pounds, according to your opinion of the use he or they are likely to make of their capital trusted in their own hands. I shall leave twenty-five thousand pounds to my good and lovely Rachel, to be settled upon her at her marriage, as you, in your judgment, may think fit. I will bequeath to my worthy friend, Dr. Powell, a thousand pounds, with the selection of two memorials of me from my house, the one not to be less in value than one hundred guineas, the choice of the other to be left entirely to himself. My old servants, I leave to your bounty, well knowing that you will be just and liberal to them. My tenants are a well informed, independent set of people, and I know you will proceed in my favourite schemes of diffusing knowledge and liberal sentiments amongst them. My brother would have marred all my plans, and would soon have reduced my people to the level of the vice, ignorance, and servility, which distinguish the tenantry upon the estates of the Bidboroughs Bribewells, Markettons, Lumbercourts, and others of the nobility and gentry of England. I must make my will as laconic as possible, for I am so watched that I am not master of my own actions. But for my good and lovely Rachel,

my life would be without consolation or peace. I would, my dear Frank, that this excellent girl were either my daughter, or your wife—but yet, in neither case, could I love her more tenderly than I do. What a contrast is she to the rest of her family, and particularly to her father, and to that unworthy woman, her mother. God bless you, my dear Frank. —I am now a feeble, afflicted old man—a burthen to himself, and perhaps a trouble to all around him. I would the scene were closed upon me. For, at this age, our best feeling is but an absence from suffering of some sort."

Mr. Benjamin Howel had, from his first arrival at Mortlake, conceived the strongest antipathy to his brother's favourite tenant, Giles Owen, exhibiting, we suppose, the "strong antipathy of bad to good," which is inherent in our nature. This bold and independent yeoman had first of all offended Mr. Benjamin Howel, by the honest frankness of his manners, and by his freedom of opinions, for this gentleman had imbibed all the notions of a land of slavery, and conceived that the lower classes were mere cattle made by God to obey and work for the rich, and to bear all their tyranny and humours. He had also conceived

a notion, that much of his brother's money went in charity to Giles Owen and his family; for, said Mr. Benjamin, how otherwise could the old scoundrel have such a good farm house, and bring up so large a family, all better educated than the sons of his betters. Giles Owen was one of the distributors of Mr. Howel's bounty to those of the middle orders who were suffering distress from unavoidable accidents, and which from honest pride they did not like to expose. Now Mr. Benjamin Howel so closely watched his brother, that he had strong suspicions that money did pass from him to Giles Owen, and which he conceived to be not only gifts of charity to Giles, but as so many abstractions from a fund which he was himself to inherit at his brother's death. These ideas so irritated Mr. Benjamin Howel, and his son Baal, that upon one rent day, neither could keep his temper, and after much abuse and altercation, which Mr. Howel in vain attempted to stop, young Baal Howel told the grey-headed farmer that he was "a pilfering old scoundrel and thief, who took advantage of his uncle's imbecility to rob him of money for the support of his brood.. I only wish to God," said Mr. Baal Howel, "that I had you and

your lubberly sons in the West Indies, damn me but I'd *cow skin* some of you."—Saying which, he shook a horsewhip over the shoulders of the grey-headed old farmer. Not even the presence of the elder Mr. Howel, with all the love he bore him, could restrain the indignation and rage of young Hampden Owen, who striking the horsewhip from the shoulders of his father, levelled young Mr. Baal on the floor, by a furious blow between the eyes, which prevented for some time any attempt to rise. At last young Hampden Owen himself picked the gentleman up, and turning round to Mr. Howel, with much ingenuous anxiety, began to apologize for having struck his nephew. To the surprise of every body, the old gentleman seemed to rise above the control of his brother, for stretching out his hand to the farmer's son—he said to him, "you are a brave, honest lad, and had you done otherwise, I should have despised you. That blow may teach my nephew the difference between an English yeoman and a negro upon a West Indian estate."

We do not mean to say that this spirited effusion from Mr. Howel was not amply revenged by the increased tyranny of his bro-

ther, or that Mr. Benjamin Howel did not incessantly inflict upon all the Owen family those vexatious, and even injurious annoyances, that the rich can always contrive to inflict upon the poor; nor do we mean to say, that this effusion had any tendency to stop the indictment and prosecution which Mr. Baal Howel instituted against young Hampden Owen for an assault and battery, in which, in spite of the manner in which juries can be packed, and trials managed in the country, young Howel obtained nothing but an exposure of his baseness, and damages to the amount of one farthing.

In the mean time, Mr. Lewis had been two months at Vienna without hearing from home, and his anxiety began to disqualify him for the acquisition of that knowledge, in the pursuit of which he was at once so intelligent and indefatigable. At length he received a parcel of papers, conveyed to him by the English Courier, and he found it to consist of three letters and a bundle of manuscripts.—The first letter that he took up was in the free, delicate hand of Rachel, and Frank Lewis's blood flushed to his cheeks.—He however put it

aside, and hastily broke the seal of a letter from his beloved foster-parent.

" You will see, dear Frank, from the imperfect writing, and from the shortness of my letter, that I must be in a state of great weakness. I write with such pain, that I am compelled to be brief. I wanted much to see Giles Owen *alone*, but could never get to his house unaccompanied by my brother, or by one of my nephews. I took advantage of my brother's illness, and rode there one morning, but I was watched from the house, and intercepted at the cross roads by my nephew Baal, who came galloping down the cross lane, with his horse in a foam. He pretended the meeting to be accidental, but I need not say that it was designed.—He would not allow me any opportunity of speaking to Owen in private.—I therefore was obliged, four days afterwards, to get up before any of the family, and I rode on horseback to the farm-house, where I continued, as I wished, a full hour with honest Giles.—This was on the 10th of April, and the weather from warm humidity had changed in the night to a dry frost, with one of those piercing east winds so destructive both to old

age and infancy, and which render an English spring the worst season in the year, and its climate one of the worst climates in the world. In six hours after my return, I was seized with a cold, and which that night exhibited symptoms of inflammation upon my lungs.—I have been nearly seven weeks in my bed-chamber, and am reduced to the most pitiable state of debility.—In the mean time, my house has been full of feasting and gaiety, and my slumbers have often been disturbed by the riotous debauch of my nephews with the young Bribewells and other sporting gentlemen, whom they invite to Mortlake Hall.—Rachel has resolutely withdrawn herself from the dinner parties, and has devoted herself to my comfort. Her reading and her conversation, in which intelligence and simplicity of nature are combined with a lively and elegant imagination, have soothed my dullest hours.—How wretched should I have been without the company of this ingenuous, clever, and good girl. But the sand of my life-glass has nearly run out, and I long, ere I am taken from the scene of life, once more to embrace you in my now feeble arms. Dear Frank, return to your fond old father; if your presence would not prolong

my life, it would do, what is of much greater importance, make the remainder of that life happy."

Mr. Lewis stood a few minutes gazing with intense melancholy upon this letter, when recovering himself, he took up that from Rachel.—It described with great feeling the deplorable state of her uncle, and concluded by entreating Mr. Lewis to return home immediately, as the only means of saving his life.

Dr. Powell's letter was more detailed.—He said, " to you, my dear Sir, who must remember as well as myself, the strength and vigour of Mr. Howel's understanding, with his fine constitution and temperate habits, the decay of both body and mind must appear extraordinary. His disease appears to me to be rather a moral than a physical malady, it is the effect of moral causes, acting under extraordinary circumstances, upon an excessive sensibility. Upon subjects of intellect, his mind is as capacious, and upon all subjects, his views are as grand and noble as ever; his only weakness has been a want of resolution to resist those, whose objects he at length sees to be most unworthy,—and it is this substitution of vice for gratitude and affection, which has

broken the old man's heart.—Your presence might have prolonged his life, and will still have that effect, if you arrive without delay."

The packet of manuscripts contained, in Mr. Howel's hand-writing, a full account of all he knew of young Lewis's father, a statement of his distresses after the Revolution, of his mode of finding Lewis on the road, and of the interview with the Count in the cabin, with its immediate consequences. It enjoined Lewis to present himself to the Chatillon family in France, but the old man concluded his statement by saying, "I am almost glad of the loss of your family estates by the Revolution, for I would much rather see you an English gentleman, possessed of the Mortlake domain, than a French nobleman, surrounded by your vassals, and yourself a greater vassal to a worse master,—an absolute monarch."

Ere Mr. Lewis had received these letters six hours, his passports were prepared, his accounts settled, his clothes packed up, and himself at least six English leagues from Vienna. He continued travelling with the utmost speed to which German postillions can be stimulated by bribery or blows. He arrived in a few days at Paris, but unhappily his anxiety, aiding the effects of cold and fa-

tigue, had wrought him up into a high state of fever, which rendered it necessary that he should be put to bed. For three weeks he continued in bed, and out of which, he had been nearly a fortnight delirious.—He was considerably recovered at the end of the fifth week, and the Italian valet Savietti, delivering an English letter, retired from the room, leaving his master in high spirits at his near prospect of returning to England.

Frank Lewis took the letter with great trepidation.—It had the usual Welch post mark, but it was vulgarly folded, and written in a coarse hand, and had a large black seal.—What were his feelings when he read the following letter?—

"Dear Sir, Mortlake Hall, 5th June.

"It has pleased Providence to remove my dearly beloved brother from this sinful world, full of tribulation and all the wicked lusts of the flesh, into his glorious kingdom of righteousness, where he is singing loud hosannas in the choirs of the saints.—He died on the 20th ultimo, and has left no Will, consequently I come into every shilling as heir at law.—As the numberless charities which my dear brother has from time to time bestowed upon you, who had no sort of right to any one of

them, will render it proper that you should go into mourning upon this melancholy occasion, I shall be happy to answer your bill for fifty pounds.

"I am, dear Sir, &c.

"Benjamin Howel."

When Savietti entered the room, he found this letter lying upon the floor, and his master, whom he had just left so gay and sprightly, was sitting in his arm-chair, with his legs rigidly stretched out to their utmost length,—his hands hanging almost lifeless over the sides of the chair, and his head fallen forward upon his breast.

A host of servants rushed into the room at the screams of Savietti, but although they found no difficulty in restoring Mr. Lewis to animation, it was utterly impossible to restore him to happiness, or even to composure. His first impulse was to insist upon post horses being got ready for England, but after this was accomplished, he reflected, "of what use is my departure,—my old father must have been buried before that letter was written,—no haste will enable me to see his face again." Instead of being borne away in a post-chaise, Mr. Lewis was borne to his bed-chamber, a room which he was unable to quit for three

weeks. In the mean time he wrote a letter full of love and sorrow to Rachel Howel, and another letter as full of business to Dr. Powell. To Mr. Benjamin Howel he merely wrote the following letter of business :—

"Sir,

"In reply to your letter of the 5th instant, I have to acquaint you, that I know that your brother has not died intestate, and I have sent the necessary instructions to my attorney to file a Bill in Chancery for your production of his will.

"I am, Sir, &c."

To this letter he received an immediate answer, in the shape of a challenge from Mr. Baal Howel, and a short time after, he had his reply from the father.

"Sir,

"I would have you to know that I did not assert that my poor dear brother had died without a will, before, in the presence of my family, I had made every search amongst that most worthy man's papers. I have this day, with my friend, the Reverend Joshua Cripplegate, and my six sons, put in affidavits in reply to your Chancery suit; you will now see by eight oaths, that my dear brother did not

leave any will. Considering, Sir, that you were a child picked up from the road side by my dear brother, and educated, fed, and clothed upon his charity, your conduct towards a brother whom he most tenderly loved, exhibits the blackest perfidy and ingratitude.

"I am, Sir, yours, &c.

"Benjamin Howel."

To this, Mr. Lewis simply replied,—

"Sir,

"I shall be at London in five days, and at Mortlake Hall in about eight, by which time I trust you will be able to produce your brother's will, by which I am left a legacy equal to about five and thirty thousand pounds."

"I am, Sir, &c."

The next day, Mr. Lewis left Paris to proceed by easy stages to London.

Mr. Howel had died a few days after writing the letter which Frank Lewis had received at Vienna. No sooner, or rather before, the breath was out of the kind old gentleman's body, his brother, with an ink-bottle in the button-hole of the breast of his coat, was traversing the house like a hungry exciseman, in

search of prey. Inventories were made, and triple seals were put upon every thing, until at last, Mr. Benjamin Howel locked the library door, and entering the inner study, locked that door also, and eyeing every hole and corner, began a close consultation with his sons upon the present posture of affairs.

There was only one drawback to the great joy which all the party felt, and that was the will by which Mr. Howel had left legacies to all his servants, and the bequest of twenty-five thousand pounds, with the entire contents of the library, study, and cabinet, to Mr. Lewis. Mr. Benjamin Howel now took the document from an iron chest, and holding it up, said to his sons, "this vile, contemptible bit of sheep's skin, robs us of more than forty thousand pounds,—what right have servants, or such a fellow as that Lewis, to dispossess us of so large a sum?—My boys, what is to be done?"

"Nobody knows of the existence of the will, it is dated nearly five years ago, I vote for putting it in the fire," said Baal Howel, and "put it in the fire" was re-echoed by all the brothers.

"We can keep our own counsel," said the ather, "or it may ruin us."

"You old men are always so cautious, and full of fears.—Give me the will," said Baal, and snatching it out of his father's hands, he thrust it into the fire,—holding it down with the poker whilst it was consuming.

But parchment is difficult to burn, and "what a damned crackling it makes," cried the old man; and just as he had said so, the knuckle of Joshua Cripplegate was heard knocking at the outer door for admittance.

"For heaven's sake, Baal, what shall we do; if Cripplegate finds us out, he'll want at least a thousand pounds hush-money?"

"Keep him in parley for a few minutes, at least," said Baal, in reply to his father.

"Joshua, Joshua, my dear Joshua," said old Benjamin, in a voice of affected sorrow,—we are all at our devotions, do not trespass upon our grief."

"Beg pardon, Sir, beg pardon, I came to your assistance, there's such a sad smell of something burning," said Joshua, affecting to cough, as if suffocated with smoke.

"We are ruined for ever," cried old Benjamin, trembling like a leaf.

"I have burnt the skirt of my coat, standing with my back to the fire," cried Baal, add-

ing, "that excuse will satisfy the old scoundrel."

Joshua would not be got rid of, and at last it was thought expedient to let him in, after Baal had well burnt the skirt of his coat, and had put the embers of the parchment into his pocket-handkerchief.

"Bless me," said Joshua, snuffing up his nose, and looking cunningly under his eyes as he entered; "bless me, there are two distinct smells in the room,—one of burnt cloth, and the other like burnt parchment."

A long dialogue ensued, in which Joshua clearly proved, that he had seen and heard more than it was safe for him to know, and after two hours negociation, Benjamin Howel thought it expedient to allow him an annuity of two hundred a year, as hush-money.

Whilst Frank Lewis was travelling from Paris to London, and from London to Wales, accompanied by his attorney, the Reverend Joshua Cripplegate was revolving mighty projects in his most astute intellect. He reflected that the mercenary and dishonest complexion of Mr. Benjamin Howel's mind rendered the enjoyment of his annuity very precarious, and that, should it be brought into litigation, it would not be possible to plead either a per-

jury or a connivance at the destruction of a will, as a due consideration for an annual allowance of two hundred pounds. Mr. Lewis, on the contrary, was known to be both just and liberal, and the chances were, that, for any information which would facilitate his possession of the estate, he would not only give a more liberal sum than Mr. Benjamin Howel had given, but that what he did give would be more secure. Cripplegate, therefore, pondered over and over again upon some plan by which he might go over to the enemy; or, if that were altogether impossible, that he might contrive to have two strings to his bow, and assist the one side without exasperating the other, or assist either side, as circumstances might render advisable. But Cripplegate, in this solitary instance, found his tact and cunning insufficient for the occasion; he had, in fact, so completely sold himself to the devil, that he could devise no means by which he could serve God and mammon with any prospect of deriving a reasonable profit for his services.

At length, Frank Lewis arrived at the town of ———, and having, to his London solicitor, added Mr. Howel's country attorney, a

Mr. Watkins, the trio proceeded in a chaise and four to Mortlake Hall.

Arrived at the Park, Frank Lewis's feelings entirely overcame him,—and he stopped the post-boys, in order to contemplate the objects that excited such strong emotions. "That Doric porch," said he, addressing his companions, "was erected by him whom I always called my father.—How often have we sat under it, perusing some favourite author, or engaged in philosophic discussion,—how often have we passed the calm of evening upon that spot, alternately viewing the magnificent landscape, or conversing with the mighty dead. In that broad river, did honest Giles Owen teach me to swim, and yonder is the grass-plat upon which the same sturdy yeoman taught me my athletic exercises.—How often have I and his sons played at cricket upon that lawn, himself and Mr. Owen engaging upon different sides." The post-chaise proceeded through the Park, but as it approached the house, Frank Lewis's emotions became more excited, until at one spot he was so completely overcome, as to call forth the observation of his companion.—"I am affected

extremely," said Lewis, "by the recollections which are excited by the sight of that library window.—It was at that window that I caught the last parting glance of Mr. Howel,—I shall never forget the old gentleman standing at that spot to take his farewell look of me.—How often with tenderness have I reflected upon his countenance, when the tear trickled down his cheek, and his eyes were turned to heaven, as the post-chaise drove from the door, and the old man caught the last glimpse of me that he was ever doomed to enjoy."

They had now arrived at the Portico, and had descended from the chaise, entering the Hall, when Frank Lewis found his progress arrested by the sudden seizure of his hand, and turning round, he beheld a tall, grey-headed old man upon his knee, and pressing the hand he had seized to his lips.—It was La Fitte, whose joy at the return of his young master was beyond expression. Lewis raised the old man up, and spoke to him with the utmost tenderness.—"You friend and servant of my unhappy father, you good old man, from this day, I shall be able to testify my gratitude for your services, and my apprecia-tion of your character.—Let me now, La Fitte,

proceed to dispatch the weighty business that has brought me here, and when that is settled, I will talk to you of times when you alleviated my father's sufferings."—Lewis now proceeded into the superb library, followed by his two professional companions; in this spacious and magnificent room, all was silent as the grave, but passing into the inner library, he beheld old Benjamin Howel seated in his large blue morocco chair, with his six sons, and Joshua Cripplegate standing on each side of him, and all scowling defiance at Lewis as he entered the room.—Mr. Lewis slightly bowed, and proceeded to the centre of the room, when he was stopped by the vociferation of Mr. Howel, whose rage rendered his voice almost inarticulate.

"Mr. Lewis, I am astonished at your indelicacy, at your presumption in appearing before me, after my prohibiting you ever to enter my doors."

"The business I come upon is to ascertain whether these doors, Sir, are to be considered as yours or not."

"Is it not enough to insult me by your own intrusion, that you bring with you that impudent old man and his son."

Frank Lewis turned round to see to whom he could allude, and he beheld by his side, Giles Owen, with his son Hampden.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Benjamin Howel,' said old Giles Owen, smoothing down his venerable locks, "but I heard in the village that Mr. Frank Lewis had returned to the Hall, so I and my son, overjoyed to hear the news, saddled our horses, and rode over to see him.'

"I thank you, from my heart, worthy Giles,' said Frank Lewis, "let me shake your honest hand again and again, and that of your good son."

"You odious old fellow," said Mr. Benjamin Howel, "have I not ordered you to quit your farm, and forbid you ever to put foot upon land of mine, and do you dare to beard me in my very apartment?—Leave my house, Sir, immediately."

"Do, Sir, or you will be turned out *vi et armis*, and indicted for a trespass," said Joshua Cripplegate.

"Allow him to remain on my account,' if you please, Sir," said Frank Lewis.

"Upon your account, Mr. Lewis, what right have your to ask for another, what I am

not disposed to allow to yourself," said Mr. Howel.

"My rights lie within a very narrow compass, Mr. Howel,—I simply call upon you, to demand the production of your brother's last will and testament."

"You have already demanded its production, Sir, and I have assured you, upon the faith of an honest man, that my brother died intestate.—Not satisfied with this, you have proceeded against me at law, and I and my six sons, with my worthy friend, Mr. Cripplegate, have put in our affidavits, swearing that my brother died without a will."

"Good God, Sir, I hope you have not been induced to make any such affidavit!"

"Yes, Sir, I have, and I have sworn conscientiously to a fact."

"I have made my *haffurdavit* to the same fact, and what I have sworn, I'll stand by," said Joshua Cripplegate.

"We have all sworn to this simple truth, Sir," said Baal Howel, "and surely eight affidavits will outweigh your vile, groundless suspicions,—will they not satisfy you, Sir?"

"It signifies little, whether they satisfy

him," said Cripplegate, "they will satisfy the Law, and that's all we've got to care about."

"And, gentlemen, you still persevere in your assertions, that Mr. Howel left no will and testament.

"We do, Sir, we do," answered the whole of them.

"Then," said Lewis, calmly unbuttoning his coat, and taking a sheet of parchment from his inner pocket, "I claim the whole of the estates, by virtue of this will, deposited in my hands by Mr. Howel, upon my leaving England."

"What, has my brother been villain enough to give all his lands to a stranger, and to leave his own kindred beggars?"

"Do not apply that epithet to a man so excellent as your late brother,—but for the conduct of others, I believe little of this land would be mine."

"If he has made such a will, he's like a liar, gone to burning hell," cried Mr. Benjamin Howel, foaming with rage.

"Frank Lewis, do not distress my poor father so cruelly," said the soft, meek voice of Rachel, whom Lewis had not hitherto perceived.

"Dear young lady," said Lewis, pressing

her hand to his lips; my sweet, my lovely Rachel, this touch of thee thrills to my heart."

"Have pity upon my poor father."

"Dear Rachel, retire from an angry scene like this."

"Oh, no,—no,—no, my presence may restrain this anger."

"My lovely angel, support yourself then upon the couch,—you cannot think me capable of injuring aught that's dear to you," said Lewis, leading the pale and trembling Rachel to a couch, against the curve of which she supported herself, refusing to sit down.

"Mr. Benjamin Howel," said Frank Lewis, turning to him in a milder manner, "your brother has not left you destitute.—I have a letter from him, in which he expresses his wishes towards you and yours, and although this letter may not be compulsory upon me in law, yet, Sir, it is my intention most scrupulously to fulfil, what I have the means of knowing to have been his wishes."

"And what is the purport of this said letter, Sir?" said Mr. Benjamin Howel.

"It makes an ample provision for you all.—I think it allows three thousand a year to yourself, with six hundred a year to each of

your sons, and thrice that sum to your good and lovely daughter."

"Zounds, Sir, is this what you call an ample provision for a brother's family,—not a tithe of his estate,—whilst you, a foundling, a pauper, are to possess the remainder.—A pretty metamorphosis of a beggar into a prince."

"Beggar, beggar — by Gar, the young Count shall never be beggar, I have ten tousan poun I will lay at his feet,"—said old La Fitte, advancing his silver head.

"You chattering old miscreant, can't you hold your tongue," said Baal Howel.

"Miscreant," cried Lewis, the blood flushing to his eyes at this abuse of his father's faithful follower—"I tell you, Mr. Baal, that good old man has a heart and mind as far surpassing yours, as beauty can surpass deformity."

"You shall dearly pay for this insolence, Sir, when this meeting is over," said Baal Howel.

In the mean time, the father had been in close conference with Joshua Cripplegate—when turning to Lewis, he addressed him with energy and apparent joy—"I must, Sir, put an end to all this folly.—Do you think, Mr.

Lewis, I am to give up a fair estate, upon a will made by my brother when he was ignorant of my existence, or upon a casual letter written in dotage, without witness, attestation, or any one form of law. Our courts of equity, thank God, are so dilatory and expensive, as to exhaust the patience and ruin the estates of any but the richest litigants. Where are your funds, Sir, to carry on an equity suit? You and I will rot in our graves ere the Chancery Court will decide a suit like this.—I will not yield an acre of the land."

"Perhaps, Mr. Benjamin Howel, you would yield the estate quietly, if a later will of your brother's could be produced," said old Giles Owen

"What right have you, Sir, to ask such a question?—You are a very demon in my way."

"The question more nearly concerns me than you are aware of, Mr. Benjamin—for here is the last will and testament that your poor brother signed at my house the morning he rode over before breakfast. It leaves all the property just as my young landlord, Mr. Frank Lewis, has mentioned in that letter."

"Was that the damned scheme he was

upon, the morning he took that cursed ride which nobody could guess the object of," said Baal Howel.

"Yes, Sir, he met Dr. Powell and Mr. Watkins, the attorney, at my house, to settle the will. It was a dear will to my poor old landlord—the old gentleman never recovered the effects of that cold morning's ride.—Ah, Mr. Benjamin, had you been kind to the old man, he might have been living now.—See, Sir, how fortune works—you played but foully for the lands which are now snatched from your hold."

"Stand back, Giles Owen—for God's sake assist the young lady," said Lewis, pressing forward to Rachel, who was fainting. He caught her in his arms, "My dearest Rachel, look up, revive, my dear young lady; let me assist you, with a heart as tender——

"Assist my father," said Rachel, faintly opening her eyes, and turning a languid look towards him—"For God's sake, help my father; look, Frank, look, how dreadfully he grinds his teeth."

"Assist Mr. Howel," cried Lewis, to the company, still holding Rachel in his arms. The sons were too busy in conversation with each other

to heed their father, who after a countenance expressive of agony, had fallen apparently into an apoplectic fit. Giles Owen and his son Hampden, picked the old man up, and carried him into the library, laying him upon a couch —Frank Lewis and Rachel were presently left alone, by the rest of the company following Mr. Benjamin Howel into the library.

"Frank," said Rachel, with a soft tremulous voice, "if you do not totally disregard me!"—

"Disregard you, Rachel! by all that's sacred, I have not since we parted. past a day. in which that lovely face, your voice, or some dear recollection of your fairer mind, has not been present to my fondest thoughts."

"Then do not, if you love me, use my father ill; establish your just claims, but do not sully so good a cause with anger and resentment. He's old, and I am his only hope."

"Rachel, however great the provocation, I swear, by the sacred love I bear you, I swear by your lovely self, dearer to me than triple the estates I seek, that one allied so nearly to yourself, shall never suffer injury from me.—What I might have done, but for thy presence I know not, but that one soft request of yours. has tamed my sternest purpose."

"Frank, I have confidence in you. Here is a paper which my poor uncle was most desirous that my father or my brothers should not see. I concealed it under the old man's pillow until he died, since which I've kept it in my bosom."

Rachel pulled out a fold of paper from her breast, it was warm from its contact with her lovely bosom—Frank Lewis pressed it again and again to his lips. Rachel now retired, and Lewis read the paper; it was nothing but the draft of the will which Mr. Howel had succeeded in executing at Owen's cottage.

"It is of no use to me," said Lewis, "but the faithful, honest girl, has evidently mistaken it for the will itself—for ever will I keep it as a memorial of her attachment, and of her rectitude, under circumstances when the conflict of affection and duty to a parent, rendered the preservation of rectitude so difficult." As Frank Lewis stood soliloquizing in this manner, he was softly touched upon the elbow by Joshua Cripplegate, who informed him that Mr. Benjamin Howel was now in his bed room, and wished to speak to him in private.

Joshua conducted Mr. Lewis up the state staircase, but when he got into the vestibule,

he begged the favour of his retiring for a few minutes into one of the side chambers. Shutting the door, he began with much confusion and hesitation of manner to say, that he had a most important secret to communicate to Mr. Lewis, but that it could not be expected that the poor would serve the rich for nothing.

"Circumlocution is unnecessary to honourable purposes, Mr. Cripplegate, if you have any thing which an honest man ought to disclose, or fitting for an honourable man to hear, speak boldly; I am both discreet and generous."

"I know you are generous, Mr. Lewis, and very honest—very generous, and there's a pleasure in serving generous gentlemen. I could tell you, Mr. Lewis, such a story, about the smell of burnt parchment, of the embers being thrust into a white pocket handkerchief, and hurried into the pocket, as I was entering the room."

"And how does this concern me, Mr. Cripplegate?"

"There was no will found, Mr. Lewis; do you take—do you take," said Cripplegate, leering cunningly at Mr. Lewis.

"You mean to insinuate the burning of Mr. Howel's last will."

"There you've hit it, Mr. Lewis, I see you take."

"I do take you to be a most consummate scoundrel, Mr. Cripplegate. Have you not sworn, that upon the search of Mr. Howel's papers, no will could be found?"

"And I swore truth, Sir, for the will was destroyed before I saw the papers searched."

"You equivocating villain—is this the way you tamper with your conscience? This, Sir, shall lead to an indictment for perjury, and until my more important business will allow me to attend to you, in order to prevent your escape, or getting up a case by collusion, I shall e'en take the liberty, Mr. Cripplegate, of keeping you a close prisoner in this chamber." Saying which, Mr. Lewis, in spite of the entreaties of Cripplegate, locked the door, taking the key in his pocket, and leaving the ex-cobbler, lawyer's clerk, and parson, in a state of solitary durance.

Frank Lewis now calmly proceeded to the bed chamber of Mr. Benjamin Howel, whom he found lying in a state of utter exhaustion

from the conflict of passions by which he had been agitated in the last conference.

Mr. Howel very briefly announced his conviction, that any resistance to the will produced by Giles Owen would be useless, and that he should give up the estates without any unreasonable delay; "you will," concluded Mr. Benjamin Howel, "of course have no objection to entrusting to my management my daughter's legacy—you know, Mr. Lewis, a child, a daughter at least, ought never to be independent of a father."

"It is unnecessary for me to contradict that opinion, Mr. Benjamin Howel, for I have no discretion in the case, the will allowing me only the option of the mode of settling the money upon her in the event of her marriage. On this subject I am most anxious to speak."

"You need not speak upon the subject, Mr. Lewis, Lord Fribbleville has given up his addresses, and the most perverse jade, in spite of all my entreaties and threats to confine her upon bread and water, has refused every match I have made for her."

"Most glad am I to hear it, Sir."

"Glad, Sir, you do not know what you

say, they were the best matches in all Wales, each would have made my grandson a peer of the realm."

"Let me be brief to my purpose, Mr. Benjamin Howel, for your sake I say, that I am now thrice as rich as any one of these titled suitors you have alluded to; and for myself, allow me to say, that I love your daughter Rachel, most fervently and sincerely; no time, no place, no circumstance, could ever efface her from my fondest recollection; excuse me, Sir, for saying, that all my hostility to her parents, never has, and never could decrease one atom of my fondness for that good and lovely girl. Now, Sir, I have frankly to offer myself as her suitor, in doing which I need not say, that I am rendered doubly happy by the reflection, that my marriage with Rachel will fulfil what were the most cherished wishes of your late brother.

"I scarcely need observe, Mr. Lewis," replied Mr. Howel, "that if you do marry Rachel, your settlement upon her must be considerably more than the legacy her uncle left her; she is young, beautiful, accomplished, and may yet hope to make the best matches."

"Sir, I will make a settlement that will satisfy even avarice itself—a marriage founded upon the principles of virtue, and upon affections so warm as mine, forms an identity of interests between man and wife, making them one mind, one soul, one person."

"Rachel shall marry you, Sir, immediately," said Benjamin Howel, rubbing his hands with joy.

"SHALL! Mr. Benjamin Howel, she shall not, Sir, upon any parental compulsion or interference. Unless I have her young and virgin love, unless her heart's young impulse beats responsively to mine, I would not have her as my wife, though I were destitute, and her estate were thrice triple what my wealth is now."

"The scene down stairs, Mr. Lewis, has a little unsettled your understanding—it had the same effect on me for nearly half an hour. We will settle the marriage after dinner."

"With all my heart, Sir, that arrangement will allow me an opportunity to communicate with my lovely Rachel."

This interview did take place, and Frank Lewis poured forth the affections of his heart to Rachel, who with all the beauty of young

passion, chastened by delicacy and sense, sympathized with his feelings, and consented to the union.

It was not until next morning, as Frank Lewis was dressing, that he had time to give a thought upon his luckless prisoner, the Rev. Joshua Cripplegate. As it was abhorrent to Lewis's mind to inflict unnecessary suffering upon any body, he reproached himself that his own pleasures should have so entirely occupied him as to make him leave this unhappy wretch a whole night exposed to cold and hunger. He therefore left his dressing table, and proceeded in his dressing gown to unlock Cripplegate's door, in order that Savietti and La Fitte might, the one keep watch over him, whilst the other supplied him with food. But upon arriving at the door, with a heart so full of compassion as almost to drive justice from her sterner purpose, he was not a little surprised to find that the dexterous Cripplegate, whose mind never failed him in the hour of need, had contrived, during the night, to take out one of the panels of the door, through the aperture of which he had thrust his diminutive body and had escaped. The only memorials left of Joshua Cripplegate's

flight, were an old pair of breeches and a Bible, found in his bed-room, and a deficit of about two dozen table spoons and silver forks, ascertained in the room of the butler. This was the last ever heard of Joshua Cripplegate.

Neither the feelings of Frank Lewis, nor of the good and beautiful Rachel, would allow them to make Mortlake Hall the scene of matrimonial ceremonies and rejoicings so soon after the death of their beloved and respected Mr. Howel. The marriage was therefore postponed for eight months, during which, both Rachel and Frank Lewis existed in that most blissful and exalted state of which our nature is susceptible—the state of courtship between the young, the beautiful, the generous and good.

In the remainder of a long life enjoyed by Rachel and Frank Lewis, much of their happiness might be attributed to the good sense and firmness with which Mr. Lewis performed all rational duties towards his wife's relations, without suffering them to trespass unreasonably either upon his fortune, his time, or his habits.

FINIS.

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